



The Author disguised in a Persian Habit discovering himself.
A Walker delin. et sculp.



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THE 1508/914
TALES of the GENII:

OR, THE
DELIGHTFUL LESSONS

OF
H O R A M,
THE SON OF ASMAR.

Faithfully TRANSLATED from the
PERSIAN MANUSCRIPT;
AND
Compared with the French and Spanish EDITIONS
Published at PARIS and MADRID.

THE THIRD EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

By Sir CHARLES MORELL,
Formerly Ambassador from the British Settlements in
India to the GREAT MOGUL.

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THE
TALES OF THE GENII.



*The Continuation of the Tale of the INCHANTERS ;
or MISNAR, the Sultan of the East.*

THE Sultan, though much averse to such pageantry, was yet persuaded by his Viziar to sleep in his new pavilion, and the glorious appearance which it made, brought thousands to view the magnificent abode of their Sultan.

The account of this splendid tent soon reached *Ahubal's* army, and every one extolled the glorious pavilion, so that *Ahubal's* tent seemed as nothing in comparison of the Sultan's.

Ahaback and *Defra*, who were in the prince's pavilion, hearing the account, resolved to go invisibly and examine it.

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B

They

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They left the prince, and putting each a ring on their fingers, passed the centinels and watches of both armies.

But if the sight of the pavilion filled them with malice and envy, the histories of their brethren's death increased that malice, and urged them to revenge.

They returned hastily to *Abubal's* pavilion, and related to him what they had seen.

Abubal's heart rankled at their account, and his visage fell, to hear how much his brother had out-done him in magnificence.

“Get me a tent more splendid than the Sultan's,” said he to the inchanters, or disband your armies, and leave me to my fate !”

“My prince, answered *Ababack*, let not such a trifle discompose you : It is true, we could in a moment erect a pavilion more magnificent than the Sultan's, but it will be most glorious to dispossess him of that which he has built, and to set my prince upon the throne of his father, for which purpose, let the trumpets sound on the morrow ; the truce is at an end, or if it were not, we mean not to keep our faith with an usurper ; and ere the Sultan be prepared, let us fall upon him ; who knows but we may sleep to-morrow night in this pavilion, which now causes our uneasiness.”

The counsel of *Ababack* pleased both *Defra* and *Abubal*, and they gave orders for the troops to march



march in the morning, and attack the army of the Sultan.

The forces of *Misnar* were sleeping in their tents, when the alarm was spread that the enemy were upon them.

The Viziar *Horam* arose in haste, and put himself at the head of the army; but instead of leading them to their enemies, he fled off to the right with the choicest of the troops, and took possession of a pass in the mountains behind the pavilion, from whence he sent a messenger to the Sultan, that he had secured him a retreat, in case the armies of *Abubal* should conquer.

The Sultan being at the extremity of his army, knew not of the confused attack, till it was too late to redeem his lost opportunity. He collected his scattered troops together, and led them toward the enemy, at the same time sending a message to *Horam* to leave the mountains and support him.

The captains and officers that followed *Misnar*, behaved with great resolution and intrepidity, and the Sultan exposed himself frequently to the darts and missile weapons of his enemies; till overpowered by numbers, and his own troops on all sides giving way, through the confusion which prevailed, he was forced to make to the mountains, where his Viziar still continued, though he had received the Sultan's commands.

The troops of *Abubal* pursued the Sultan's scattered forces to the mountains, where the Viziar's

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troops opened to receive their friends, and then opposed the rebels, who were faint with the fatigues of the day.

After a great slaughter the rebels were forced to give over, and returned to the encampment of the Sultan, from whence they loaded themselves with the spoils of their enemies.

Ababack and *Defra* were greatly elated at their success, and *Abubal*, in one day, found himself master of *India*, his brother defeated, and his gaudy pavilion wrested from him.

Abubal beheld with surprise the magnificence of the pavilion, and seeing the invidious workmanship on the outside, where the deaths of his former friends were displayed :

“ *Ababack* and *Defra* said the prince, it is but
“ just that you should revenge yourselves on my
“ proud brother. For my part, I can never inhabit
“ a pavilion which was meant to triumph over
“ my friends ; but you may justly take up your
“ abode here, that the nations may at once learn,
“ when they see you in this pavilion, the former
“ misfortunes of your brethren, and your present
“ and well-earned success. Wherefore to-night,
“ my friends, take up your residence here, as this
“ place is most worthy to hold you, and to-morrow
“ I will order my workmen to remove the
“ pavilion next my own.”

The enchanters were pleased at the speech of *Abubal*, and the banquet was prepared for the conquerors,

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conquerors, in the gay pavilion of the unfortunate Sultan, while he remained among the mountains, wanting even the necessaries of life for himself and his army.

But the Sultan's misfortunes did not make him forget the cause of them. He called a council of his captains, and commanded the Viziar *Horam* to be brought before them. The Viziar was condemned by every voice, and *Misnar*, with tears in his eyes, pronounced the sentence of death against him,

"To-morrow, said the Sultan, must the ill-fated *Horam* be numbered with the dead."

Horam heard the sentence without emotion. "My life, said he, is in the hand of my lord, And he is welcome to the blood of his slave."

The Viziar was then ordered into the custody of an hundred men, and a captain was appointed to guard him until the morning.

The unfortunate Sultan then retired to rest, in an obscure tent, or rather not to rest, but to an irksome contemplation.

"My kingdom, said he, is passed from me, and worse than my kingdom, my friend, my dearly beloved *Horam*, has proved a traitor to his master! Were we not as the cedars of the forest, and grew together as the trees that are planted beside the rivers of *Arvar*! Our souls were as twin sisters, and our minds were like
B 3 " the

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“ the stars *Leman* and *Upnor*, which twinkle not
“ singly in the dead of night ! The heart of
“ *Misnar* was in the bosom of his friend, it lay
“ upon his bosom as the infant lieth in its Mo-
“ ther's arms, it smiled, and was secure on the
“ bosom of *Horam*. ”——

As the Sultan was filled with these meditations, his guards gave him notice, that the captain who was set over the Viziar, had brought *Horam* to communicate an affair of moment to him.

“ Is there deceit in *Horam*, said the Sultan,
“ that he cometh like a thief in the night ; if *Ho-*
“ *ram* is false, farewell my life, let him that de-
“ stroyed my kingdom, complete his ingratitude
“ by finishing my fate ! ”

The captain then entered the tent of his Sultan, with *Horam* in chains.

“ Life of my life, and master of my thoughts,
“ said the Viziar, ere I die, I am constrained to
“ shew thee among these mountains, far greater
“ riches than are in thy palace at *Delly*, or in the
“ tents of thine enemies ; riches that will restore
“ thy affairs, and turn thy tears into showers of
“ joy.”

“ Are not you satisfied, said *Misnar*, O ill-fated
“ *Horam*, that you come to deceive me with new
“ illusions. Where is my kingdom ! where my
“ royalty ! where my army ? by thy fatal counsels
“ destroyed, overwhelmed, confounded ! Now then
“ lead the way, and let me see these curious trea-
“ sures,

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"fures, which are to recompence the loss of all
"my hopes."

The captain then led *Horam* out of the tent,
and the Sultan followed.

The Viziar being in chains, moved but slowly,
and the captain of the guard dismissing his men,
drew his sabre, and held it naked over the head of
the Viziar.

The darkness of the night prevented the Sultan
from seeing whether he was carried by his Viziar,

They passed over various rocks, and were obliged
to wade through some small brooks or rivulets,
which fell from the tops of the mountains, till at
length they arrived at a spacious cavern, which
was formed by two pendent rocks.

Here the Viziar entered, and lifting up his
chains, knocked against a small door, which was
at the extremity of the cavern.

In a moment the door opened, and four slaves
came forward with flambeaux in their hands.

The slaves seeing their master and the Sultan,
fell prostrate, and *Horam* enquired, whether all
was safe.

"Yes, my lord, answered the slaves, we have
"not been disturbed since my lord first brought
"us to this gloomy cavern.

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“Where is *Camul*, said the Viziar?”

“He watches, replied the slaves, with the ax
“in his hand.”

“What hour of the night is it, said *Horam* to
“his slaves?”

“The third watch of the night is passed, an-
“swered his slaves.”

“Then enter, my Sultan, said *Horam*, and see
“thine enemies perish from before thee.”

“What enemies, and what mysterious place is
“this, said the Sultan? Who is *Camul*, and what
“ax doth he bear in his hand? Lead me, *Horam*,
“not into danger, and remember, that the sabre
“of my captain hangeth over thy head.”

The Sultan then entered in at the little door,
and followed the Viziar and his guard, and the
four slaves with flambeaux in their hands.

In this manner the Sultan passed through a long
passage, hewn out of the solid rock, till he beheld
at a distance a man seated on a stone, with an ax
in his hand, and nine lamps burning before him.

As they drew near, the man fell prostrate before
them, and the Viziar also falling prostrate, desired
Misnar to take the ax out of the hand of *Camul* his
slave.

“What

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“What wonderful ax is this, said the Sultan,
“that it is thus preserved in the bowels of the
“earth?”

The Sultan took the ax, and *Camul* the slave removing the stone on which he sat, there appeared a strong rope underneath, one end of which passed through the rocks, and the other was fastened to an enormous ring of iron.

“Strike, royal master, said *Horam*, and sever
“that rope from the ring of iron,

The Sultan did as *Horam* desired, and struck the rope with his ax, and divided it from the ring.

The rope being released, flew with great swiftness through the hole in the rock, and *Misnar* waited some time to see what might be the consequence of cutting it asunder, but nothing appearing, he said to the Viziar, “Where are the
“riches, *Horam*, which I left my bed to view,
“is this like the rest of your promises, and am I
“brought here to be again deceived?”

“Royal master, answered *Horam*, let me die
“the death of a rebel; I have nothing more to
“discover; pardon my follies; and avenge thine
“own losses by the sword of justice.”

“What, said the Sultan enraged, hast thou
“brought me through the dangerous passes of the
“mountains by night, only to cut a rope asunder?
“And was I called forth to see only a passage
“made in the rocks, and the slaves of *Horam*
“as

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“ as ill employed as their master lately has been ?
“ Lead me, villain, continued he, back to my
“ tent, and expect with the rising sun the fate
“ you have so amply merited.”

Thus saying, the Sultan returned, and the captain of the guard led *Horam* back in chains to his place of confinement.

In the morning the army of the Sultan which had escaped to the mountains, were all drawn out, the cymbals sounded, and a gibbet forty feet high was erected in their front, to which the captain of the guard led the unfortunate Viziar *Horam*.

At the sound of the cymbals the Sultan came from his tent, and gave orders that *Horam* should be led to his fate.

The Viziar, unmoved at his doom, surrendered himself to the officer, who was to execute the sentence of the Sultan, and the ignominious rope was put about his neck, when a messenger, attended by several centinels, came running into the camp.

The messenger hastened to the Sultan, and thus delivered his message :

“ *Ababack* and *Defra*, the wicked enchanters
“ who have upheld thy rebellious brother, are
“ dead, the army of *Abubal* is in the utmost consternation, and the friends of the Sultan wish
“ to see thee hunting thine enemies, as the lion
“ hunts the wild asses in the forests.”

This

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This messenger was succeeded by several of the Sultan's spies, who confirmed the account.

Misnar then put himself at the head of his troops, ordered *Horam* back to his former confinement, and hastened to fall upon the troops of the rebels.

Early the same morning the prince *Abubal* was awakened by his guards, who with countenances of woe declared to him the death of his friends *Ahaback* and *Defra*.

“Are my friends dead, said *Abubal* trembling,
“by what misfortune am I bereaved of them?
“What new device has *Misnar* practised against
“them? Are not these wise and sage magicians
“then a match for a boy's prudence? Alas, what
“can I effect against him, when these fall away
“before his victorious arm!”

“Prince, answered his guards, we have too
“late discovered the wiles of our enemies, over
“the magnificent pavilion of the Sultan, which
“*Horam* built for his master, the artful Viziar had
“concealed a ponderous stone, which covered
“the whole pavilion. This, by some secret
“means, he contrived in the night to release from
“its confinement, while *Ahaback* and *Defra* were
“sleeping on the sofas beneath it; and ere day
“began to arise, their guards were surprised by the
“fall, and ran to release their masters from the
“stone: But, alas, their bodies were crushed to
“atoms, and still remain buried under the pavi-
“lion, as fifty of the strongest of thy troops were
“unable to remove the stone from the ground.”

At

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At these words the countenance and the heart of *Abubal* sunk, and ere he could recover, word was brought him, that the Sultan's troops were in the midst of his army, and that none dared stand against them, unless he approached to encourage them.

Abubal was so overwhelmed with fear and grief, that, instead of leading his troops, he prepared himself for flight, and *Misnar* pursuing his good fortune, was in a few hours in possession, not only of his own tents, but also of those of the enemy.

Having gained a complete victory, and sent part of his troops after those that were fled, the Sultan commanded his Viziar to be brought before him, and in the sight of his army asked him, what merit he could challenge in the success of that day.

"Glory of mine eyes, and light of my paths,
"said *Horam*, the contrivance of thy slave had
"been useless, if a less than my Sultan had after-
"ward led his troops to the battle. Therefore
"thine only be the glory and the honour of the
"day; but my lord must know that some time
"since we were informed, that the inchanters *A-*
"*haback* and *Defra* were preparing to uphold thy
"rebellious brother, and well I knew that pru-
"dence, and not force must prevail against them.

"I therefore besought my lord, to grant me the
"chief command for twenty days, and neglected
"to take such advantages over *Abubal's* troops,
"as the captains of thy armies advised.

"This

“ This I did, knowing that any victory would
 “ be vain and fruitless, if the inchanters were not
 “ involved in the ruin ; and that while they were
 “ safe, a second army would spring up as soon as
 “ the first was destroyed.

“ For these reasons, I endeavoured to strength-
 “ en my Sultan’s army, that when the reinforce-
 “ ments of *Ahaback* and *Desra* should arrive, their
 “ number might not prevail against us.

“ In the mean time, the sumptuous pavilion
 “ which was built for *Abubal*, inspired me with a
 “ device, which I hoped would put the inchan-
 “ ters in my power.

“ Studious that no one might interrupt or be-
 “ tray my designs, I inclosed a place near the
 “ mountains surrounded with trees, where I began
 “ to build a pavilion, which I gave out was erect-
 “ ed in honour of my lord the Sultan, within this
 “ pavilion I concealed a massy stone, which was
 “ sawn out of the solid rock, and which, by the
 “ help of several engines, was hung upon four pil-
 “ lars of gold, and covered the whole pavilion.

“ The rope which upheld this massy stone, pas-
 “ sed through one of the golden pillars into the
 “ earth beneath, and by a secret channel cut in
 “ the rock was carried onward through the side of
 “ the mountain, and was fastened to a ring of iron
 “ in a cave, hollowed out of the rock on the op-
 “ posite side.

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“ By the time the inchanters were arrived in
 “ the camp of *Abubal*, the pavilion was finished ;
 “ and although I had secret advice, that my Sul-
 “ tan’s troops were to be attacked on the morrow,
 “ yet I chose to conceal that knowledge, and so to
 “ dispose of the army, that the chief part might
 “ fly with me behind the mountains which hung
 “ over the pavilion, and that the rest, having no
 “ conductor, might be put to flight with as little
 “ slaughter as possible.”

“ This I did, expecting that *Ababack* and *Def-*
 “ *ra*, puffed up with their success, would take pos-
 “ session of my Sultan’s pavilion.”

“ Rise, faithful *Horam*, said the Sultan *Misnar*,
 “ your plot is sufficiently unravelled ; but why
 “ did you hide your intentions from your lord ?”

“ Lord of my life, answered the Viziar, be-
 “ cause I was resolved, in case my plot did not
 “ succeed to bear the burden myself, that my Sul-
 “ tan’s honour might not be lessened in the eyes
 “ of his troops.”

This noble confession of the Viziar’s pleased the
 whole army, and they waited with the utmost im-
 patience to hear his pardon pronounced.

The Sultan then embraced his Viziar, and the
 shouts of his army were, “ Long live *Misnar* the
 “ lord of our hearts, and *Horam* the first, and the
 “ most faithful of his slaves !”

The

The army of *Abubal* still continued to fly after their prince, whose fear did not suffer him to direct those who came up with him. And now, in a few days, the army had been totally dispersed, had not the giant *Kifri*, enraged at the death of his brethren, and travelling, in his fury, appeared before the eyes of the terrified prince and his troops, in a narrow pass among the rocks.

The presence of *Kifri* was not less terrifying than the noise of the pursuers, and *Abubal*, at the sight of the monster, fell with his face to the ground.

“ Who art thou, said *Kifri*, with the voice of
 “ thunder, that fliest like the roebuck, and trem-
 “ blest like the heart-stricken antelope? Who
 “ art thou that fliest as the virgin from the
 “ noise of the battle, and that increasest the
 “ shrieks of the fallen, being wounded by thy
 “ fears?”

“ Prince of earth, said *Abubal*, I am the friend
 “ of *Ulin*, of *Happuck*, of *Ollomand*, of *Tasnar*, of
 “ *Ahaback* and *Desra*. I am he, who through
 “ the power of the inchanters, have contended
 “ for the throne of *India*.”

“ Cursed then are they that league with thee,
 “ answered the giant *Kifri*, thou son of fear, thou
 “ wretch, unworthy of such godlike support!
 “ Was it for thee, base coward, that *Ollomand* pour-
 “ ed forth his unnumbered stores, that the plains
 “ of *India* were dyed with the blood of *Desra*, the
 “ mistress of our race. Be witness for me earth,
 “ this

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“ this reptile is unworthy of our assistance, and to
 “ fight for him is to league with *Mahomet*, to offer
 “ up the blood of freedom, on the false altars of
 “ faith. O ye spirits of the brave, my soul is on
 “ fire to see so many of our friends lie stretched on
 “ the plains ! their blood, cursed and ill-fated
 “ coward, overwhelm thy Head !”

As *Kifri* spake thus, his broad eye-balls glowed like the red orb of day, when covered with dark fleeting clouds, and from his nostrils issued forth the tempest and the flame.

In an instant he seized on the fear-shaken *Abubal*, as the vulture shuts within her bloody talons, the body of the affrighted trembling hare ; and lifting him high in the air, he dashed the wretched prince against the ragged face of the mountains. The blood of *Abubal* ran down from the mountain's side, like the rain which is poured forth out of the stormy cloud, and his mangled limbs, crushed by the fall, hung quivering on the pointed rocks.

The death of *Abubal* lessened not the fury of *Kifri*, but all that followed the unhappy prince experienced his rage : till glutted with blood, and tired of his revenge, the monstrous giant sunk to rest, and stretched out his limbs upon the tops of the mountains.

But the sleep of *Kifri* was cumbrous as his body, and the dreams of the giant were as the thoughts of the enemies of God. In the visions of the night came *Ulin* before him ; and the ghost of the murdered *Happuck* was in the eye of his fancy.

“ Enemy

“ Enemy of our race, said they, where is he
 “ who was to redeem our glory, and to revenge
 “ our blood? Where is *Abubal*, of whom the dark
 “ saying went forth, that none but our race could
 “ overpower him? The dark saying is now inter-
 “ preted by thy shameful deed, and the powers
 “ of enchantment are at an end!”

The giant, disturbed at his visions started up :
 The moon rode high above the mountains, and
 the trees of the forest looked broad with the shades
 of night : He cast his black eyes to the south, and
 saw the storm rolling forth his clouds : The tem-
 pest gathered around him, and poured its fury
 against him. His long disordered locks streamed
 out like the shattered canvass of the ship-wrecked
 vessel.

The lofty pines rolled down the rocky preci-
 pices, and the fragments of the mountains tumbled
 in wide confusion at his feet.

The eye-balls of *Kifri*, inflamed with anger and
 despair, appeared like two meteors in the storm ;
 he viewed the war of elements with contempt, and
 mocked *Alla* and *Mahomet* aloud, and said :

“ Is this the God of nature’s work? is he an-
 “ gry with the bauble he has made? has he given
 “ his parsimonious drops of rain to these forests,
 “ and toiled for years to raise their head to heaven,
 “ that he may scatter them in sport, and destroy
 “ them with his thunderbolts? Let him then view
 “ a new ruin beyond his power to compass, for
 “ *Kifri* will no longer live his slave upon earth,
 VOL. II. C “ but

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“ but will join his fate to the fate of *Ollomand*,
“ his brother *!”

So saying, the giant bent his body towards an huge rock whereon he had slept, and straining his tough sinews, tore up the mighty fragment from the ground.

The earth felt the shock, and its dark entrails trembled; but *Kifri* undismayed, threw the wild ruin to the clouds.

The labouring mountain returning quickly on the rebellious head of the giant, crushed him beneath its ponderous substance, and finished, by its descent, the life and the presumption of *Kifri*. The cities of *India* were shaken at its fall, and the ocean ran back from the shores of *Asia*; fear and dismay were on the inhabitants of the east, till *Al-la* sent his sun on their borders, and enlightened the realms which his favorites inherit.

The news of *Kifri*'s death was brought to the Sultan by one of the followers of *Abubal*, who at the first approach of the giant, had ran from his presence, and hid himself in a cave in the rocks.

“ *Horam*, said the Sultan, our enemies are no
“ more, seven are destroyed, and one weak wo-

* The original speech of *Kifri*'s is much longer, but his blasphemies, though in character, are yet too offensive for Christian ears. The Editor would not have inserted any part of this speech, did not the immediate death of the giant, and the manner of it, lead to an excellent moral; for as Infidels and Atheists are in real life always railing at Providence, so their wicked thoughts generally end like *Kifri*'s, in a violent attempt on their own lives.

“ man

“ man only remains ; but since *Kifri*, the terror
 “ of *Asia*, has fallen a sacrifice to the cause of *A-*
 “ *hubal*, and since the rebel is himself destroyed,
 “ what has *Misnar* more to fear. However, let
 “ our army be yet increased, let trustly nabobs be
 “ sent into every province, and nothing omitted
 “ which may preserve the peace of my empire ;
 “ ’tis the part of prudence to watch most, where
 “ there is the least appearance of danger.”

The Viziar *Horam* obeyed his master’s command, and *Misnar* having regulated his army, returned in triumph to *Delly*, his capital.

The Sultan having restored peace to his kingdoms, began to administer impartial justice to his subjects ; and although the faith of *Horam* had been often tried, yet *Misnar* chose not to rely altogether on any but himself.

“ Viziar, said the Sultan, as *Horam* was standing before him, are my people happy ? ’tis for them I rule, and not for myself ; and though I take pleasure in punishing the licentious and rebellious, yet shall I ever study to gain the hearts of my obedient subjects ; a father’s frown may restrain his children, but his smile can only bless them. Dost not thou remember, *Horam*, the story of *Mahoud*, the son of the jeweller ? And how am I sure, but even now private malice may be wreaking as great cruelty upon some innocent person, as the Princess *Hemjunah* suffered from the inchanter *Bennaskar*.”

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“ My prince, answered the Viziar, the toils
 “ and the dangers of the war, have never for a
 “ moment driven from my mind the memory of
 “ that Princess, who, with *Mahoud*, underwent
 “ the most odious transformation, through the
 “ power of *Ulin*.”

“ Nor have I, answered the Sultan, forgot
 “ their distress, but the cares of empire have hi-
 “ therto prevented my search after them : As to
 “ the princess, she is possibly with her father at
 “ *Cassimir*, but *Mahoud* is doubtless an inhabitant
 “ of *Delly*, where he lived before his transforma-
 “ tion : Therefore, O Viziar, give immediate
 “ orders, that the respective *cadi*’s of each divi-
 “ sion of the city, who have the numbers and the
 “ names of every inhabitant within their district,
 “ be questioned concerning this jeweller’s son ;
 “ and let him to-morrow be brought before me.”

The Viziar *Horam* did as he was commanded,
 and sent for all the *cadi*’s of the city, and examined
 them concerning *Mahoud*, but no one could give
 any account of him.

The next morning *Horam* attended the divan,
 and acquainted the Sultan with his fruitless search.

The Sultan was much dissatisfied at his Vi-
 ziar’s report, and after he had answered the peti-
 tioners and dismissed them, he sent again for his
 favorite Viziar.

“ *Horam*, said the Sultan, my *cadi*’s are remiss
 “ in their duty, *Mahoud* is certainly hid in my
 “ city ;

“ city ; all is not right, *Horam* , the poor son of
 “ the jeweller would be proud to own, that he
 “ was formerly the companion of the Sultan of
 “ the *Indies*, though in his distress ; he had long
 “ ere this been at the foot of my throne, did not
 “ somewhat prevent him.”

“ Prince of my life, answered the Viziar, if
 “ *Mahoud* is in this city, he is doubtless disguised,
 “ and has reasons to conceal himself ; and how
 “ shall thy officers of justice discover among many
 “ millions, one obscure person, who is studious
 “ to conceal himself?”

“ In a well regulated city, answered the Sul-
 “ tan, every one is known, and sound policy has
 “ always invented such distinctions ; as may pre-
 “ vent the disguise of designing and wicked men.
 “ The man who cannot give a just account of
 “ himself is an enemy to society, and it is no in-
 “ fringement on the freedom of the honest, to
 “ oblige them, by their dress and appearance, to
 “ shew forth their manner of life. They only
 “ need to conceal their actions, who are ashamed
 “ of their deeds, and it behoves the magistrate to
 “ place such in the sight of all men. Secrecy and
 “ retirement are the handmaids of sin, and the
 “ prince who would prevent both private and pub-
 “ lick wrongs, should study to fix a mark of dis-
 “ tinction on all his subjects, for villainy loves the
 “ masque of hypocrisy, and evil-minded men af-
 “ fect the appearance of the sanctified. But till
 “ my capital is better regulated, I mean to take
 “ advantage myself of the confusion of my
 “ city, and examine, in disguise, those private
 “ outrages

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“ outrages which are screened from the public eye
 “ of justice. Wherefore, *Horam*, procure two
 “ disguises for yourself and me, and let the Emir
 “ *Matferak* be sent ambassador to the Sultan of
 “ *Cassmir*, to enquire after the welfare of the Prin-
 “ cels *Hemjunah*.”

The Viziar, in obedience to the Sultan's orders, sent the habits of two fakirs into the palace, and at evening the Sultan, accompanied by his Viziar, went forth in his disguise.

As they passed through the second street from the royal palace, one habited like a fakir, with his horn in his hand, saluted them, and asked them to partake of the alms he had received.

The Sultan readily accepted his offer, least the brother of his order should be offended.

They immediately retired into a remote place, and the strange fakir pulling out the provision he had received, they began their repast.

“ Brother, said the fakir to the disguised Sul-
 “ tan, you are, I perceive, but a novice in your
 “ profession ; you are neither so free nor so ready
 “ as I could wish ; you have seen but little of
 “ life, and you would be puzzled, were you to
 “ encounter such wonders as I experienced but
 “ last night in my approach to this city.

“ What, answered the Sultan hastily, were
 “ they? perhaps, brother, you mistake me, pos-
 “ sibly; though not so communicative as your-
 “ self,

“ self, I may nevertheless be as brave and resolute.”

“ Alas, answered the fakir, I begin to suspect you are no true brother, you know we are communicative among ourselves, but secret to the world about us. What severities have you practised? what scars of self-inflicted austerities have you to shew? By the faith which I profess, I will hold no longer converse with you, unless you give me some convincing proofs of the genuineness of your profession.”

Here the Viziar perceiving the Sultan to be hard pressed, interrupted the fakir, and said,

“ O holy fakir, but stranger to our tribe, from whence comest thou, that thou knowest not *Elezren*, the prince of devotees in the city of *Delly*, to whom the Emirs bow, and before whom the populace lay prostrate as he passes; thou art indeed but newly come to *Delly*, since the fame of *Elezren* hath not been sounded in thine ears,”

“ Brother, answered the fakir, the fame of *Elezren* is not confined to *Delly* alone, since all *Asia* receives him as a saint; but where are the silver marks of wisdom on his cheeks, and the furrows of affliction which are deep wrought in the aged front of *Elezren* the favorite of heaven? No, young hypocrites, age and experience are not to be caught in the snares of youth, nor the sagacious elephant in the toils of the un-

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“ wise, but think not your idle presumption shall
“ go unpunished, or that the holiness and purity
“ of our cast shall be stained by the unhallowed
“ mirth of a boy’s folly.”

At these words the fakir sprung from the ground, and running into the streets, he made the air echo with his complaints.

The mob hearing, that two young men had personated the appearance of the holy cast, crouded to the place were the Sultan and his Viziar sat trembling at their own temerity, and were just about to tear them to pieces, when the Viziar, stepping forward to meet them, cried aloud, “ Slaves, presume not to approach your Sultan, for know, that *Misnar*, the idol of his people, sits here disguised as a fakir.”

Luckily for the prince, several of the foremost were well acquainted with his features, or it is probable the mob would have looked upon the Viziar’s speech, only as a device to prevent their fury. But when the fakir perceived the foremost of the croud acknowledged *Misnar* as their Sultan, and fall down before him, he endeavoured to escape.

“ My friends, said the Sultan, secure that wretch, and suffer him not to escape; and
“ *Horam*, said he, turning to his Viziar, let him
“ be confined in a dungeon this night, and to-morrow brought before me in the divan of justice.”

“ The

“ The words of my lord, answered *Horam*, are
“ a law which cannot be changed. But let me
“ beseech my prince to retire from the crowd.”

Misnar willingly did as *Horam* advised, and the people made way for him to the palace, crying out, “ Long live *Misnar*, the pride of his slaves !”

The Sultan being returned to his palace with his Viziar,

“ *Horam*, said he, each man has his part in
“ life allotted to him, and the folly of those, who
“ leaving the right and regular path, strike into
“ the mazes of their own unconnected fancy, is
“ sufficiently seen from our adventure this day :
“ Wherefore, I would have every man endeavour
“ to fill his real character, and to shine in that,
“ and not attempt what belongs to another, in
“ which he can gain no credit, and runs a great
“ hazard of disgrace. But as the examination of
“ this fakir in our public divan, may rather in-
“ crease, than cover our shame, I would have
“ him brought before me immediately, and with
“ as little noise as possible. Alas, *Horam*, since
“ the follies of princes are so glaring, how cau-
“ tious should we be in our deportment and beha-
“ viour !”

The Viziar obeying, went forth, and in a short time brought the fakir bound in chains, before the Sultan.

The fakir advanced to the presence of the Sultan full of shame and fear, and falling at his footstool cried out,

“ I call

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“ I call *Mahomet* to witness, I slew not the man
“ in my wrath but in mine own defence !”

“ What man, said the Sultan, astonished at his
“ words, whom hast thou slain, O wicked fakir,
“ that thine own fears should turn evidence against
“ thee ?”

“ Alas, answered the fakir, hear me, most in-
“ jured lord, for the blood of my brother presseth
“ me fore.

“ As I journeyed yesterday, and was arrived
“ within a league of the city of *Delly*, I turned
“ me towards a place walled round, which I sup-
“ posed was the repository for the dead, and find-
“ ing the iron gate open, I entered into it, in-
“ tending to shelter myself for a few minutes a-
“ gainst the scorching sun.

“ As I entered, I perceived at one end a stone
“ sepulchre, whose mouth was opened, and the
“ stone rolled from it. Surprised at the sight, I
“ walked forward toward the vault, and heard
“ within the voices of several persons. At this I
“ was in doubt whether to proceed or retire, sup-
“ posing that some robbers had taken up their re-
“ sidence there.

“ In the midst of my confusion, a young man, with
“ a turban hanging over his face, came out, and
“ seeing me he drew his sabre, and made toward
“ me to kill me. Whereupon I took up a large
“ fragment of the wall which lay at my feet, and
“ as he came forward I threw it, and felled him
“ to

“ to the ground, then running up, I snatched the
 “ sabre from his hand, and would have destroyed
 “ him, but he cried out, saying, take care what
 “ thou doest, rash man, for it is not one, but two
 “ lives, that thou takest away, when thou destroy-
 “ est me.

“ Amazed and confounded how it was possible
 “ for me to destroy two lives, by revenging my-
 “ self on one wretch, who, without offence had
 “ meditated my death, I stopped my hand ; which
 “ the young man seeing, he aimed to pull the sa-
 “ bre out of my hand, whereupon avoiding his
 “ effort, and lifting up the sabre above his head,
 “ I at one blow severed it from his body.

“ Immediately seeing the blood start from his
 “ veins, I ran out of the inclosure, fearing lest
 “ any of his company should overtake me, and
 “ flew till I reached the city of *Delly*, where I sub-
 “ sisted that night and this day on the alms of the
 “ faithful, till I met my Sultan and his Viziar
 “ in the habit of two fakirs.”

“ And what, said the Sultan, has made thee
 “ thine own accuser, since the life you shed was
 “ in your own defence ?”

“ Pattern of the just, answered the fakir, my
 “ revenge on the young man made me not sor-
 “ rowful, as my conscience bears me witness, I
 “ took not his life till necessity, and mine own
 “ preservation required it ; but my mind is restless
 “ because he said, I should take two lives away
 “ when I destroyed him, therefore I concluded,
 “ that

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“ that there was some mystery in his fate, or that
“ he prophesied in his last agonies, that his death
“ should occasion mine.

“ If thy tale be true, continued the Sultan,
“ his blood rests on his own head who was the
“ aggressor : But the story is so very singular,
“ that I shall detain thee till my Viziar and a
“ party of soldiers be sent, to search the inclosure
“ you have mentioned.”

The Viziar then gave orders for the guard to mount their horses, and the curiosity of the Sultan was so great, that although it was night, he resolved to accompany his Viziar.

In a short time the guards being drawn up, the Sultan and Viziar mounted their couriers, and the fakir was carried between two of the guards, to point out the scene of his encounter.

The party being arrived at the iron gate of the inclosure, *Horam* with ten of the guards went in on foot, and marched with the fakir to the tomb where he had heard the voices, and from whence the young man issued forth.

As they approached to the tomb, they beheld the body of the young man on the ground, and his head at a distance, which induced them to give the more credit to the fakir.

The guards entering the tomb found no one within, but at the upper end they saw a stone case, supported by two blocks of black marble.

The

The stone case was covered with a flat marble, which the guards could not remove from its place.

The Viziar being acquainted with these particulars, returned to the Sultan, and related to him what the guards had discovered. But *Misnar* recollecting the many devices which the inchanters had prepared to insnare him, was doubtful what course to take.

On a sudden the moon, which shone exceeding bright, was overcast, and the clouds appeared of a glowing red, like the fiery heat of a burning furnace: Hollow murmurs were heard at a distance, and a stench arose of a putrid and suffocating smell, when in the midst of the fiery clouds a black form appeared of an hagged and distorted female, furiously riding on a bulky and unwieldy monster with many legs.

In an instant the clouds to the east disappeared, and the heavens from that quarter, shone like the meridian sun, and discovered a lovely graceful nymph, the brightness of whose features, expressed the liveliest marks of meekness, grace, and love.

“ *Hyppacus*, said the amiable fair one, addressing herself to the hag, why wilt thou vainly
 “ brandish thy rebellious arms against the powers
 “ of heaven, if the Sultan, though he be the
 “ favourite of *Alla*, do wrong, the mighty one,
 “ who delighteth in justice, will make thee the
 “ instrument of his vengeance on the offending
 “ prince. But know the extent of thy power,
 “ vain

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“ vain woman, and presume not to war against
 “ the will of heaven, lest the battle of the faith-
 “ ful *Genii* be set in array against thee, and thou
 “ be joined to the number of those who are already
 “ fallen.”

“ Proud vassal of light, answered the inchan-
 “ tress *Hyppacusfan*, I fear not thy threats, nor the
 “ bright pageants that surround thee ; war, tu-
 “ mult, chaos, darkness, fear, and dismay, are
 “ to me more welcome than the idle splendors of
 “ thy master’s heavens: For know, spruce-gilded
 “ spirit, I had rather inhabit the gloomy caverns
 “ of death, and brood over the mangled carcases
 “ of the slain, than sit with slaves like thee, in the
 “ soft tasteless bowers of paradise.” —

“ Graceless and abandoned wretch, answered
 “ the bright fair one, defile not thy maker’s crea-
 “ tions by thy blasphemous tongue, but learn at
 “ least to fear that mighty one thou art not wor-
 “ thy to honour.”

Thus saying she blew from her mouth a vivid
 flame, like a sharp two-edged sword, which en-
 tering into the red clouds which surrounded *Hyp-
 pacusfan*, the hag gave an horrible shriek, and the
 thick clouds rolling around her, she flew away into
 the western darkness.

The fair one then descending towards the Sultan,
 the brightness disappeared, and *Misnar*, the Viziar,
 and his guards, fell prostrate before her.

“ Arise,

“ Arise, *Misnar*, said she, heaven’s peculiar favourite, and fear not to enter the tomb where the enchantments of *Hyppacusian* are now at an end.”

The Sultan was about to answer, but the fair one led the way to the tomb, and commanded the Sultan to enter with her, and uncover the stone case which stood at the upper end.

As the lid was removing, a sigh issued from the case, and an exquisite beauty arose as from a deep sleep.

“ Adorable fair one, said the Sultan kneeling, inform me whom it is my happy fate to release from this wretched confinement.”

“ Alas, answered the beauteous maid, art thou the vile *Bennaskar*, or the still more vile *Ma-boud*! O let me sleep till death, and never more behold the wretchedness of life!”

“ What, said the Sultan, starting from his knees, do I behold the unfortunate princess of *Cassmir*!”

“ Illustrious *Hemjunah*, said the Viziar *Horam*, as the princess stared wildly about her, *Misnar*, the Sultan of *India*, is before thee.”

“ Yes, interrupted the fair spirit, doubt not, *Hemjunah*, the truth of the Viziar *Horam*, for behold *Macoma*, thy guardian *Genius*, assures thee of the reality of what you behold.”

“ Helper

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“ Helper of the afflicted, answered the princess of
 “ *Cassimir*, doubt vanishes when you are present ;
 “ but wonder not at my incredulity, since my
 “ whole life has been as a false illusion before
 “ mine eyes. O *Alla*, wherefore hast thou made
 “ the weakest the most subject to deceit !”

“ To call in question the wisdom of *Alla*, an-
 “ swered the *Genius Macoma*, is to act like the
 “ child of folly, arrayed in the garments of rea-
 “ son : Go then, thou mirror of justice and un-
 “ derstanding, and span with thy mighty arms the
 “ numberless heavens of the faithful ; weigh in
 “ thy just balance the wisdom of thy Maker, and
 “ the fitness of his creation, and joined with the
 “ evil race, from whom I have preserved thee,
 “ rail at that goodness thou canst not compre-
 “ hend —”

“ Spare me, just *Genius*, answered the princess
 “ of *Cassimir*, spare the weakness of my disorder-
 “ ed head, I confess the folly of my thoughts,
 “ but weak is the offspring of weakness.”

“ True, replied the *Genius*, but although you
 “ are weak, ought you therefore to be presumptu-
 “ ous ? Knowest thou not that the Sultan *Mis-*
 “ *nar* suffered with you because he despaired, and
 “ now would *Hyppacusar* return thee to thy former
 “ slumbers, did not *Alla*, who has beheld thy
 “ former sufferings, in pity forgive the vain
 “ thoughts of mortality.”

“ Blessed is his goodness, answered the Princess,
 “ and blessed are his servants, who delight in suc-
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“coursing and instructing the weak and distressed.”

“To be sorry for our errors, said the *Genius*, is to bring down the pardon of heaven, and *Hemjunah*, though so long overpowered by the malicious, is nevertheless among the loveliest of her sex. But I shall not anticipate the fair one’s relation of her own distresses, since they best can describe the misfortunes of life, who have been used to feel them.

“Sultan of *India*, continued *Macoma*, turning to *Misnar*, I leave the princess of *Cassimir* to your care, in full assurance that the delicacy of her sentiments will not be offended by your royal and noble treatment of her. But let an ambassador be immediately dispatched from your court, to inform her aged and pious father of the safety of his daughter.”

“The dictates of *Macoma*, answered the Sultan, bowing before her, are the dictates of virtue and humanity, and her will shall be religiously obeyed.”

At these words the *Genius* vanished, and the Sultan bid part of his guards return to *Delly*, to the chief of his eunuchs, and order him to prepare a palanquin, and proper attendants, to convey the Princess of *Cassimir* to the royal palace.

While these preparations were making, the Sultan and his Viziar endeavoured to sooth and entertain the princess of *Cassimir*; and though *Horam*

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was desirous of hearing her adventures, yet the Sultan would not suffer him to request *Hemjunah's* relation, till she was carried to the palace, and refreshed after her strange fatigues.

The chief of the eunuchs arrived in a short time, and the princess was conveyed, ere morning, to the palace of *Misnar*, where the female apartments were prepared for her reception, and a number of the first ladies of *Delly* appointed to attend her.

The Sultan, in the mean time, having ordered the fakir to be released, and sent out of the city, entered the divan with his Viziar, and having dispatched the complainants, retired to rest.

In the evening of the same day, the Princess being recovered from her fatigue, sent the chief of the eunuchs to the Sultan, and desired leave to throw herself at his feet, in gratitude for her escape.

The Sultan received the message with joy, and ordering *Horam* his Viziar to be called, they both went into the apartments of the females, where the Princess of *Cassimir* was seated on a throne of ivory, and surrounded by the slaves of the seraglio.

The Princess descended from her throne at the approach of the Sultan, and fell at his feet; but *Misnar* taking her by the hand, "Rise, adorable princess, said he, and injure not your honour, by thus abasing yourself before your slave."

"Fame,

“ Fame, answered the Princess, which generally increases the virtues of the great, can represent but part of the merit of the Sultan of India ; they who have not seen him, can form no true judgment of his perfection.”

“ Could flattery, answered the Sultan, be ever pleasing to me, it must be from the mouth of the Princess of *Cassimir* ; but I mean to turn your thoughts from me to a more worthy subject, where you may safely lavish your praises, without fearing to exaggerate. The lovely *Hemjunah* has promised to relate her wonderful adventures, and *Horam*, the faithful friend of my bosom, and our former fellow-sufferer, is come to partake with me in the charming relation.”

“ Prince, said *Hemjunah*, I shall not conceal what you are so desirous of knowing.”

The Sultan then waved his hand, and the slaves withdrew.

T H E
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P R I N C E S S O F C A S S I M I R.

T A L E T H E S E V E N T H.

IT is often, said the Princess of *Cassimir*, the fate of the greatest, to have their private interest sacrificed to the public good. Glory and honour in your sex, O Prince, are motives which make this sacrifice the less lamented, but in ours, we have no way of becoming useful to the public, but by joining hands where hearts are rarely consulted. Such was to have been my fate. Ere I had attained my thirteenth year, my father proposed to marry me to the Prince of *Georgia*. It was in vain, that when my mother disclosed the fatal news to me, I urged my youth, and my intire ignorance of the Prince or his qualities.

“ My

“ My child, said *Chederazade*, to make ourselves happy, we must be useful to the world.
 “ The Prince of *Georgia* has done your father great service in the wars, and you are destined to reward his toils ; all the subjects of *Cassimir* will look upon your choice as a compliment to them, and they will rejoice to see their benefactor blessed with the hand of their princess.”

“ But, Madam, answered I, does the happiness of my father’s subjects require such a sacrifice in me ; must I live in a country to whose language and manners I am a stranger, must I be for ever banished, and must the realms of *Cassimir* look upon me as a monster, whose absence alone can effect their comfort and glory ?
 “ O where will be the soft intercourse of hearts, or the mutual pleasures of love, in a match with such a stranger !”

“ The idle dreams of love, said my mother *Chederazade*, were invented by the evil *Genii*, to increase the number of the children of disobedience ; sound reason and policy acknowledge no such intruder ; convenience should first beget alliance, and mutual affection must be the fruit of mutual intercourse. The flame of love is subdued by caprice, by satiety, by disgust, and reflection, and the strongest band either of private or public societies, must be interest and utility. These, *Hemjunah*, are sufficient reasons to engage your compliance with your father’s desire, and these will influence you, if prudence and wisdom are the motives of your choice ; and if you want prudence, it is fit

“ those who are able to instruct you, should also
 “ guide and direct your actions.”

At these words *Chederazade* left me bathed in tears, and trembling at my fate.

My nurse *Eloubrou* was witness to the hard command my mother had imposed upon me, and endeavoured to comfort me in my affliction, but her words were but as the wind on the surface of the rock; and to add to my griefs, in a few minutes after, the chief of the eunuchs entered the seraglio, and bid me prepare to receive the Sultan my father.

The Sultan of *Cassimir* entering my apartment, I fell at his feet.

“ *Hemjunah*, said he, the Prince of *Georgia* is
 “ my friend, and I intend to give my daughter to
 “ his arms.”

Shocked at these successive declarations of my fate, which I had no reason to suspect the day before, I fainted away, and when I recovered, found myself on a sofa, with *Eloubrou* lying at my feet.

“ My lovely Princess, said *Eloubrou*, how little am I able to see you thus, and yet I fear the
 “ news I have to impart to you, may reduce you
 “ to your former condition !”

“ Alas, said I, nurse, what new evil has be-
 “ fallen me, what worse can happen than my
 “ marriage with a stranger ?”

“ Princess,

“ Princess, replied *Eloubrou*, my nurse, the Prince is to see you this night ; nay, the ceremonies are preparing, the changes of vestment, the desert, and the choral bands.”

“ Ah, said I, nurse, cruel *Eloubrou*, what hast thou said, am I to be sacrificed this night to my father’s policy, am I to be given as a fee to the plunderer of cities and the ravisher of virgins, for such are they whose profession is arms !”

“ No, most adorable Princess, said a young female slave, who attended on *Eloubrou*, trust but to me, and the Prince of *Georgia* shall in vain seek the honour of your alliance.”

The faithful *Eloubrou* shrieked at the words of the female slave, and endeavoured to clap her hands, and to bring the chief of the eunuchs to her assistance ; but the female slave waved her left hand, and *Eloubrou*, and the rest of the slaves, stood motionless before her.

“ Most adorable Princess, said she, I am the friend of the distressed, and I love to prevent the severe and ill-natured authority of parents ; give me your hand, and I will deliver you from that monster the Prince of *Georgia*.”

“ What, answered I, shall I trust to a stranger, whom I know not, and fly from my father’s court ! No——”

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“ Well then, said she, I hear the cymbals
 “ playing before the Prince, and the trumpets,
 “ and the kettle-drums; farewell, sweet mistress
 “ of the fierce and unconquerable Prince of
 “ *Georgia*.”

As she spake, the warlike music sounded in my ears, and not doubting but that the prince and my father were coming, I held out my hand to the female slave, and said, “ Save me, O save me from my father’s frown !”

The slave eagerly snatched my hand, and blowing forth a small vapor from her mouth, it filled the room, and we arose in a cloud.

The manner of my flight from my father’s palace I know not, as I immediately fainted; for as soon as I recovered, I found myself in a magnificent apartment, and a youth standing before me.

“ Charming and adorable *Hemjunah*, said he, falling at my feet, may I hope that the service I have performed, in delivering you from the Prince of *Georgia* will merit your attention.

“ Alas, said I, what service hast thou performed? who art thou, bold man, that durst stand before the Princess of *Cassimir*? *Eloubrou*, said I, faithful *Eloubrou*, where art thou? where is *Picksag*, the chief of my eunuchs? where are my slaves, where are the guards of the seraglio?”

“ Princess,

“ Princess, answered the young man, fatigue
 “ not yourself with calling after them, since they
 “ are in the kingdom of *Cassimir*, and you are in
 “ the house of *Bennaskar*, the merchant of *Delly*:
 “ But not to keep you in suspense, O Princess,
 “ know that I have, for several years traded from
 “ *Cassimir* to *Delly*, and although I never saw you
 “ till lately, yet the fame of your opening beau-
 “ ties was so great, that it fired the hearts of all
 “ the young men in your father’s kingdom. E-
 “ very time I arrived at *Cassimir*, the subject of
 “ all conversation was the adorable Princess *Hem-
 “ junah*, and it was in vain any other beauty was
 “ mentioned.

“ Fired by these encomiums, I resolved to see
 “ you or die. For this purpose I attempted at
 “ different times the faith of the guards, the
 “ eunuchs, and even of *Eloubrou* your nurse; but
 “ in vain, your faithful servants were deaf to my
 “ intreaties. Finding human policy fruitless, I
 “ sought after those who have power in inchant-
 “ ments, but I began to doubt even the reality
 “ of these, as I could no where hear of any one
 “ who professed magic.

“ As I was one day returning from my ware-
 “ house, I heard one call me by my name, and
 “ looking behind, I perceived a female dressed in
 “ a dark-colored mantle, with a veil upon her
 “ face; *Bennaskar*, said she, follow me.

“ As we are always apt to hope every unex-
 “ pected adventure will lead us to the wished-for
 “ point; so I had no doubt but the female behind
 “ me

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“ me was apprized of my desires, and willing to
 “ forward them. I therefore gathered up my
 “ garments, and followed her through several
 “ streets.

“ At length the female stopped at the door of
 “ a large house ; and when I expected the door
 “ would have been opened unto her, she sunk
 “ into the earth, and disappeared from my sight.

“ I waited at the door of the house till night,
 “ every moment expecting to see it open, or that
 “ the female would appear again.

“ But my hope was vain, and after several
 “ hours expectation, I was obliged to return to
 “ my lodging, full of vexation and disappoint-
 “ ment.

“ The next morning, I arose and went into
 “ the street, and saw the same female beckon-
 “ ing to me ; I hesitated not a moment to fol-
 “ low her.

“ She is certainly, said I to myself, possessed of
 “ supernatural powers, and as she has taken no-
 “ tice of me, I will shew myself obedient to her
 “ commands.

“ She led me again by the same way to the
 “ house; before which I had spent the grea-
 “ ter part of the preceding day, and as soon as
 “ we arrived there, sunk again into the ground.

“ Though I was heartily vexed at this second
 “ illusion, yet I resolved to stay on the spot,
 “ till

" till night, and the city guard made my stay impossible.

" But night came without satisfying my curiosity; I returned again to my lodgings, and knew no more than at first, the meaning of the female's appearance.

" The third day I proceeded as usual to my warehouse, and as I was about to unlock them, saw the female again in the market-place, becoming to me as before.

" As I had now entered into her service, so I resolved to continue in it, and therefore went behind her to the house, which I remembered well, having contemplated its front two days successively.

" The female stopped as before, at the entrance of the house, and sunk a third time into the earth.

" But I will not tire your patience, adorable Princess, with a minute relation of my fatigues, for eleven days successively was I thus deceived, and on the twelfth, as I was standing in my usual place, several slaves issued out with chabouks, saying, that I was a thief, and had for some time been seen lurking about, and examining the house.

" Though I assured them I was a merchant, I did not find the *Chabouk* come the slower on my back; wherefore supposing it vain to resist,
" I ran

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“ I ran as fast as I could from them, and as fear
 “ and pain are excellent remedies against sloth,
 “ so I found I had soon left the slaves behind
 “ me.

“ Having entered my lodging, I began to la-
 “ ment my fate, and the cruelty of her who had
 “ so often deceived me. But in the midst of my
 “ lamentations I felt the room shake, and in an
 “ instant saw the female rise through the floor,
 “ and stand before me.

“ *Bennaskar*, said she, I am *Ulin*, the friend of
 “ the distressed, and the helper of all those who
 “ will put their trust and confidence in my in-
 “ chantments; I have long watched your mo-
 “ tions, and know your thoughts, and willing to
 “ try your faith in the magick arts, I have thus
 “ often deceived you. *Alla* requires a reasonable
 “ worship from his votaries, but we, who love
 “ to contradict him in all things, expect in our
 “ dependants a blind and obsequious obedience.

“ Princess, or *Genii*, or whatever thou art,
 “ answered I, give but *Hemjunah* to my arms,
 “ and my life shall be spent as you direct.”

“ If I find you faithful, answered *Ulin*, you
 “ shall, ere to-morrow’s sun depart hence, and
 “ have the Princess in your possession.

“ *Ulin* then declared to me what she expected,
 “ in return for her goodness to me, and I swore
 “ to act in obedience to her commands.

THE TALES OF THE GENII. 45

“ Go, happy bridegroom, said *Ulin*, and prepare thy palace at *Delly*, my slaves shall carry thee thither, and I, in the mean time, will personate one of the slaves of the palace of *Cassimir*, and doubt not, but ere the promised time, I will convey the princess to thy palace.

“ She then muttered with her lips, and a tall black slave arose through the floor.

“ Carry my friend, said *Ulin*, to *Delly*, and heap in his treasury a large portion of my niceties.

“ The black slave took me in his arms, and in an instant I found myself in the saloon of this palace, and this day my mistress *Ulin* has fulfilled her promise, and brought the lovely *Hemjunah* to my arms.”

“ Merchant, answered I, talk not so boldly, it would better become you to apprize the Sultan of *India* of my arrival, that I may be carried to the Sultan’s my father’s.”

“ Nay, pretty Princess, answered *Bennaskar*, be not so imperious, but recollect that you are at my disposal.”

“ Wretch, said I, *Mahomet* will never suffer thee to destroy the innocence of one who never offended thee.”

“ Alas, answered *Bennaskar*, *Mahomet* would
“ be

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" be well set to work to prevent all the evils of
 " this world : No, no, my Princess, we are se-
 " cure here, and I fear no interruption while *Ulin*
 " is my friend."

" And what promise didst thou make her,
 " returned I, what hast thou given up, to make
 " such a wretch of me as you seem to wish ?"

" That, said *Bennaskar*, you will shortly see,
 " nay, you shall see it this instant, if you will
 " but vouchsafe, adorable *Hemjunah*, to ascend
 " the bridal chamber."

" Infamous wretch, said I, bursting into
 " tears, how durst thou make use of such expres-
 " sions !"

" Nay, continued the wretch, I must be plain
 " with you, Madam, either attend me with
 " cheerfulness, or expect to be compelled."

" O, said I, with an aching and distracted
 " heart, where is my dear mother *Chederazade* !
 " where is my royal father, the Sultan of *Cassi-*
 " *mir* ! where the millions of subjects that doat
 " on their lord ! that his daughter must be ra-
 " vished by a vile merchant, and there is none to
 " help her."

The wicked *Bennaskar* paid no regard to my
 tears, but taking me in his arms, carried me by
 force out of the room where first we met.

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THE TALES OF THE GENII. 47

I filled the house with my cries and lamentations, but in vain; *Bennaskar* still continued to carry me through several apartments, and was deaf to my tears, my cries, and my prayers.

Seeing my honour thus at the disposal of an hardened wretch, the creature of a vile magician, a sudden thought came into my head, which I hoped, would at least put off for a short time the villainous intentions of the dishonourable merchant.

“ O *Bennaskar*, said I, why do you thus hurry me, like a criminal, and a slave, through your apartments? surely you will not dishonour the royal blood of my family; let me loose from your arms, and send for the cadi, that since it is my fate to be the consort of *Bennaskar*, I may at least have a writing of marriage.”

“ No, no, Princess, answered the fierce, cruel wretch, our sex seldom desire the trouble of marriage contracts to prolong the days of impatience, when we have the fair in possession without them; to-morrow we shall have leisure to talk of those matters, but the present moments are too precious to waste in needless forms.”

As the villain said this, he arrived with me in a vaulted chamber, where releasing me from his arms, he secured the entrance.

“ And

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“And now, Princess, continued the wretch, I am bound to perform my promise to *Ulin*, before I take possession of your charms.”

Though I was dumb with terror and vexation, yet I hoped for a short release from the words of the vile merchant; nor was I deceived, *Bennaskar* took the lamp from the center of the chamber, and sprinkled a little powder on the flame, and repeated these, or the like words.

“Silly guardian of *Hemjunah*’s virtue, hasten hither, and behold the triumphs of *Ulin* thy foe.”

At these words the apartment shook, and the countenance of *Bennaskar* fell, but a voice issuing out of the wall, cried, “*Bennaskar*, seize thy prey, and fear not the harmless presence of my foe *Macoma*.”

The vile merchant then seized me in his arms, and was about to lead me to his detested bed, when, in a gentle cloud, a venerable and majestic personage descended into the apartment.

“Unhappy princess of *Cassimir*, said she, how has thy imprudence weakened my power, and destroyed thine own safety; if thou hadst not yielded to the false female slave, the sorceress *Ulin* had not triumphed over thee and me; but now she has given thee unto the power and possession of *Bennaskar*, and I am not permitted to rescue thee from the clutches of this detested merchant.”

“Then,

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“ Then, said *Bennaskar*, (who before was awed
 “ by the presence of the *Genius Macoma*) *Hemju-*
 “ *nah* is my own, and my faithful *Ulin* has not
 “ deceived me. Come, continued the abandoned
 “ villain, come, Princess, let us divert your
 “ guardian *Genius* with our connubial rites.”

At these words, exerting all his strength, the
 villain threw me beneath him, but his triumph
 was but short, for the *Genius* advancing, immedi-
 ately touched him with her wand, and said,

“ Wretched slave of iniquity, think not hea-
 “ ven will suffer thee to complete the cursed pur-
 “ pose of thy black heart. Though I am not per-
 “ mitted to rescue the princess, yet have I power
 “ over thee base tool of sin: Therefore, when-
 “ ever you look upon the Princess, you shall de-
 “ prive her of sensation, and yourself be deprived
 “ of desire.”

“ Then, cried *Bennaskar*, rising and turning
 “ from me, I will at present disappoint thy power,
 “ till I receive my commands from the mouth
 “ of *Ulin*, the mistress of my fate.”

“ Ah, cried the enchantress *Ulin*, who that
 “ moment entered the vaulted chamber from the
 “ closet (which my prince you have heard describ-
 “ ed by *Maboud*) what hast thou done, thou ene-
 “ my of our race! Accursed, and fatal neglect,
 “ that I had not first secured *Bennaskar* from thy
 “ power! But since the inexorable word is gone
 “ forth, I will add to thy sentence.

“ Here, continued she, stamping with her foot,
 “ and an ugly dwarf arose through a trap door in
 “ the chamber, *Nego*, be it thy business to attend
 “ my servant *Bennaskar*, and whenever thou seest
 “ that female deprived of sensation, do you bury
 “ her in the earth beneath this chamber: And,
 “ *Bennaskar*, continued the inchantress, do you
 “ take this vial, and whenever you want to con-
 “ verse with this stubborn female, let one of your
 “ slaves, whom you can trust, pour part of the li-
 “ quor into her mouth, and she shall recover;
 “ only retire yourself into the closet that you be
 “ not seen of her, at least till she consent to your
 “ will, for then the inchantments of *Macoma* shall
 “ no longer prevail against you.”

“ The inchantments, said *Macoma*, O wretched
 “ *Ulin*, are not yet complete, there is yet a mo-
 “ ment left, and both our power over *Hemjunah*
 “ and *Bennaskar* will be at an end.

“ Therefore thus shall it be, although *Bennaskar*
 “ is possessed of the Princess, yet shall these apart-
 “ ments be hidden from the sight of all men, ex-
 “ cept on that day when thy evil race prevales.
 “ On the full of the moon only shall *Bennaskar* be
 “ able to explore these rooms; and fear not, ami-
 “ able *Hemjunah*, said the *Genius*, addressing her-
 “ self to me, for neither force nor inchantment shall
 “ work your ruin without your own consent; and
 “ although *Mahomet*, displeased at your late impru-
 “ dence, for a time permits this inchantment, yet
 “ at length, if you continue faithful and virtuous,
 “ he will assuredly deliver you.”

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THE TALES OF THE GENII. 51

At these words *Bennaskar* turned towards me, with anger and disappointment in his eye, and immediately I was seized with a deep sleep, and what passed afterward I know not.

I found myself awakened by the descent of some liquor in my mouth, and saw a black slave standing before me. At the same time the voice of *Bennaskar* issued forth from the closet.

“ Ill-fated Princess *Hemjunah*, thy tyrant *Genius* hath now hidden thee a month from my sight, while thy friends *Ulin* and *Bennaskar* seek to restore thee to light and to life ; say but therefore thou wilt yield to my will, and the enchantments of *Macoma* will be destroyed.”

“ Wretched *Bennaskar*, answered I, I knew not that my sleep had continued a month, but if it be so long since I saw the *Genius Macoma* in this chamber, I thank *Mahomet* that he hath so long hidden me from the persecutions of *Bennaskar*.”

“ Haughty Princess, answered the vile *Bennaskar* from the closet, my slave shall inspire you with humbler words.” Whereupon he ordered the black slave to give me fifty lashes with the *chabouk*.

But it is needless, O Prince, to repete the various designs of that wretch ; for three months was I thus confined, and *Bennaskar* having exercised, through the hands of his slave, the cruelties of his heart, used at length (when he found me persist

in my resolution) to come forth, and by his presence, deprive me of sensation.

The adventures of the third month you have heard from the mouth of *Mahoud*, I shall therefore only continue my adventures from the time that he left me with the book in my hand.

Bennaskar seeing his friend *Mahoud* had left him, went out, and soon returned again with him, and taking him into the closet, in a moment came forth, and touching me, he said, "Come, fair princess, the enchantments of *Macoma* are now at an end, and thou art given up entirely to the possession of *Bennaskar*."

I shrieked at his words, hoping the *cadi* would hear me, but in vain; *Bennaskar* rose with me through the vaulted roof, and I found myself with him in a wide extended plain.

"Wretch, said the *Genius Macoma*, who that moment appeared, hast thou dared to disobey my commands, and remove the Princess from the vaulted chamber, where even thy mistress yielded to my power; but I thank thee, what the imprudent *Mahoud* could not accomplish against thee thou hast effected thyself."

As she spake the form of *Bennaskar* perished from the face of the plane, and his body crumbled to atoms, and mixed with the dust of the earth; but from his ashes the enchantress *Ulin* arose, and with an enraged visage turned toward me, and said,

"Thou

“Thou art still the victim of my power, and
 “since *Bennaskar* is no more, go, sweet Princess,
 “and join thy delicate form to the form of thy
 “preserver *Maboud*, whom I designed for the
 “flames, but my will being opposed, he is
 “rescued from thence, and now defiles the air of
 “*Tarapajan* with his pestiferous breath.”

Such, Sultan of *India*, were the consequences
 of my imprudence, and thus are our sex, by the
 smallest deviations, often led through perpetual
 scenes of misery and distress.

“Lovely Princess of *Cassimir*, said the Sultan
 “*Misnar*, I have felt more anxiety during this
 “short interval in which you have related your
 “adventures, than in all the campaigns I have
 “made. But suffer us, O Princess, to add a
 “further trouble to you by a second request, for I
 “am as anxious to hear by what misfortune
 “you were inclosed in the tomb of death, as
 “I was to know in what manner you were sub-
 “jected to the villainous cruelties of the wretch
 “*Bennaskar*.”

“The tale, O Prince, said the fair *Hemju-*
 “*nah*, is wonderful, but alas, new indiscre-
 “tions drew upon me the severities I have expe-
 “rienced.”

As soon as by our restoration to our pristine
 forms, we were apprized of your victory over the
 inchantress *Ulin*, I found myself in the seraglio of
 my father's palace.

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In the apartment from which I was taken by the wicked Inchantress I beheld my nurse *Eloubrou*. She was prostrate on the ground, and the palace was filled with her cries.

“ Faithful *Eloubrou*, said I, arise, and look upon thy beloved *Hemjunah*; where is my royal father *Nebenezzer*, and the fond *Chederazade*, the mother of my heart?”

Eloubrou at my voice started up like one awakened from a trance,

“ What is it, said she in emotion, what is it I behold? art thou the departed shade of my once loved *Hemjunah*!”

“ No shade, said I, beloved *Eloubrou*, running to her, but the true Princess of *Cassmir*, whom *Misnar*, the Sultan of *India*, hath rescued from the enchantments of the wicked *Ulin*.”

“ O that thy royal mother, said *Eloubrou*, were, like me, blessed with the sight of thy return!”

“ What, said I, *Eloubrou*, what dost thou say! Where then is the much honoured *Chederazade*! Where is the dear parent of my life?”

“ Alas, said *Eloubrou*, who shall tell the dismal tale to thy tender heart!”——

“ Ah,

“ Ah, said I, is my beloved mother no more,
 “ is she gone to seek her disobedient daughter
 “ over the burning lake !”

At these words my spirits failed, and I sunk motionless to the ground.

But my Lord must forgive me if I hasten over the dreadful scene that followed. The report of *Eloubrou* was too true, *Chederazade*, the dearest *Chederazade*, had been ten days dead when I was restored to my father's palace, and *Zebenezzer*, distracted at the double loss of his consort and his child, had shut himself up in the tomb of my mother.

Eloubrou hastened to the tomb wherein my father poured forth his tears, and acquainted the guards who watched without, that I was returned.

The sorrowful *Zebenezzer*, although he was rejoiced at the news, resolved not to come forth out of his consort's tomb till the month was expired according to his oath, and gave orders, that during that interval, I should be obeyed by his subjects.

My mourning was not less severe than my royal father's ; I shut myself up in my apartments, and would suffer none but *Eloubrou* to see me.

Nine days passed in silence, our loss affected both, and *Eloubrou* was as little disposed as myself to forget the cause of her griefs.

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The tenth morning *Eloubrou* was called out by the grand Viziar, who then had the command of my father's kingdom.

She returned in haste :

" Princess of *Cassimir*, said she, one who calleth himself *Mahoud* enquires for thee, and the Grand Viziar understanding that he was instrumental in your release, waits without to know your will."

At the name of *Mahoud* I started from my reverie.

" *Mahoud*, said I, O *Eloubrou*, deserves my notice, and the son of the jeweller of *Delly* shall be rewarded for his services to your mistress."

" Alas, answered *Eloubrou*, my lovely mistress is distracted with sorrows, and supposes the Prince *Mahoud* to be the offspring of a slave."

" If he be a prince, answered I, he has hitherto concealed his circumstances and birth from me, or he is not that *Mahoud* whom I remember in the deserts of *Tarapajan*."

" That, answered *Eloubrou*, you will soon discover when you see him; but, continued she, he desires a private audience."

" Well

" Well then, replied I, introduce him *Eloubrou*, but let my slaves be ready to enter at my call."

Eloubrou obeyed, and brought the merchant *Mahoud* into my presence, and then retired.

Mahoud fell at my feet, and said,

" Forgive, O loveliest creation of *Alla*, my presumption in approaching the throne of *Cassimir*, and that I have added hypocrisy to my boldness, by assuming the title of a prince, which I confess I have no pretension to take upon me, nor abilities to support."

" What then, answered I sternly, has induced you to deceive my court?"

" Let death, said *Mahoud*, falling again before me, let death atone for my crime, but first permit me to explain the motives of my presumption."

" Proceed, said I."

" As soon, continued *Mahoud*, as our unnatural transformation was at an end, I perceived myself in the capital of *Delly*, near the very house into which *Bennaskar* invited me, the sight of that detested place gave wings to my feet, and I ran forward, indifferent where I went to avoid that spot, till I came into the street, wherein I had spent my father's fortune. A croud of

I

" attendants

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“ attendants waited at the house, which now was
“ possessed by a more fortunate inhabitant.

“ Sick of the sight I flew onward, in hopes
“ of finding in a different quarter a place of rest;
“ but in turning down a little alley, I came out
“ upon the area where the *cadi* had condemned
“ me to the flames.

“ At the sight of this place my blood curdled,
“ and my hair stood an end: Ah, said I, unhappy
“ *Mahoud*, the capital of *Delly* will renew
“ thy distresses, by refreshing thy memory with
“ unfortunate scenes; and as thou hast no depen-
“ dance here since thy Sultan is with his army in
“ the field, why shouldest thou not join thyself to
“ the troops that daily march out of the city;
“ and when thou art arrived at the camp, throw
“ thyself at the feet of the Sultan *Misnar*.

“ Full of these thoughts, I advanced toward
“ the royal parade, and offered my services to the
“ captain of one of the troops, that were drawn
“ out in the square.

“ The captain readily accepted my offer, and
“ I was enrolled among the number of my Sul-
“ tan's forces.

“ Fortunately for me the troop was then drawn
“ out, in order to be sent to the main army, and
“ being furnished with an horse, I went with my
“ companions, and before night we joined the
“ encampment.

THE TALES OF THE GENII. 59

“Immediately I flew toward the royal pavilion,
“and fortunately met the Viziar *Horam*, with
“his attendants, going to the Sultan.

“I threw myself at his feet, and told him who
“I was, but the proud Viziar spurned me from
“him with his foot, and bid the guards chastize
“me.”

Here the Sultan looked sternly at his Viziar, and
Horam stood in silent amazement.

The Princess, although she saw the emotions of
the Sultan and his Viziar, yet still continued her
adventures without interruption.

T H E

CONTINUATION of the TALE

O F T H E

PRINCESS OF CASSIMIR.

MAHOUD, said the Princess, proceeded thus :

“ Seeing I had no hopes of favour or protection
 “ from the Viziar *Horam*, I flew to the royal tent,
 “ and as the Sultan came forth to meet his Viziar,
 “ I fell prostrate before him ; but, alas, the pride
 “ of greatness casts a film over the eyes of all men.

“ The Sultan *Misnar* hearing me speak of his
 “ transformation and my own, commanded his
 “ troops to cast that lyar forth out of the camp.”

At these words the countenance of *Misnar*
 changed, and he said, “ Judge, O Princess, from
 “ the actions of *Misnar*, whether that rebel lied
 “ before thee or not ; when I heard from your
 “ mouth, that *Horam* had spurned him with his
 “ foot, I was enraged at my Viziar, but now I
 “ am convinced he has alike traduced us both.”

“ I will

“ I will not, said the Princess *Hemjunah*, anticipate my tale, the sequel will satisfy both my Sultan and his Viziar.”

“ I was immediately, continued *Mahoud*, carried to the extremity of the encampment, and turned out with hissings and abuse.

“ I fled as fast as my feet would permit, and in a few hours joined a caravan, who fortunately for me, were journeying to *Cassimir*.

“ During my journey hither, O Princess, I lived on the alms of merchants, and at my arrival found the capital in confusion. I heard that your royal father *Zebenezzer* was retired, that my lovely Princess saw none but *Eloubrou*, the partner of her afflictions, and that the Viziar *Hobadan* directed every thing.

“ Ah, said I to myself, is there then no way of seeing the Princess but through the indulgence of her prime Viziar, and what hope have I, that he will hearken to the tale of an unknown beggar, when *Horam* would not acknowledge the brother of his afflictions !

“ In this distress I knew not where to turn, but happily one saw my afflictions. A merchant who was standing in his shop, and had observed me lift up my eyes to heaven, called out, and said, Young man, what is the cause of your excessive afflictions ? I looked round, and saw the merchant, and as I was going up to him, fortune inspired me with a tale that softened his heart.

“ I told

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“ I told him that I was a prince, and well known
 “ to you, O glory of *Cassimir*; and that if he
 “ would, only for the space of one day, furnish
 “ me with a proper habit and attendants to appear
 “ before you, O Princess, I would pay him ten-
 “ fold for his kindness.”

“ It is not likely, said the merchant, that a
 “ prince and a beggar should be one and the same
 “ person, but as I have taken the pains to enquire
 “ into your affairs, I will furnish you as you de-
 “ fire, upon condition, that if you are not what
 “ you say, you shall go before the *cadi*, and bind
 “ yourself to me for ten years as my slave.

“ Being hard pressed by penury and want, I
 “ readily embraced the merchant’s offer; we went
 “ before the *cadi*, I signed the conditions, that
 “ being properly furnished by the merchant to ap-
 “ pear before the Princess, if the Princess of *Cas-*
 “ *simir* did not acknowledge me to be prince
 “ *Mahoud*, and her deliverer in the afflictions she
 “ had lately experienced, I would submit to be the
 “ merchant’s slave for ten years.

“ This being executed, the merchant procured
 “ me the robes in which I now stand before my
 “ Princess, and slaves to attend me, and by his
 “ interest with the *Viziar*, I was introduced into
 “ your presence: and now, O Princess, unless you
 “ favour my innocent deceit, by which alone I
 “ was able to obtain a sight of my benefactress, I
 “ must return from your presence into the chains
 “ of slavery, and be exposed to the scoffs of ig-
 “ nominy.

“ There

“ There is no occasion, said I, of giving you
 “ a false title, *Mahoud*, I will send for the mer-
 “ chant, and buy off your ten years slavery,
 “ and give you sufficient to live creditably as a
 “ merchant.”

“ Alas, answered *Mahoud*, the cunning mer-
 “ chant, O Princess, will never know how to ask
 “ enough for my redemption, when he finds I
 “ am favoured by the Princess of *Cassimir*; and
 “ if he should, I shall become the joke and con-
 “ tempt of the merchants, who will neither give
 “ me credit nor countenance.”

“ Well then, said I, poor merchant, since you
 “ are so unwilling to part with your new assum-
 “ ed honours, be a prince.” Then clapping my
 hands *Eloubrou* appeared, and I said, “ *Eloubrou*,
 “ let the Prince *Mahoud* be lodged in my father’s
 “ palace, and let a proper number of slaves at-
 “ tend him, and do you acquaint the Viziar with
 “ his quality.”

Eloubrou did as I commanded, and *Mahoud*, full
 of joy, fell down at my feet, and kissed the hem
 of my garment.

“ Prince, said I, arise, and *Eloubrou* shall con-
 “ duct you to my father’s palace.”

A few days experience made me repent my folly
 in giving credit to the falsities of *Mahoud*, for the
 insolent merchant grew proud of his new assumed
 honours, and soon forgot that his title was only the
 phantom of his own brain.

He

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He came daily, and was introduced to me, and every time assumed greater state, till at last he dared to declare his passion for me, and talked of asking my father's consent, as soon as the days of his sorrow should be accomplished.

Astonished at his insolence, I bid him depart from my presence, which he did with difficulty, muttering revenge as he went.

As soon as he was gone forth, I acquainted *Eloubrou* with *Mahoud's* story, his ridiculous and insolent behaviour; and that he had even dared to threaten me with revenge.

"The threats of *Mahoud*, said *Eloubrou*, are of little consequence, though prudence should never esteem the least enemy unworthy of its notice; but care shall be taken of this insolent merchant. However, my princess, continued the experienced *Eloubrou*, must suffer me to deliver the sentiments of my heart.

"Our sex can never give greater encouragement to man, than by submitting to become parties in their deceits, and she who helps to exalt one of that faithless sex, must soon expect that he will debase her. Love and presumption united, cannot distinguish the valley from the mountain; and the ass crops alike the thistle or the rose: If *Mahoud* dared first assume honours that did not belong to him, what should prevent his more aspiring thought. They that will not destroy the weed before it produces the stalk and the pod, shall not prevail against it when it scatters

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“ters forth its seeds, and gives its progeny to be
“dispersed by the winds.”

As *Eloubrou* delivered this instruction before me, one of the slaves entered the apartment, and gave me notice, that *Zebenezzer*, my father, expected me in the tomb immediately.

I put on the solemn veil, and followed the guard to the tomb of *Chederazade*, the favorite of *Alla*.

I entered the lonely mansions of the dead with fear and trembling, and at the upper end of the vaulted tomb, saw my father kneeling before the embalmed corpse of the parent of my life.

“Unhappy *Hemjunab*, said the aged form, come
“hither and behold the sad remains of my dearest
“*Chederazade*.”

Although my heart sunk with grief, and my limbs tottered, yet I essayed to reach the place where *Chederazade* laid embalmed, and fell at the feet of my father *Zebenezzer*.

“Rise, said he, O daughter,” and caught me suddenly in his arms, when, O fearful sight, I perceived his visage alter, and that the villainous *Mahoud* had seized me in his arms.

Struck with horror and despair, I essayed to cry out, but in vain; my voice was fled, and the powers of speech were taken from me.

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“ No, said he, with a fierce air, your struggles
 “ and resistance, O prudent Princess, are all vain,
 “ for she who will join to deceive others, must
 “ expect to be deceived when there is none to help
 “ her; therefore speech, if you resist, is taken
 “ from you.”

“ What, said I, cruel *Mahoud*, recollecting
 “ myself, and endeavouring to soften him, is this
 “ the return my friendship deserves, when to
 “ save you from infamy and slavery, I gave way
 “ to your intreaties, and represented you other-
 “ wise than you really were ?”

“ They, answered *Mahoud*, who give false cha-
 “ racters of their friends, should expect to find
 “ their friends as capable of deceiving them, as
 “ they have made their friends capable of deceiv-
 “ ing others : But we must not call such inter-
 “ course friendship. Friendship, O Princess, is
 “ built upon virtue, which *Mahoud* has disclaim-
 “ ed, since he entered into the service of the sage
 “ *Hypacus*, and by her advice it was, that he
 “ told you a sham tale to deceive you to your own
 “ destruction ; had you not yielded to that tale,
 “ I could have had no power over you or your fa-
 “ ther ; but it is our triumph to circumvent the
 “ prudence of *Mahomet*’s children ; wherefore see-
 “ ing you would not yield openly to my wishes,
 “ I no sooner left you with *Eloubrou*, than by *Hyp-*
 “ *acus*’s assistance, I entered this tomb invisi-
 “ bly, and by my enchantments overpowered your
 “ father *Zebenezzer*, and then assuming his person,
 “ I sent for my princess, and she came obedient
 “ to my call.

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“ But now, continued the false *Mahoud*, your
 “ cries will profit you but little, for *Hyppacus*,
 “ who is ever hovering over *Delly*, to watch the
 “ motions of the Sultan *Misnar*, has by this
 “ time placed us in a repository of the dead,
 “ where we shall have none to overhear or dis-
 “ turb us.”

Mahoud then shewed me my father *Zebenezzer*,
 whom by his enchantment he had deprived of all
 sensation; he lay in a coffin of black marble, in
 an inner apartment. And after that, he vowed that
 he would desist from force, but that till I consent-
 ed to his wishes, I must be content to live in the
 tomb.

But I will not fatigue you, O royal Sultan, with
 the specious and base arguments of the wretched
Mahoud, when he found all in vain; he, by his
 enchantments, obliged me to sleep in the place from
 whence you delivered me, and what time has elaps-
 ed during my confinement I know not.

“ Princess, said the Sultan, we rejoice at your
 “ escape; but as it is probable by your account,
 “ that your royal sire *Zebenezzer* still sleeps in the
 “ tomb, we will beseech *Macoma* to hear our pe-
 “ titions, and deliver him from the chains of in-
 “ chantment.”

The Sultan then sent officers to search in the
 tomb for the body of *Zebenezzer*, and also called to-
 gether those who were skilled in magic, and de-
 fired them to use incantations to invoke the Ge-
 nius *Macoma* to their assistance. But the arts of

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the magicians were vain, and *Macoma* remained deaf to the intreaties of the Sultan and his Sages.

In the mean time, while the Sultan and his Viziar *Horam* endeavoured to comfort the afflicted *Hemjunah*, the ambassadors returned from *Cassimir*, bringing advice, that the grand Viziar *Hobaddan* had assumed the title of Sultan, and that the whole kingdom of *Cassimir* acknowledged his authority.

At this report *Hemjunah* sunk motionless on the earth, and the Sultan *Misnar* ran to comfort her, declaring that he would march his whole army, to recover her dominions from the rebel *Hobaddan*.

“ *Horam*, said the Sultan, let us be prudent as well as just ; therefore while you march to the assistance of the injured subjects of *Cassimir*, and to restore that kingdom to its lawful prince, I will keep strict discipline and order in the provinces of my empire ; and I trust, in a short time, I shall see you return with the head of the rebel *Hobaddan*.”

The Viziar *Horam* set out in a few days from *Delly*, with three hundred thousand troops of the flower of the Sultan’s army, and by forced marches reached the confines of *Cassimir*, ere the pretended Sultan *Hobaddan* had notice of his arrival.

The Viziar *Horam*’s intention to restore the Princess *Hemjunah* to the throne of her forefathers being

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being proclaimed, numbers of the subjects of *Cassimir* flocked to the standards of *Horam*, and the army being now increased to five hundred thousand troops, marched toward the capital of *Cassimir*.

Hobaddan having notice of the increase and progress of his enemies, and finding that to engage them upon equal terms was vain, sent an embassy to the Viziar *Horam*, assuring him that he, and his whole army, would surrender themselves up to the mercy and the clemency of his master's troops.

Horam, rejoiced at the success of his march, and desirous of regaining the kingdom of *Cassimir* without bloodshed, sent an assurance to *Hobaddan* in answer, that if he fulfilled his promise, his own life should be saved.

The next morning *Hobaddan* appeared at the head of his troops, with their heads dejected, and their arms inverted toward the ground, and in this manner they came forward to the front of the Viziar *Horam's* army.

Horam, the more to encourage the submission of *Hobaddan*, had placed the troops which he had raised in the kingdom of *Cassimir* in the front of his army, and also to secure them from retreating by the support which his own troops were to give them in the rear.

When *Hobaddan* was come within hearing, instead of throwing his arms on the ground, he un-

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sheathed his scimitar, and thus spake to the troops before him.

“ Brethren and countrymen whom the same
 “ fathers begat, and whom the same mothers
 “ brought forth; suffer me to speak what my af-
 “ fection to you all, and my love for my country,
 “ requires me to say.

“ Against whom, O my brethren, is this ar-
 “ ray of battle, and whose blood seek ye to spill
 “ on the plains which our forefathers have cultiva-
 “ ted? Is it our own blood that must be poured
 “ forth over these lands, to enrich them for a
 “ stranger’s benefit? Is it not under pretence of
 “ fighting for the Princess of *Cassimir*, who has
 “ been long since dead, that the Sultan of *India*’s
 “ troops are now ravaging, not our borders only,
 “ but penetrating, even into the heart of our na-
 “ tion? But suppose ye that the conquerors will
 “ give up the treasures they hope to earn by their
 “ blood? Will they not rather, invited by the
 “ fruitfulness of our vales, and by the rich pro-
 “ duce of our mountains, fix here the everlasting
 “ standards of their arms, and make slaves of us,
 “ who are become thus easily the dupes of their
 “ ambitious pretences? Then farewell content-
 “ ment, farewell pleasure, farewell the well-earned
 “ fruits of industry and frugality. Our lands shall
 “ be the property of others, and we still tied down
 “ by slavish chains to cultivate and improve them.
 “ Our houses, our substance, shall be the reward
 “ of foreign robbers. Our wives and our virgins
 “ shall bow down before conquerors, and we,
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“like the beasts of the field, be drawn in the
“scorching mid-day to the furrow of the mine.”

As *Hobaddan* began to utter these words, *Horam*, astonished at his malice and presumption, ordered the archers who attended him, to draw forth their arrows, and pierce him to the heart; but the weapons of war were as straws on the armour of *Hobaddan*, and he stood dauntless and unhurt amidst ten thousand arrows.

“Friends and brethren, continued *Hobaddan*,
“you see the powers above are on our side, the
“arrows of *Horam* are as the chaff on the plane,
“and as the dust which penetrates not the garments of the traveller. Halt not, therefore,
“your ready judgments, which incline you to
“embrace what nature and your own security,
“dictates, but join your arms to the defender and
“supporter of your liberties and your possessions.”

At these words the recruits of *Horam* filed off in a body, and joined the party of *Hobaddan*; while the pretended Sultan, elated at his success, pushed forward to the Viziar *Horam*'s troops, and charged them with the utmost impetuosity.

The weapons of the brave were foiled by the armour of *Hobaddan*, for the Inchantress *Hyppacus*, studious of diverting the attention of the Sultan *Misnar*, had assisted *Hobaddan* with her counsel, and with invulnerable arms; wherefore seeing their labour vain and fruitless against the pretended and unconquerable Sultan, the hearts

of *Horam's* warriors melted within them, and they fell away from the field of battle, as the birds of the air retreat before the whistling husbandman.

Hobaddan, sensible of his advantage, hastened after the troops of *Horam* all the day and all the night; and the Viziar himself nearly escaped with his life, having none left behind him, to send to *Delly* with the unhappy report of his defeat.

But malicious fame, ever indefatigable in representing the horrors of affliction and distress, soon spread her voice throughout the regions of *Delly*, and *Mijnar* heard from every quarter, that his faithful *Horam*, and all his chosen troops were defeated, or cut off by the victorious arm of *Hobaddan*.

The Princess *Hemjunah* gave up herself to sighs and tears, and refused the comfort and consolation of the court of *Delly*; and the Sultan *Mijnar*, enraged at his loss, resolved to assemble the greatest part of his troops, and march to the assistance of *Horam*.

But first he gave orders that recruits should be raised, and that the number of his troops should be increased, and then mixing his young raised soldiers with the veterans of his army, he left one half of his troops to guard his own provinces, and with the other he marched toward the confines of *Cassmir*.

The

The Viziar *Horam* had concealed himself in the hut of a faithful peasant, and hearing that his master was arrived with a numerous army in the kingdom of *Cassimir*, he went forward and met him, and falling down at his feet, besought his forgiveness.

“ *Horam*, said the Sultan, arise, I forgive thee, although thou hast lost so many of my troops ; but I little suspected *Hobaddan* had been too artful for the experience and sagacity of my Viziar. However, *Horam*, he must not expect to deceive us again, we are more in number, and we are aware of his deceit. You, *Horam*, forced your marches, and weakened your troops, but I will bring them onwards slowly and surely. Have we, O *Horam*, prevailed against *Ulin* and *Happuck*, and *Ollomand* and *Tasnar* ; have we crushed *Ababack* and *Defra* by our prudent arts, and shall we fear the contrivance of a poor Viziar, who leads a few rebels among the rocks of the province of *Cassimir* ! Let us but use prudence with resolution, and these enemies must soon fade away, like the shadow that flieth from the noontide sun.”

The two armies of the Sultan of *India*, and the pretended Sultan of *Cassimir*, approached each other, and the troops of *Misnar* were pleased to hear that their number was treble the number of their enemies. But however great their superiority might be, the Sultan *Misnar* and his Viziar kept the most exact discipline among them, and behaved as
if

if they were about to engage a superior and not an inferior force.

For some time the armies continued within sight of each other, neither chusing to engage without some superiority of circumstances, and both watchful to prevent that superiority.

At length, the Sultan observing a weakness in the left wing of *Hobaddan's* army, caused by sickness, as they were encamped near a morass, gave orders for a furious attack upon the front, but directed the main effort to be made against that wing.

But the Sultan's intentions were defeated, for *Hobaddan* commanding not in the center, as was expected, but in the left wing, (with a chosen troop he had conveyed there, that very morning of the engagement) totally defeated those who were sent to oppose him.

The troops to the right of the Sultan's army giving way, put all in confusion, and the unweildy number of *Misnar's* forces, instead of regularly supporting them, poured toward the right in such tumult, as destroyed the whole disposition of the army.

During this confusion, *Hobaddan* hewed down on all sides those who dared oppose his arms; and his chosen troop followed him over mountains of the slain, every one flying through fear at the terror of his presence.

The

The Sultan and his Viziar *Horam* finding it in vain to rally their troops, or oppose the conquerors, founded a retreat, and amidst the general confusion fled toward the sandy deserts, which divide the realms of *Cassimir* from the province of *Delly*.

But the prudent Sultan in his flight, endeavoured to restore to his troops their rank and order; and while *Horam* reduced the foot under their proper banners, *Misnar* regulated the confusion of the horse, and placed them as a covering to the rest of his forces.

In this manner they marched before the face of their enemies into the desert, without any provision or forage, but what they carried with their accoutrements; and although the Sultan and his Viziar used every argument to persuade their troops (who still exceeded the number of their enemies) to turn and pursue the army of *Hobaddan*, yet so great was their dread of the victorious rebel and his forces, that they threatened to throw down their arms, rather than return to the battle.

Seeing all his endeavours to inspire his men with courage ineffectual, the Sultan travelled onward with them into the desert, as one given up to certain and unavoidable destruction; and his looks on *Horam*, were like the looks of him who seeth the hand of death on the children of his strength.

After two days march, they halted beside several

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ral small pools; and such was the excessive drought of *Misnar's* army, that many perished, before they could be prevailed upon to quit the refreshing pools of the desert.

These indeed thought of little more than present relief; but *Misnar*, their lord, was overwhelmed with the severest pangs of affliction and distress.

To increase their griefs, if they were capable of increase, scouts brought word, that the troops of *Hobaddan* being refreshed after their fatigues, were marching toward them, intending to destroy them, while they were faint with want of provision.

The army of the Sultan, terrified by the report, and seeing no hopes of escape, fell upon the wretched Sultan *Misnar*, and his faithful Viziar, and bringing them into the centre of the troops, they demanded their blood as an atonement for the losses they were about to suffer in their cause.

The ringleader of this general mutiny was *Ourodi*, the ancient enemy of the faithful *Horam*; who standing foremost in the ranks, commanded the archers to bind their Sultan and his Viziar to a stake.

The Sultan seeing all his hopes defeated, and the rage of the multitude, knelt down, and recommended his cause to the all-powerful *Alla*.

And

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And now the archers were about to bend their bows, and fit the deadly shafts to their bowstrings, when a luminous appearance was discovered to the eastward, and the outskirts of the army saw a female in robes of light travelling over the sands of the desert.

In a moment she passed through the ranks of the army, and stood in the circle who were gathered around, to see the execution of their Sultan and his Viziar.

“ *Misnar*, said the favorite of heaven, arise, and fear not those sons of clay, nor the malice of enchantment: I am thy *Genius Macoma*, sent by *Mabomet* to save and deliver thee, when human assistance was vain and impossible.

“ Therefore, continued the *Genius*, assume thy just command over these thy subjects, and let them all fall prostrate on the ground to *Alla*, and wait to see the fate of those who fight against the Prophet of the Faithful.

“ But first learn, from thine own experience, the folly of trusting even to the greatest human power or prudence, without an assistance in the lord of heaven.

“ The world O *Misnar*, is *Alla's*, and the kingdom of heaven is the work of his hands; let not, therefore, the proudest boast, nor the most humble despair; for although the towering mountains appear most glorious to the fight, the lowly vallies enjoy the fatness of the
“ skies.

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“ skies. But *Alla* is able to clothe the summits of
 “ the rocks with verdure, and to dry up even the
 “ rivers of the vale. Wherefore, although thou
 “ wert suffered to destroy the greatest part of thine
 “ enemies, yet one was left to overpower thee,
 “ that thou mightest know that thou wert but
 “ a weak instrument in the hands of strength.”

“ I know, answered the Sultan *Misnar*, that
 “ *Alla* is able to dissolve this frame of earth, and
 “ every vision of the eye, and therefore not the
 “ proudest, nor the most powerful, can stand
 “ against him.”

As the Sultan spake this, the opposite army of
Hobaddan appeared upon the face of the sandy
 desert.

“ Although his power be infinite, said the *Ge-*
 “ *nies*, yet can he effect these changes with the
 “ most unexpected causes. To him the pismire
 “ and the giant are alike : But I will not waste
 “ that time in words, which I am commanded to
 “ employ in action, to convince both you and
 “ your army of the sovereignty of *Alla*. There-
 “ fore suffer no man to rise from the earth, or
 “ to quit their places, but lift up your heads only,
 “ and behold those enemies destroyed before whom
 “ you fled, as the inhabitants of the earth before
 “ the noisome pestilence.”

So saying, the *Genius Macoma* waved her wand,
 and instantly the air was darkened, and a con-
 fused noise was heard above the armies of *Mis-*
nar and *Hobaddan*.

For

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For some hours the Sultan's troops knew not the cause of the darkness that overshadowed them, but in a little time the light returned by degrees, and they looked toward the army of *Hobaddan*, and saw them overwhelmed with innumerable locusts.

"Thine enemies, said *Macoma*, O Sultan, are no more, save the Inchantress *Hyppacus*, who at present personates the rebel *Ourodi*."

"The glory of extirpating her infernal race," said the Viziar *Horam*, bowing before the *Genius Macoma*, belongs to my Sultan, otherwise *Horam* would esteem himself the happiest of mankind in her destruction."

"That glory you speak of, answered the *Genius Macoma*, is given to another; a fly is gone forth, the winged messenger of *Alla's* wrath, and at this moment bereaves the vile *Hyppacus* of her breath and of her life."

The Viziar *Horam* held down his head at the just reproof of the *Genius*, but the words of her reproof were the words of truth; for an account was brought, that the rebel *Ourodi* was suddenly dead, being strangled by some impediment in his throat; and that at his death, his figure was changed into the appearance of a deformed enchantress.

"Although your enemies, O *Misnar*, are no more, said the *Genius*, yet the assistance of *Alla* is as necessary for your support, as for their defeat;

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“ feat ; wherefore he hath given life to the springs
 “ of the pools of the desert, and your troops will
 “ find such refreshment from them, that you may
 “ safely march over the sandy plains : And to add
 “ to your happiness, the old Sultan *Zebenezer* being
 “ released from the enchantments of *Hyppacus*,
 “ waits, with his daughter *Hemjunah*, your safe
 “ arrival ; and knows not as yet those wonders,
 “ which I leave your prudence to reveal to him.”

The Sultan *Misnar* well understood the mysterious speech of the *Genius Macoma*, but before he or his troops tasted of the pools, or pursued their march, he commanded them to fall down before *Alla*, the only lord of the world.

The troops having done reverence to *Alla*, were desirous of repeating it before *Misnar*, to ask his forgiveness, but the modest Sultan would not permit them.

“ ’Tis no wonder, said he, the sheep go astray,
 “ when the shepherd himself is bewildered on
 “ the mountains. Let us make, said he, *Alla* and
 “ his prophet our guide and defence, and then,
 “ neither presumption nor rebellion shall lead us
 “ into error.

The unexpected change reached not the court of *Delly*, till the troops were within a few days march of the city ; and *Zebenezer* and *Hemjunah* were but just prepared to meet the Sultan *Misnar* when he entered the gates of the palace.

As *Misnar* advanced toward the aged *Zebenezer*, the good old man started with surprize, and cried

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out, "O *Mahomet*, is it possible, that the Sultan
" of *India* and the Prince of *Georgia* should be
" one and the same !"

The Princess *Hemjunah* was amazed and confounded at her father's speech, and she fell on his aged face, and hid in his arms the blushes that overspread her.

"What you suspect my royal friend, said *Misnar*,
" is true, I am indeed the man who passed in
" *Cassimir* for the Prince of *Georgia*. I beseech
" thee, O *Zebenezer*, forgive my deception."

"You have no forgiveness, said the aged *Zebenezer*, O Sultan, to ask from me."

"Indeed, answered the Sultan, my title was
" just; my royal father *Dabulcombar* being trea-
" cherously advised by those, who wished to place
" his younger son *Ahubal* on the throne, com-
" manded me to travel, and gain renown and ex-
" perience in arms; and to conceal my importance,
" gave me the title of Prince of *Georgia*."

"In this disguise I came to the royal court of
" *Cassimir*, and engaged in your service, O ve-
" nerable Sultan, and *Alla* sent his blessing on
" us; your enemies were put to flight, and your
" subjects, who favoured me, gave the credit of
" the defeat to my arms."

"Hearing that you intended me the honour of
" an alliance with your illustrious family, I re-
" solved first to see the Princess *Hemjunah*, whom
" I heard

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“ I heard you had confined, being warned from
 “ an ancient prophecy, that a stranger should de-
 “ prive you of her. I saw the Princess by means
 “ of one of her slaves, and *Hemjunah*, my lovely
 “ *Hemjunah*, from that moment took possession of
 “ my heart. I was earnest therefore with you
 “ to propose the nuptials, and was to have been
 “ introduced to the Princess, the very day in
 “ which I received advice, that my lord *Dabul-*
 “ *combar* was drawing near unto his prophet.

“ In expectation of demanding your daughter
 “ as the Sultan of *India*, and not as an obscure
 “ prince, I journeyed to *Delly*, and was early
 “ enough to see my royal Sire ere he departed.

“ Son, said he, evil threatens your reign ; ex-
 “ tricate, therefore, yourself from danger, before
 “ you involve others in your ruin.

“ Mindful of my father's words, I resolved to
 “ quell the commotions of the empire, before I
 “ made myself known to the Sultan of *Cassmir* ;
 “ but *Alla* has so wound the string of our fates
 “ together, that it is needless to repete the rest
 “ of my adventures. Only the Princess must
 “ forgive me this, that hearing she had been ta-
 “ ken away from her father's court, I was resol-
 “ ved to concele my interest in her affairs, till I
 “ was sensible that the Prince of *Georgia*, though
 “ not blessed with her smiles, had yet no rival in
 “ her affections.”

“ Most noble Sultan, said the Princess *Hemju-*
 “ *nah*, 'tis in vain to dissemble ; suffer me, there-
 “ fore,

“ fore, freely to declare, that the Sultan of *India*
 “ has totally extirpated the Prince of *Georgia* from
 “ my heart ; but whatever my own sentiments
 “ may be, assure yourself, that I shall not, at my
 “ father’s commands, refuse the Prince of *Georgia*
 “ my hand.”

The Sultan of *India* and *Zebenezzer*, were both delighted with the manner of the Princess *Hemjunah*’s answer ; and *Horam*, the faithful Vizier *Horam*, was rejoiced to find, that his master, and the Princess *Hemjunah*, were desirous of rewarding each other, after their mutual fatigues.

The whole Court expected the nuptials with impatience, and the good old Sultan *Zebenezzer* staid to see his daughter Sultaness of *India*, and *Misnar* the happiest and the most thankful of the children of *Alla*.

“ The children of *Alla*, said the Sage *Iracagem*,
 “ (as the *Genius Macoma* had finished her relation)
 “ have indeed a freedom of action ; but that freedom is best exercised, when it leads them to trust,
 “ and depend on the Lord of all things ; not that
 “ he who seeth even beyond the confines of light
 “ is pleased with idleness, or giveth encouragement to the sons of sloth ; the spirit which he
 “ has infused into mankind, he expects to find
 “ active and industrious ; and when prudence is
 “ joined with religion, *Alla* either gives success to
 “ its dictates, or by counteracting its motions,
 “ draws forth the brighter virtues of patience and
 “ resignation.

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“ Learn, therefore, ye pupils of the race of
 “ immortals, not to forget your dependence on
 “ *Alla*, while ye follow the prudent maxims of wis-
 “ dom and experience; for he only is truly pru-
 “ dent, who adds faith to his practice; and he truly
 “ religious, whose actions are the result of his faith.

“ But sufficient for the present hours are the
 “ instructions of *Macoma* and her illustrious bre-
 “ thren. The faithful guardians of these chil-
 “ dren of mortality, will, for a time, carry them
 “ abroad, and teach them those sciences, which
 “ are justly esteemed among the sons of the earth;
 “ sciences which have been delivered in secret
 “ whispers from our race, to a few chosen minds,
 “ who, through our assistance, have broken the
 “ fetters of ignorance, and subdued the darkness
 “ of carnal infirmities: Men famous through suc-
 “ cessive generations, for cultivating and polishing
 “ the rude outlines of nature, and for instructing
 “ mankind in the elegant and social arts.”

As the Sage *Iracagem* uttered these words, the
 inferior *Genii* retired with their respective pupils,
 and by easy progressions conducted them through
 those elegant and useful arts, each of which upon
 earth cannot be attained, but with a steady appli-
 cation through life.

After these exercises, toward the wane of the
 moon, the whole company met again in the sa-
 loon, and *Iracagem* with pleasure surveyed the en-
 lightened countenances of the pupils of his race,
 whose hearts and intellects seemed dilated by the
 pleasing progress they had made.

“ Science,

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“ Science, said the Sage *Iracagem*, may polish
“ the manners, but virtue and religion alone can
“ animate with exalted notions and dignify the
“ mind of immortality: To neglect the first, is
“ to turn our head from the light of day; but
“ to despise the last, is to grasp the earth, when
“ heaven is opened to receive us. A wise and
“ prudent spirit will so use the one, as to im-
“ prove the other, and make his science the hand-
“ maid of his virtue. Wherefore, noble *Adi-*
“ *ram*, let us proceed in the delightful lessons of
“ morality, and hear the wonders you are pre-
“ pared to relate.”

The affable *Adiram* arising, thus began her
much instructive tale.



SADAK and KALASRADE.

TALE THE EIGHTH.

THE fame of *Sadak* lives yet in the plane of *Erivan*, where he drew the bow of the mighty, and chased the enemies of his faith over the frozen mountains of the north.

When *Amurath* gave peace to the earth, *Sadak* retired with his beloved *Kalafrade* to the palace of his ancestors, which was situated on the banks of the *Bosphorus*, and commanded one of the most beautiful prospects in the world.

Sadak, though furious and impetuous in the field, was elegant and amiable in his happy retreat, where fancy and delicacy preserved their pre-eminence, over the richest productions of unrestrained nature.

The palace of *Sadak* stood upon a wide-extended terrace, which overlooked the sea and the opposite shores of *Europe*; a deep and noble grove sheltered it behind, and on each side hills and valleys diversified the rural scene.

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The gardens of the palace, though wild and irregular yet afforded the most delightful retirement; and *Sadak* found in its bosom, pleasures far superior to the splendid pageants of the *Othman* court.

To increase the bliss of this earthly paradise, his favorite fair had blessed him with a numerous progeny; and as *Sadak* and *Kalafrade* sat under the shade of the lofty pines, their children waltzed and sported on the plains before them.

The spirit of their father was in the lively contests of his sons, and maternal delicacy dimpled on the cheeks of the daughters of *Kalafrade*.

The happy pair saw their own virtues reflected from their children, and *Sadak* having already earned this elegant retreat by the toils of war, was resolved to dedicate the rest of his days to the improvement of his beauteous offspring.

Kalafrade, though her charms were as yet undiminished by age, harbored not a wish in which her noble *Sadak* was unconcerned; all her joy was centred in *Sadak*; her heart rejoiced not but when *Sadak* appeared, and her soul uneasy at a moment's absence, panted after *Sadak* her lord. The love of *Sadak* equalled the affections of his beloved; he gazed every hour with new transports upon her charms; none but *Kalafrade* engaged his thoughts, none but *Kalafrade* shared in his affections.

Time, which impares the impetuous sallies of lust, increased the holy flame of their love, and

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their retirement grew more and more agreeable, as they more and more experienced the purity of its joys. But *Sadak* indulged not wholly on the sofas of pleasure, his sons required his presence with them in the chase: He led them forth to manly sports, and trained them to the exercise of arms,

His four sons followed their father *Sadak* daily to the plains of *Rezeb*, where they strove for mastery in the race, and pointed their arrows at the distant mark.

“O my father, said *Codan*, the eldest of his children, as they were on the plain, where *Sadak* was drawing the bow-string to his breast, a black cloud arises from the grove, and flames of fire burst through its sides!”

Sadak quickly turned his eyes toward the wood, which sheltered his palace, and saw the sparks and the flame ascending over the tops of the trees.

“My children, said *Sadak*, with a firm countenance, fear not, continue your sports on the plain till I return: I will leave four slaves with you, the rest shall follow your father to this grove of fire.”

Though *Sadak* was unwilling to terrify his children, he knew full well the misfortune which had befallen him. His palace was in flames, and the doating husband hastened with his slaves,

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to the relief of his beloved *Kalafrade* and her daughters.

Sadak first reached the burning palace. The slaves of the house, terrified at the fire, were flying into the woods. He commanded them back, and asked if *Kalafrade* and her little ones were safe.

Seeing their consternation, he flew towards the apartment of his beloved, which was situated in one of the inner courts; and though the devouring flames endeavoured to bar his passage, the firm *Sadak* pressed through the fire into the apartments of *Kalafrade*.

"*Kalafrade!* said *Sadak*, my beloved *Kalafrade*,
"where art thou!"

Kalafrade answered not.

Sadak lifted up his voice still higher, "*Kalafrade*, my beloved *Kalafrade*, where art thou!"

Kalafrade answered not.

Sadak, though terrified at not discovering his beloved, yet searched every part of the *Haram*, till he came to the apartments of his three daughters, who, with their female slaves, were fallen on the earth, every moment expecting to be devoured by the flames.

"Arise, my children, said *Sadak*, and be comforted at the presence of your parent: But where
"is

"is your mother? Where is my beloved *Ka-lafrade*?"

"Alas, answered the children of *Sadak*, we know not; some slaves forced our dear parent from her apartments, as she was hastening to our relief."

"Then, answered *Sadak*, blessed be my prophet, she is safe! But come, my daughters, continued their father, you must not delay your escape, the fire makes hasty strides upon us: Come, my children, to my arms, and I will bear you through the flames, but first let us dip in the bath, lest the fire seize on our garments."

As they passed the female baths, they dipped themselves in the basin, and the slaves followed their master's example.

Sadak arriving at the entrance where the flames had reached, resolutely took up his two eldest children, and carried them through the flames; then again returning, "I will either, said he, rescue my youngest, or perish with her."

His youngest fainted with fear as soon as her father had left her, and *Sadak* found her stretched on the ground, with but little signs of life.

All the female slaves following their master *Sadak*, had escaped out of the *Haram*, except one faithful creature, who rather resolved to die with her

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her young mistress, than leave her exposed to the flames.

Sadak snatched up his dear treasure in his arms, and commanded the faithful slave to take hold of his garments, and follow him through the flames.

Happily the wind had turned the fire toward a different part of the palace, so that *Sadak* had less danger to encounter in the second effort, than in the first.

The resolute *Sadak* having rescued his children, enquired of his slaves where they had conveyed his dear *Kalafrade*, but none could give answer to the questions of their lord.

The slaves were now all gathered together in a body, but four of their number were missing, besides those who continued with the sons of *Sadak* on the plain.

As little more could be rescued from the flames, *Sadak* left only ten slaves about the palace to recover what they were able; the rest he sent into different parts of the grove, and to the villages around, to seek for their mistress *Kalafrade*, and her slaves; six he dismissed with her daughters to the plains of *Rezeb*, commanding them with their attendants, to join his sons, and seek some shelter and refreshment in a neighbouring village, and leaving orders for his beloved *Kalafrade*, if she was found, to retire to her children.

Sadak

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Sadak then went through the most unfrequented paths, and into the loneliest parts of the wood, to seek his beloved, calling upon her as he passed along, and pronouncing the names of the slaves that were missing. This he continued till night had thrown her sable garments on the earth, and he had compassed his palace, every way around for several miles, when he resolved to turn again to his palace and enquire of his slaves concerning his beloved *Kalafrade*.

He passed through the woods, guided by the red glare of light, which the clouds reflected from the fire that had nigh consumed his dwelling, and entered the farther part of the terrace, whereon stood the few remains of his once elegant building.

The flames, unsatiated with their former cruelties, seemed to rekindle at his presence. His slaves came weeping toward him, but could give no tidings of their amiable mistress; and *Sadak*, who in the morning had looked with the utmost satisfaction on the lively scenes around him, now saw the melancholy face of nature, enlightened with the dusky gleams of his own unexpected ruin.

But yet the wreck of nature could not have disturbed *Sadak* more than the loss of his beloved; he doubted not but that the fire was kindled by those slaves, who had torn *Kalafrade* from his arms; and though he felt within himself the deepest affliction, his blood curdled with horror, when he reflected on the tenfold distresses, which encompassed

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encompassed the pure and spotless partner of his affections.

“ O *Alla*, said the trembling *Sadak*, fortify
 “ my faith, and teach me, even in the horrors of
 “ this night, to believe, that mercy triumphs
 “ over evil, and that the paths of destruction are
 “ controuled by thy all-seeing power ! To me all
 “ is confusion ! misery ! and terror ! But thou
 “ seeest through the dark abyfs, and guideft the
 “ footsteps of the juft in the vallies of defolation :
 “ Nevertheless, O thou juft one, forgive the
 “ finning of my foul, and pour the virtuous balm
 “ of hope, into the wounded fpirit of thine af-
 “ flicted fervant.”

The bounteous *Alla* heard the voice of his fervant, and the heart of *Sadak* was fortified and ftrengthened with religious hope.

Having difpofed of what effects his flaves had refcued from the flames, in a place of fecurity, *Sadak* haftened to the village where his children were affembled, and difguifing the feeverer pangs he felt himfelf, endeavoured to affuage the grief of his fond family for the lofs of their mother.

Several of *Sadak*'s friends foon joined him in the village, and the relations of his wife offered to take care of his children, while he went in fearch of *Kalafrade*, and his villainous flaves.

Sadak with thankfulnefs embraced the offer of *Mepiki*, the father of his beloved, and having tenderly embraced his children, directed his fteps to-
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ward the sea side, and crossed in one of his felucas to the city of *Constantinople*.

No sooner was *Amurath* seated on his throne in the *divan*, than *Sadak* fell prostrate before him.

“ My brave foldier, said *Amurath*, arise.

“ The world, *Sadak*, continued the Prince, talk largely concerning your happiness, and those who envy not the *Othman* crown, yet pant after the elegant and peaceable retirements of the fortunate *Sadak*. Has *Sadak*, then, a wish ungratified, that he comes thus an humble suppliant at a monarch’s feet ?”

“ The smiles of his prince, answered *Sadak*, are a foldier’s joy, and in the sunshine of those smiles, did *Sadak* live an envied life, till one dark cloud interposed, and blasted the ripe fruit of *Sadak*’s joy.”

“ What means my *Sadak*, answered *Amurath* ?”

“ While I led my sons to the plain, replied *Sadak*, to teach them the duties which they owed their prince, the flames seized my peaceful dwelling, and ere I could return to the rescue of my beloved *Kalafrade*, four slaves had dragged her away, and I and my attendants have in vain been seeking her, in woods and plains that surround my habitation ; wherefore, O *Amurath* ! I come a suppliant to thy throne to ask redress of thee.”

“ That,

"That, answered *Amurath*, brave Soldier, thou shalt have, my *Hafnadar Bofki* shall pay thee twice the value of thine house. Thou shalt have twenty of my slaves, and as to thy beloved, go where fancy leads thee, and seek a new *Kalafrade*."

The words of *Amurath* were as the arrows of death in the heart of *Sadak*, and he said, "Let the hand of justice overtake the robbers, and let the power of my Lord restore *Kalafrade* to my arms."

"*Kalafrade*, answered *Amurath*, has doubtless been so long in your slaves possession, that she is, ere this, contented with her lot; instead of being the slave of one, she is now the mistress of four. But why should a weak female trouble the brave soldier's heart. The chance of war gives them to our arms, and as they change their lords, our females change their love."

As the blasted oak is torn by the thunderbolt, so was the heart of *Sadak* rent by the words of *Amurath*; but he concealed the storm that shook his breast, and bowing to the earth, departed from the divan.

He applied himself that day to enquire in the *Bisfien*, and public market-places, concerning *Kalafrade* and his four slaves; and hearing no tidings of them there, he went to the water-side, among the *Levents*, or watermen; but none could give him the least account of the fugitives.

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The sorrows of *Sadak* bore heavy on his heart, but they did not prevent him from making a regular and strict search on the opposite shores both of *Europe* and *Asia*. Several months passed in a fruitless enquiry, without the least discovery either of his slaves or the manner of their escape.

The gentle *Kalafrade*, in the mean time, suffered still severer afflictions.

On the morning in which she was torn from her Lord, she was seated on her sofa, with her slaves around her, when she heard from several quarters of the palace a cry of fire, and in an instant saw the blaze ascend in three different parts.

All was confusion and distress; *Kalafrade* forgot not her children, but was hastening to their apartment, when four slaves broke in upon her, and forced her out of the palace.

They flew with their prize to one extremity of the terrace, where a small galley, which was concealed by the trees which overshadowed the water, waited for her arrival.

The distracted *Kalafrade* was delivered to an old eunuch in the galley, who instantly threw a thick black veil over her head, and threatened to cast her into the sea, if she cried out or resisted.

The threats of the eunuch were vain; *Kalafrade* feared no greater misfortune than the loss of

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of *Sadak*, and she filled the air with her lamentations.

The eunuch finding his remonstrances unsuccessful, shut up the windows of the galley, and urged the rowers to hasten away with their prize.

Kalafrade being inclosed in the galley, knew not to what shore she was carried, but ere long the vessel struck upon the ground, and ten black eunuchs entering the galley, they wrapped a covering of silk around her, and conveyed her away.

After some time they stopped, and uncovered the unfortunate *Kalafrade* to give her breath.

The beauteous mourner looked around her, and saw she was in a garden planted with cypress trees.

She fell at the feet of him who seemed to have the command of his brethren, and besought him to have compassion on the miseries of a distressed mother and an injured wife.

The eunuchs made no answer to the intreaties of *Kalafrade*, but he who commanded the rest made a sign for them to fling the silken covering over *Kalafrade*, and to bear her away.

It was not long before the slaves made a second halt, and took off the silken covering again from *Kalafrade*, and retired.

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The beauteous wife of *Sadak* lifted up her veil, as soon as she perceived the slaves withdraw, and found she was in an obscure room, the windows of which were guarded with iron bars.

In one corner of the room stood a small pot of boiled rice, and beside it a pitcher of water.

Kalafrade hastened to the door, but the slaves had made it fast without.

Seeing all possibility of escape taken from her, and not knowing where she was, the wretched *Kalafrade* threw herself on the earth, and with tears and sighs intermixed, thus poured forth her griefs.

“ O whither am I carried from the arms of my
 “ beloved ! Where was *Sadak*, the light of mine
 “ eyes, when the hand of the oppressor was on the
 “ bosom of his *Kalafrade* ? Where was the strength
 “ of his arm, and the fierceness of his counte-
 “ nance, when they tore his *Kalafrade* from the
 “ nest of her little ones ? O faithful *Sadak*, whi-
 “ ther am I borne from the light of thine eyes ?
 “ Whither am I carried from the smiles which
 “ refreshed my heart ? Did we not, O *Sadak*,
 “ divide the light and the darkness together ?
 “ In the bosom of *Sadak* I hid me from the
 “ storm ; in the arms of *Sadak* his beloved tri-
 “ umphed !

“ Ah *Sadak* ! *Sadak* ! hear the voice of *Kalaf-
 “ rade*, ere the vile ravisher come and despoil thee
 “ of thy treasure ! My love for thee, O *Sadak*,
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" has been pure as the rain drops, and the thoughts
 " of *Kalafrade* have not wandered from her lord.
 " In the morning I joyed not at the sun, but as
 " he gave to mine eyes the image of my beloved.
 " When *Sadak* arose, my heart was poured out
 " in a sigh; when he led his sons to the chase,
 " ah wretched chase! my eyes went with him to
 " the grove, but my thoughts followed him to the
 " plane. When he returned, his presence was
 " like the sprightly notes of music to my soul;
 " when he smiled, he was chearful as the light
 " of the morning. When he spoke, his words
 " were as the dews of heaven on the fruitful bo-
 " som of the earth, and his motion was graceful
 " as the waving of the palm tree on the brow of
 " the mountain. O who has divided my beloved
 " from mine arms! Ah, *Kalafrade*, thou art as
 " the traveller among the wolves of the forest,
 " thou art as a stranger bewildered in the snowy
 " plain!"

Kalafrade vented her sighs undisturbed for se-
 veral days, no one appearing but an old female
 mute, who daily brought her some boiled rice
 and a pitcher of water, which though but scanty,
 was more than sufficient for the beauteous wife of
Sadak.

During this interval it was impossible for *Ka-
 lafrade* to guess at the meaning of her confine-
 ment, and seeing no one come to molest her, she
 began to bear her situation with more temper,
 though still, like the turtle, her moans after
Sadak were every moment indulged, and her

fears for her children renewed the horrors of her mind.

At length one of her own black slaves, who had assisted in forcing her away appeared. He was dressed in a green robe, and wore a yellow turban on his head. As he entered the room, *Kalafrade* retired as far as she was able, but he with an horrid grin advanced, and seized her by the arm.

The beautiful *Kalafrade* finding herself in the power of the black slave, shrieked aloud, and filled the room with her cries; but he, regardless of her tears or her intreaties, and in a rough and determined tone, acquainted her with his love, and that he intended to make her his mistress.

At these words *Kalafrade* redoubled her cries, and the slave proceeded to press her in his arms, when in an instant fifty eunuchs rushed into the apartment, and seizing on the black slave, delivered *Kalafrade* from his embraces.

The wife of *Sadak* was astonished at the new scene of wonders which she beheld, but her heart soon returned to its former fears, when she beheld the mighty *Amurath* approach.

“ Let that slave, said the Monarch, repay with his life the injuries he has done to this perfection of beauty.”

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The distressed *Kalafrade* hearing the command of *Amurath*, fell at the feet of her prince, and said :

“ Lord of thy slaves, whom *Alla* has sent to the relief of the distressed, behold the handmaid of thy servant *Sadak* before thee. As *Sadak*, mighty Prince, was teaching his sons to walk in the paths of their father, four of his slaves having set fire to his dwelling, rushed into the *Haram*, and bore me away to a galley, in which, throwing a blind over me, they conveyed me to this wretched hut, where, till to-day, I have been indulged in my silent woes. But a few moments ago this base slave entered, whom I suspected to be the author of my misfortunes, and was about to compel me to bear his filthy love, when the guards of my lord rushed in, and preserved me from his villainous malice; wherefore, mighty Lord, permit thy slave to depart, and if it please thee, gracious Prince, let a few of these my deliverers convey me from this slave’s house to *Sadak* thy servant.”

As *Kalafrade* uttered these words, *Amurath* made a sign to his eunuchs to withdraw, and taking the lovely *Kalafrade* by the hand, he bid her arise.

“ Beauteous *Kalafrade*, said he, I am pleased at your artless tale, yet are you much deceived, you are not in a slave’s house, fair mistress of my heart, but in the garden of thy *Amurath*’s seraglio.”

At these words the countenance of *Kalafrade* changed, a deadly paleness overspread her cheeks, and she fell to the earth as a flower cut off from its root by the stormy wind.

Although *Amurath* called in immediate assistance, it was long before they could restore motion and life to the miserable *Kalafrade*, who, as soon as she beheld the countenance of *Amurath*, again sunk to the earth.

After some time, when the distressed *Kalafrade* was a little recovered, *Amurath* thus began :

“ It is beneath the lord of the earth to disguise
 “ his thoughts, or to wear a countenance which
 “ accords not with his heart : No, my lovely *Ka-*
 “ *lafrade*, hypocrisy is a slave’s portion, the sun
 “ knows no shadow, and *Asia*’s monarch knows
 “ no restriction : Wherefore *Kalafrade* shall not
 “ any longer feel the tortures of a doubt, or the
 “ shackles of fear.

“ Know then, lovely fair one, that I was jea-
 “ lous of my slave *Sadak*, who boasted joys supe-
 “ rior to those which attend his prince, and I is-
 “ sued forth the law of my mind, that he should
 “ be cut off for his presumption.

“ While the jannisaries were making ready to
 “ obey my commands, I considered that death a-
 “ lone was not a sufficient recompence for his fol-
 “ ly, and therefore I determined to add suspense
 “ to the tortures which the rebel had merited at
 “ my hands.

“ For this purpose, I gave orders to the chief
 “ of my eunuchs to corrupt some of his slaves,
 “ who were to fire his dwelling in different parts,
 “ and to bring away his *Kalafrade* to my serag-
 “ lio ; not that I intended, beauteous fair one,
 “ to exalt thee to my notice : No, the wife of
 “ *Sadak* was a personage too low for *Amurath* to
 “ stoop to. But having heard that you also glo-
 “ ried in your *Sadak*, I resolved that you should
 “ live confined in an ignominious hut on the
 “ coarsest food for some days ; which being exe-
 “ cuted, I commanded one of your slaves to go in
 “ unto you, and make you subservient to his will.
 “ But my anger was so hot against you, that this
 “ was not sufficient revenge, unless I was an eye-
 “ witness of your distress. For this purpose a se-
 “ cret stand was contrived for me behind this hut,
 “ where I could unobserved behold all that passed.
 “ Hither I came with the slave, just time enough
 “ to see him enter before you. But, O lovely *Ka-*
 “ *lafrade*, what was my emotion, when I beheld
 “ the charms which I was about to sacrifice to
 “ my revenge.

“ The moment I saw your irresistible beauties,
 “ I vowed the vile slave should die, who even in
 “ thought had attempted to profane your charms.
 “ I made a sign for my eunuchs to rush in and
 “ seize him, and ere this, his accursed blood is
 “ poured on the earth as an atonement for his in-
 “ solence.

“ But this is not all that *Amurath* will do for
 “ the mistress of his heart, and the happy *Kalaf-*
 “ *rade* may rejoice, that the presumption of *Sa-*

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“ *dak* was not unnoticed by his lord. Your short troubles, O *Kalafrade*, have been productive of the greatest joy your sex can feel ; for know that you have engaged the affection of the mighty *Amurath*, and he who will not depart from the words of his lips, doth here call *Mahomet* to witness, that *Amurath* will make his beloved *Kalafrade* the Sultana of his heart.”

The tender *Kalafrade* was overcome with the words of *Amurath*, and she sunk into the arms of the chief of the eunuchs who stood behind her.

“ *Doubor*, said *Amurath*, I perceive *Kalafrade*’s joy has overpowered her. While she is in the trance of happiness, too great for her mortal nature to live under, let her be conveyed to the richest apartments of the seraglio, where the favourites of our race enjoy the converse of their lords ; and let all homage be paid to her, who is destined to share in the pleasures of *Amurath*.”

While *Doubor*, and the rest of the eunuchs, waited to perform the will of their Prince, *Amurath* returned to the seraglio, and entered the baths, and afterwards arrayed himself in his most sumptuous robes.

He then sent to enquire of the chief of his eunuchs whether *Kalafrade* was recovered.

The chief of the eunuchs came with the countenance of sorrow.

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Kalafrade in the Seraglio of Amurath.

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“What, said *Amurath*, trembling, as he saw
“the posture of his slave, is not the beauteous
“*Kalafrade* arisen from the slumbers of trans-
“port?”

“Lord of life, answered *Doubar*, we have used
“every secret of physic in vain. Our beauteous
“mistress still slumbers on the sofa whereon we
“conveyed her.”

“If so, replied *Amurath*, let us hasten to the
“adjoining apartment, where I may behold un-
“seen, the joy which will awaken in her breast,
“as her eye-lids unfold to her the splendors that
“surround her.”

After *Amurath* had been some time stationed in
his secret stand, the lovely *Kalafrade* opened her
eyes, and beheld the magnificent apartment into
which she had been conveyed.

The beauteous wife of *Sadak* seeing the mutes
standing on each side of her, the fair female slaves
falling prostrate in two rows before the steps
of the sofa, and the eunuchs with folded arms and
downcast eyes at a distance, shrieked aloud, and
clapping her hands together in wild despair, cried
out, “O *Sadak*, *Sadak*, save me from this pom-
“pous horror!”

She then, in frantick haste, tore off the magni-
ficent bracelets of diamonds, which, during her
fainting, had been fastened to her arms, and the
rich girdle of rubies which adorned her waist; the
pearls and the emeralds which were hung upon her
bosom;

bosom ; and looking on herself, “ If I have any
 “ thing, said she, that may tempt the lawless to
 “ injure *Sadak*’s love, thus will I sacrifice it to
 “ our mutual truth !”

As she spake these words, she fastened her delicate hands on her cheeks, and before the eunuch (who instantly ran toward her to prevent her intentions) could seize her, she had marked her features with streams of blood.

The disappointed *Amurath* could no longer contain himself, but he entered the apartment just as the blood was starting from the lovely cheeks of the wife of *Sadak*.

“ Slaves, said he, your lives shall answer this
 “ neglect, your base folly has robbed me of all
 “ my joys. Behold my *Kalafrade* is defiled with
 “ blood, and *Amurath* must abstain from her embrace.

“ But if these deserve death, what torture
 “ should await the wretched and foolish *Kalafrade*
 “ who presumes to value the caresses of a slave,
 “ when the mighty *Amurath* hath received her
 “ into the seraglio of his pleasures ?”

“ Alas, mighty prince, said the distracted *Kalafrade*, falling at his feet, who can absolve the
 “ plighted vow ? Or——”

“ Polluted slave, said *Amurath*, starting from
 “ her, defile not my garments with thy touch,
 “ nor mine ears with thy rebellion. For three
 “ days

“ days shall I leave thee, till thou art washed
 “ from the stains of this frantick deed; at the
 “ end of which time, either prepare to receive
 “ my careſſes, or expect to ſee the head of *Sadak*
 “ blackening in the ſun, before the windows of
 “ the ſeraglio.”

At theſe words the incenſed *Amurath* left the fair *Kalaſrade* weeping on the ground, and retired to a different part of the palace. But he gave orders that the chief of his eunuchs ſhould attend her, to ſee that ſhe was purified from the ſtain of her blood.

The diſconſolate fair one gave herſelf up to perpetual grief, and reſuſed to taſte the delicacies that were ſet before her, although *Doubor* on his knees beſought her, to conſider the dreadful conſequences of offending his lord.

To theſe remonſtrances *Kalaſrade* answered little, her mind was full of the mighty illſ which ſhe ſuffered, and ſhe could conceive nothing more dreadful than the embraces of *Amurath*.

As ſhe ſat the ſecond day on her ſofa, muſing on her dear abſent *Sadak*, ſhe perceived a ſmall bird perch on one of the windows, which looked toward the gardens of the ſeraglio, which hopping from thence to her hand, opened its little throat, and began its artleſs lay.

As the bird left off ſinging, *Kalaſrade*, though ſhe was aſtoniſhed at its tameneſs, yet began to ſtroke it, and ſaid,

“ Thou,

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“ Thou, pretty chorister, art mistress of the
 “ air, and heaven hath adorned thee with the
 “ wings of liberty ; thou buildest thy nest beyond
 “ the trace of human malice, and soarest abroad
 “ where no *Amurath* can impede thy flight.”

The moans of *Kalafrade* were interrupted by a small voice, which at first the beauteous wife of *Sadak* could scarce believe were uttered by the little bird : Till listening with attention to it, she distinguished the following words.

“ Startle not, lovely mistress of *Sadak*’s thoughts,
 “ at the voice of a bird. The most trifling causes can, in the hands of strength, produce the
 “ greatest effects, as the instructions of *Alla* were
 “ conveyed to the Holy Prophet of *Mecca* by the
 “ whispers of a dove.

“ My station appears envious to *Kalafrade*,
 “ because she conceives me the offspring of liberty. Her fancy represents me on the wings
 “ of pleasure and enlargement ; she sees me soaring in heaven’s broad path, but forgets my toils
 “ in the grove, and my labours in the field. If
 “ the light feather, which bears me on the thin
 “ surface of the air, makes me man’s superior in
 “ flight, yet the artifice of human inventions again
 “ subjects my weaker understanding a prey to contrivance : But it is enough for me, *Kalafrade*,
 “ to know that I am the creature of *Alla*, who
 “ has in wisdom appointed to every thing living
 “ their proper stations and bounds.

“ At present, indeed, I seem to have trans-
 “ gressed

“ gressed those bounds, but it is in obedience to
 “ my mistress *Adirab*, who presides over the faith-
 “ ful family of *Sadak*. 'Tis she who speaks in me,
 “ and who means to speak comfort to the heart-
 “ broken *Kalafrade* : She it is that saith,

“ O beauteous mourner, and slave of the op-
 “ pressor, fear not misfortunes, which are the
 “ tests of virtue, and not the rotten fruit of in-
 “ firmity. The malicious shall not always tri-
 “ umph, the staff whereon the wicked lean shall
 “ rot and decay ! When clouds hover above the
 “ fields, the drops of fatness descend; when the
 “ storm passeth over the city, the days of health
 “ are at hand. It is the glory of the faithful to
 “ bear afflictions with patience, and to oppose
 “ the temptations of evil with fortitude and
 “ firmness.”

As the bird was continuing to speak the lessons of its mistress *Adirab*, the chief of the eunuchs entered the apartment, and the little chorister flew swiftly away through the window, among the trees in the garden of the seraglio.

Doubor, as he entered, approached to the sofa of *Kalafrade*, and fell prostrate before her.

“ Lovely *Kalafrade*, said the trembling eunuch,
 “ it is to the intercession of *Sadak*, the father of
 “ thy lord, that *Doubor* owes the spirit which
 “ enlivens him : When *Elar*, the father of *Sadak*,
 “ fought by the side of *Mahomet* his lord, on the
 “ confines of *Sclavonia*, and the inhabitants of
 “ *Zagrab* fled before him, my widowed mother,
 “ with

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“ with her family, were among the number of
 “ the fugitives; but as she held a daughter in each
 “ hand, and was laden with me, an infant, on
 “ her back, she was soon unable to keep up with
 “ her brethren, whose concern was so urgent for
 “ themselves, that they refused to bear any part
 “ of her burthen.

“ My mother *Idan* finding it in vain to fly
 “ with her children, and resolving not to leave
 “ them behind her to the merciless fury of her
 “ enemies, sat down by the road side, and while
 “ I hung on the breast, embraced with the ut-
 “ most tenderness her two daughters.

“ Ere she had completed her caresses, the out-
 “ skirts of *Mahomet's* army appeared. Two jan-
 “ nifaries first reached the miserable widow, they
 “ examined her features, but age had spread the
 “ veil of safety on her cheeks. The daughters of
 “ the wretched widow next excited their atten-
 “ tion; the countenance of *Liberak*, the eldest,
 “ bedewed with tears, appeared like the melting
 “ snow; and the bloom of *Hirab*, the second,
 “ shone through the pearly drops that hung upon
 “ her face, as the rose bud laden with the dew of
 “ night.

“ Be this my prey, said the first jannifary, and
 “ seized on the elegant *Liberak*; and be this mine
 “ said his comrade, fastening on the blush-covered
 “ *Hirab*.

“ *Idan*, my mother, awaking from her trance
 “ of sorrows by the rude onset of the two jan-
 “ nifaries,

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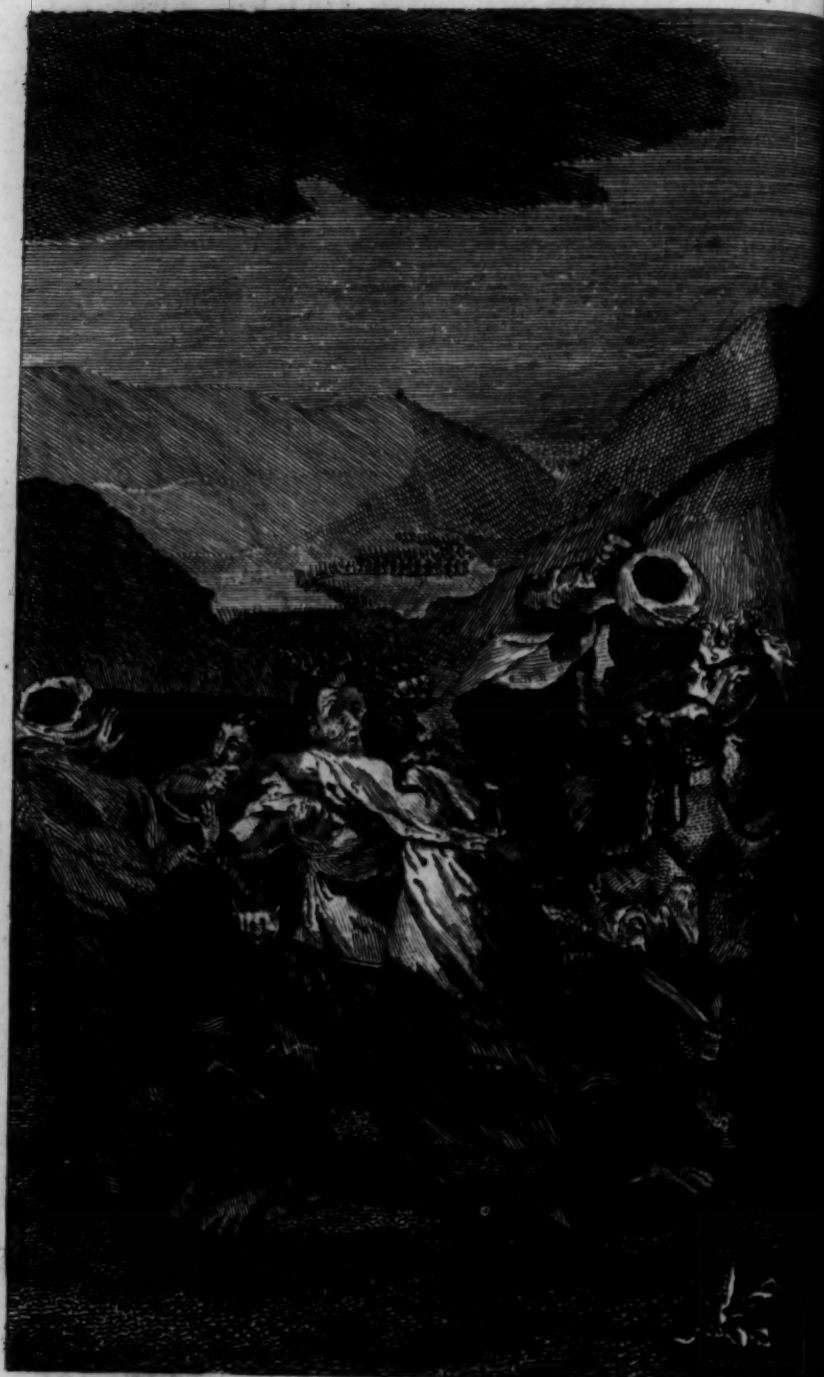
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A. Walker delin. et sculp.
IDAN and her two Daughters LIBERAK and HIRAB.

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“ nifaries, called aloud on her Christian gods for
“ relief, and held each daughter firmly by the
“ hand, while the jannifaries endeavoured to
“ loosen her hold ; which the first not effecting,
“ so easily as he hoped, drew his scimitar, and
“ severed her hand and her daughter from the
“ miserable *Idan*.

“ His comrade observing the brutal success of
“ his fellow soldier, drew his scimitar likewise,
“ and was about to gain his prize by the same
“ kind of cruelty, when *Elar*, the captain of the
“ band rode up, and seeing the accursed design
“ of the jannifary with his uplifted scimitar hew-
“ ed him to the ground.

“ The first jannifary seeing the fate of his
“ comrade fled, and *Elar* gave orders that *Idan*
“ and her children should be preserved ; he set a
“ guard over her, and sent, with several slaves, one
“ experienced in the knowledge of physic, to
“ bind up her wound.

“ But the kind efforts of *Elar* were vain, my
“ mother fainted with the loss of blood, and
“ before proper assistance could be procured,
“ expired in the arms of her helpless daugh-
“ ters.

“ *Liberak* and *Hirab*, the children of *Idan*,
“ fell on the face of their mother, and ceased not
“ to mourn over their unhappy parent ; neither
“ could the attendants which *Elar* had provided,
“ prevale on them to receive the least refreshment.
“ They continued during the pursuit of the *Turks*
“ after

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“ after the *Slavonians*, which lasted three days,
 “ immoveable on the body of their dear mother
 “ *Idan*, while I was nourished by one of the
 “ slaves of *Elar*.

“ Sorrow and fatigue soon put an end to the
 “ lives of *Liberak* and *Hirab*, the duteous daugh-
 “ ters of the deceased *Idan*; and I was left an
 “ helpless infant in the arms of the slaves of *Elar*,
 “ who after the return of the army from pursuing
 “ their enemies, presented me to *Elar*, with an ac-
 “ count of the death of my mother and my sisters.

“ *Elar* perceiving a liveliness in my looks, sent
 “ the slave with me to *Mahomet*, who gave orders
 “ that I should be admitted into his seraglio;
 “ and one of the first things I learned there,
 “ was this history, from the mouth of a slave,
 “ who was appointed to be my nurse. Where-
 “ fore be not surprised, O beauteous *Kalafrade*,
 “ at my affection for *Sadak*, the son of my lord
 “ *Elar*, by whose generous intercession I became
 “ a servant of *Mahomet*, and was afterwards, by
 “ the favour of the mighty *Amurath*, exalted to
 “ this post of confidence and honour. But, alas,
 “ how will my desire to serve *Sadak* be believed,
 “ when it is known that I, by the command of
 “ *Amurath*, corrupted his slaves, and assisted them
 “ in bringing the wife of my lord into this se-
 “ raglio!

“ Indeed, faithful *Kalafrade*, my ignorance
 “ must plead my excuse: Bred up in this place,
 “ I knew no law but the will of my master, and
 “ I believed, that every female would esteem it
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" their greatest happiness, to enjoy the smiles of
" the mighty *Amurath*.

" But the despair of *Sadak's* beauteous wife,
" her constancy, and her contempt of every gran-
" deur, when the price of unfaithfulness have
" convinced me how much I have distressed the
" noble *Sadak*, and to what a precipice I have
" dragged the much injured *Kalafrade*; and yet,
" what had my refusal to obey *Amurath* benefit-
" ed your cause? Death had been my instant re-
" ward, and some more savage heart had been
" procured, to direct the bloody resolves of *Amu-*
" *rath* against you. Yet I plead not my own ex-
" cuse, but mean, ere it be too late, to serve the
" much injured wife of *Sadak*, the son of my
" patron *Elar*."

" If you mean to serve me, *Doubor*, said the
" lovely *Kalafrade*, (though much I suspect the
" integrity of your tale) lead me this instant out
" of the seraglio, and waft me over to the dwell-
" ling of *Sadak* my lord."

" What, answered *Doubor*, is *Kalafrade* such
" a stranger to the watchful keepers of this serag-
" lio, that she supposes it possible for any one to
" escape unobserved, through the various guards
" which surround it? Know you not, beloved
" of *Sadak*, that numberless mutes and eunuchs
" watch it night and day within, and without are
" stationed a thousand jannisaries both by wa-
" ter and land. No, fair Captive, there is no
" escape from these walls, unless *Amurath* con-
" sent."

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“ Is this, base *Doubor*, answered *Kalafrade*,
 “ your promised comfort, that you officiously
 “ come to certify me of my ruin? Thou art in-
 “ deed a christian renegade, and no *Turk*, for
 “ thou delightest to torment those whom thou
 “ can’st not save. O *Sadak*! *Sadak*! was it for
 “ this thy father *Elar* preserved this Christian’s
 “ blood, that he should be the chief engine of
 “ *Amurath*’s malice against thee? Such tales as
 “ these are fitting to drive pity from a warrior’s
 “ breast, and to justify the slaughter of those who
 “ spare neither sex nor age!”

“ It were hard, answered *Doubor*, the chief of
 “ the eunuchs, to condemn the fierce courser, be-
 “ cause he cannot fly without the assistance of the
 “ earth whereon he bounds; or to extirpate the
 “ olive tree, because it bears not the luscious
 “ clusters of the vine. Although *Doubor* is una-
 “ ble to release the fair *Kalafrade*, yet he may
 “ find some expedient to drive off the completion
 “ of *Amurath*’s designs.”

“ Ah, faithful *Doubor*, said *Kalafrade*, (con-
 “ vinced of her injudicious hastiness) forgive the
 “ wild sallies of a distempered mind; I am satis-
 “ fied of your kind intentions, and I wait with
 “ impatience to hear your instruction and ad-
 “ vice.”

“ The great foible of *Amurath*, replied the
 “ chief of the eunuchs, is pride, and even his
 “ love is subservient to the haughtiness of his
 “ soul.”

“ If

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" If so, answered *Kalafrade*, interrupting him,
" I will tempt his utmost anger, and merit his
" contempt. I will sting his proud heart with
" taunts and revilings, and force him to cast me
" forth to public scorn."

" Alas, answered *Doubor*, you know not beaute-
" ous *Kalafrade*, the fury of *Amurath* ; such a be-
" haviour would irritate him to invent new tor-
" ments for *Sadak*, through whom he knows the
" heart of *Kalafrade* is soonest wounded : No, my
" lovely mistress, you must use far other arts, if
" you mean to preserve yourself unhurt in this
" impregnable seraglio. While *Amurath* thinks
" you love *Sadak*, no concession of your's will
" please him ; he may indeed, for a few hours,
" take a pleasure in your smiles, but his jealous
" heart will soon awake, and his rage against the
" unfortunate *Sadak* will rekindle."

" O *Doubor*, said *Kalafrade*, where will your
" mean advice end !"

" Fear not, constant *Kalafrade*, answered the
" chief of the eunuchs, I seek to deliver you
" even from the horrors of your own imagina-
" tion. In the wide ocean is a large island, sur-
" rounded by inaccessible rocks and deceitful
" quicksands, in the center of which, from a ri-
" sing ground, runs a small spring, whose waters
" are of such a nature, that whoever drinks of
" them, immediately forgets whatever has passed
" before in their lives ; but these waters are beset
" with such unsurmountable difficulties, that
" no one hath ever been able to draw of that
" stream,

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"stream, though thousands have perished in the
"undertaking.

"When *Amurath* then next enters, lovely *Ka-*
" *lafrade*, into these apartments, appear submis-
"sive and humble before him; and when he pres-
"ses you to accept of his love, promise to yield
"to his desires, on one condition, that he pro-
"cures for you the waters of oblivion, that you
"may forget all your former converse with *Sadak*,
"and be made fit to receive the conqueror of the
"earth."

"Ah *Doubor*! *Doubor*! answered *Kalafrade*,
"how can I prevale upon myself, even in deceit,
"to speak so disrespectfully of *Sadak*, the beloved
"of my soul! O *Sadak*, may I be indeed the ty-
"rant's mistress, when my base heart forgets its
"lovely union with *Sadak* its lord."

"Consider, faithful consort of *Sadak*, an-
"swered *Doubor*, what otherwise may be your
"doom; better it is to speak in terms of dis-
"grace of *Sadak*, than to disgrace his love, by
"suffering the wild effects of *Amurath*'s desires."

"O *Doubor*, said *Kalafrade*, I had much ra-
"ther submit to every lesser ill, than have my
"heart-strings broken by his hated embrace."

"I had not dared to have staid thus long at the
"feet of *Kalafrade*, answered *Doubor*, unless
" *Amurath* had sent me to soften your heart. I
"will now return, and prepare him to be deceived
"by the request of his sultana."

"Ah

“ Ah *Doubor*, said *Kalafrade*, if you mean
 “ to serve me, never again let me hear that de-
 “ tested name : *Sultana* ! to me is a worse sound,
 “ than poverty and contempt can frame !”

The chief of the eunuchs bowed to the
 earth, and withdrew from the presence of *Ka-
 lafrade*.

“ The tale of *Doubor*, said *Kalafrade* to her-
 “ self, as the chief of the eunuchs left the room,
 “ may be only a fertile invention to amuse, and
 “ soften the rigorous sorrows of my heart ; but
 “ as they cannot change my fixed resolves, I will
 “ act as though I believed them. If there is
 “ truth in his words, his device may at worst
 “ put off for a time the misfortunes I have too
 “ much reason to dread.”

The mind of *Kalafrade* was so greatly eased
 by the instructions of the bird of *Adiram*, and the
 devices of *Doubor*, the chief of the eunuchs, that
 on the third day she suffered the slaves to adorn
 her, and partook of the delicacies which were set
 before her.

In the evening the slaves of the seraglio warned
Kalafrade of *Amurath*'s approach, and as he en-
 tered, the beauteous wife of *Sadak* fell with her
 face to the earth.

“ *Kalafrade*, said *Amurath*, let me know, ere
 “ you rise from the earth, to the blissful paradise
 “ of these arms, whether you have well weighed
 “ the difference between a slave's love and a
 “ monarch's

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“ monarch’s favour, or is it necessary to compel
“ you to be happy ?”

“ Light of the faithful, and Lord of the earth,
“ answered the prostrate *Kalafrade*, the preference
“ you have shewn an object unworthy of your
“ notice, can never be sufficiently acknowledged
“ by your slave. But, O my Lord, mention not
“ the mighty honours you mean to heap upon
“ me, lest my dazzled fancy totter with the
“ towering thought, and my over-charged re-
“ flection sink into the long slumbers of eternal
“ night.”

“ Blessed and unexpected change, said the trans-
“ ported *Amurath*, raising up the trembling *Kalafrade*
“ in haste, what were those sweet words that
“ I suffered to fall so soon to the earth, words
“ valuable as the wide empire that I hold. Re-
“ peat them, beauteous *Kalafrade*, ten thousand
“ thousand times in mine ears, and ask your
“ own reward for the sweet labour I have impos-
“ ed upon you.”

THE

T H E

CONTINUATION of the TALE

O F

SADAK and KALASRADE.

“ **A** LAS, alas, continued *Kalafrade*, what has
 “ my weak heart uttered in the ears of my
 “ Prince? can the mighty *Amurath* stoop to raise
 “ a peasant’s daughter! Shall the age-stricken wife
 “ of *Sadak*, shall the mother of a numerous family,
 “ shall the mean inhabitant of a cottage on the
 “ banks of the *Bosphorus*, become the favorite of
 “ *Amurath*, and the sultana of the *Othman* court!
 “ No, *Kalafade*, foolish *Kalafrade*, *Amurath* laughs
 “ at thy folly, and has raised thee to this height,
 “ to make thy fall more terrible.

“ As the humble tortoise is lifted up and borne
 “ on the pinions of the eagle, till his giddy flight
 “ swim at the wide prospect round him, and then
 “ hurled suddenly downward to the pointed rock,
 “ so shall *Kalafrade* be raised by the mock pageants
 “ of power till it please those who delight in
 “ her miseries, to cast her forth to infamy and
 “ scorn.”

“ By the sacred blood of that prophet which
 “ animates me, I swear, O *Kalafrade*, I mean to
 “ fulfil the word I have spoken, and thou alone
 “ shalt be the sultana of my heart,”

“ But will the mighty *Amurath* consent to one
 “ request of his slave; will he bear with his
 “ *Kalafrade* in one petition, in which her happi-
 “ ness is concerned ?”

“ Ah *Kalafrade*, said *Amurath* starting, beware
 “ of all past reflections, for if the hated *Sadak* be
 “ the subject of thy request, thou shalt indeed be
 “ cast to infamy and scorn.”

“ The name of him who has deserved *Amurath*’s
 “ hatred, replied *Kalafrade*, be far from the
 “ tongue of *Kalafrade*, O gracious prince, dis-
 “ miss such ungenerous suspicions from your
 “ mind. — But that, alas, is vain to hope, and
 “ I must still be wretched. No, mighty *Amurath*,
 “ expect no happiness with her, who must ever
 “ disturb thy joys with the mean thoughts of what
 “ she once has been. How shall I meet my prince
 “ with the noble ardor he requires, when my poor
 “ mind shall be weighed down with the remem-
 “ brance of my former meanness.”

“ Ten thousand pleasures, replied *Amurath*,
 “ shall hourly surround you : The sun and moon
 “ shall alike be witnesses of our eternal festivals :
 “ The dance, the song, the sprightly musick, the
 “ masque, the feast, the publick shew, the private
 “ transport, shall all succeed in quick rotation, and
 “ drive from your pleased fancy every former
 “ thought,

"thought. Each wish of your heart shall be so
"quickly gratified, your fertile mind shall toil to
"recollect its wants."

"Prince of my life, answered *Kalafrade*, though
"I must not doubt your power, nor your desire
"to please, yet will the mind, stretched out
"by the long scenes of pleasure, oft recoil upon
"its former self, and the sense of my unworthiness,
"embitter the undeserved joys my prince shall
"fondly heap upon me."

"To prove my sincerity, and to shew you how
"soon I mean to gratify every thought *Kalafrade*
"forms, said *Amurath*, let me hear the request of,
"your lips; but see it glance not upon *Sadak's*
"love."

"Gracious *Amurath*, said *Kalafrade*, forgive a
"slave's presumption, and I will speak."

"Speak the whole wishes of your heart, replied
"*Amurath*; and if they are subservient to our love,
"though my empire were the price, I would pur-
"chase fair *Kalafrade's* peace."

"There is my lord, said *Kalafrade*, as I have
"heard, a spring, whose waters are of such a na-
"ture, that whoever drinks of them immediately
"forgets whatever has passed before in their lives.
"Let my lord then swear unto his slave, that
"ere he takes her to his arms, he will procure
"her a draught of that pleasant stream, and then
"*Kalafrade* shall be wholly, both in body and
"mind, the slave of *Amurath's* desires."

"Rather,

“ Rather, said *Amurath*, the mistress of his
 “ heart. Yes, lovely *Kalafrade*, I will swear by
 “ *Mahomet*, our holy prophet, never to come in
 “ unto you, till I have procured you a taste of
 “ that stream, provided you can find any one
 “ within two days, who can describe to me the
 “ place where it rises.”

Kalafrade then fell at the feet of *Amurath*, and
 said, “ Thou hast made the heart of thy slave
 “ to rejoice ; thou hast not only lifted her from
 “ obscurity, but thou hast renewed the streams
 “ of her life ; that having lost all memory of
 “ the past, she may seek to please her Lord, with-
 “ out diffidence at the mean thoughts of her for-
 “ mer state.”

“ Beauteous *Kalafrade*, said the fond *Amurath*,
 “ arise. Ah, said he, looking with transports
 “ upon her, what have I done ? I have prolonged
 “ my expectations, perhaps for a week, but I
 “ have sworn by *Mahomet*, and I will hasten to
 “ gratify the desire of my *Kalafrade*.”

At these words *Amurath* left the fair *Kalafrade*,
 inwardly rejoicing at the success of *Doubor*’s advice,
 and hastened to call unto him the sage *Balobor*,
 who was acquainted with every natural production
 of the earth.

“ *Balobor*, said *Amurath*, as the sage came into
 “ his presence, can you describe to me the place
 “ where that spring may be found, whose waters
 “ are of such a nature, that whoever drinks of
 “ them,

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“ them, immediately forgets whatever has passed
“ before in his life.”

“ If the mighty *Amurath*, answered the sage
“ *Balobor*, will permit me to retire to my books,
“ I will, ere the morning’s sun, discover to my
“ prince, if the earth produces such a spring,
“ where it may be found.”

As soon as *Balobor* was gone forth from the
presence of *Amurath*, the impatient prince sent
after the chief of his eunuchs, and enquired of
him, where the spring of the waters of oblivion
might be found.”

Doubor perceived by the questions of his lord,
that *Kalafrade* had succeeded ; but the prudent
eunuch cared not to confess his knowledge of
that spring, he therefore disguised his words, and
said :

“ Son of the faithful, thy slave has never
“ been bred in the natural sciences, but if my
“ lord will permit me to go in quest of the wise
“ philosopher *Balobor*, he will doubtless unfold to
“ my prince the secret springs of the waters of
“ oblivion.”

“ It is enough, said *Amurath*, faithful *Doubor*,
“ *Balobor* has promised by to-morrow’s sun, to
“ revele to me the fountains of oblivion.”

While *Amurath* was in search of the waters of
oblivion, the gentle *Kalafrade* was in secret prais-
ing

ing the bounteous *Alla*, who had for a time preserved her from the tyrant's will.

The next morning the sage *Balobor* appeared in the presence of *Amurath*, and said :

“ The waters of oblivion, O mighty *Amurath*,
“ are preserved by a watchful race of *Genii*, in a
“ wide-extended island, in the southern parts of
“ the *Pacifick Ocean*. The island itself is fortified
“ by inaccessible precipices, and beset with pointed
“ rocks ; and around it are spread insidious quick-
“ sands, to prevent the approach of any vessel,
“ and which sinks with the weight of those who
“ attempt to venture upon it. What dangers
“ surround the spring, which is situated in the
“ center of the island, none can tell ; for although
“ thousands have attempted to seek after it, none
“ have ever succeeded, but destruction has over-
“ whelmed them in the very entrance of their
“ toils.”

At the words of the sage *Balobor*, the countenance of *Amurath* was overcast with frowns, and the tempest which raged in his breast, strove for utterance in his face ; but the disappointed monarch endeavoured to conceal his discontent, and retired from the apartment whither *Balobor* had been ordered to attend him.

Amurath, vexed and enraged at the contrivance of *Kalafraide*, hastened to the female seraglio, meditating vengeance on *Sadak* and his wife. But as he went along, a thought glanced across his imagination, and he stopped to pause on the malice

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malice his heart was framing against the innocent victims of his wrath.

“ *Sadak*, said the monarch to himself, the proud
 “ *Sadak*, still pursues his enquiries after *Kalafrade* ;
 “ I will command him to appear in my presence,
 “ and heap the vengeance due to *Kalafrade*’s falsehood on his head.”

Amurath then gave orders for his jannisaries to bring *Sadak* before him, not by compulsion, but to consult with him, as one who had formerly experienced the favours of his lord.

The jannisaries found the melancholy *Sadak* instructing his little ones, in the village whither they had retired from the flames of his palace. They shewed him the signet of *Amurath*, and required his immediate attendance.

“ Alas, said the afflicted mourner, doth *Amurath* again mean to jest with his slave, that he
 “ calls me from this poor recess. Unless the
 “ trumpet sound, what call hath *Sadak* to the
 “ courts of kings. But I obey. Obedience and
 “ submission are the most welcome tributes that a
 “ slave can offer.”

The jannisaries having brought the wretched *Sadak* into the presence of *Amurath* retired.

“ Brave soldier, said *Amurath*, hath the peaceful sloth of retirement yet unstrung your manly
 “ heart, or are you still the undaunted warrior
 “ I once knew you ? Can the shrill trumpets sound,
 “ and

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“and the hollow murmurs of the brazen cymbal,
 “rouze the fire of war in all your soul, or are you
 “relaxed by the soft voice of love into the inac-
 “tive slumbers of a life of ease. Say, brave compa-
 “nion of my former toils, were *Amurath* again to
 “take the field, would *Sadak* headlong plunge
 “into the rapid stream? Would he, laden with
 “war’s heavy trophies, again climb the ragged
 “precipice, or sleep on beds of snow, or stand un-
 “daunted in the bloody struggle of contending
 “armies?”

“Dead as I am to pleasure, noble *Amurath*,
 “said *Sadak*, yet were my prince’s voice to call
 “me to the field, *Sadak* again should live in arms,
 “and court the toils and horrors of war’s bloody
 “stage. Yes, *Amurath*, at thy command, this arm
 “should fix the standards of our faith on *Russia*’s
 “frozen bounds, or on the burning sands of
 “*Africk*’s distant shore.”

“Brave, noble *Sadak*, said the false *Amurath*,
 “embracing him, I cannot doubt your truth,
 “though the base minions of my court have stain-
 “ed that name they long have envied, with their
 “mean surmises.”

“A courtier’s malice, mighty *Amurath*, replied
 “*Sadak*, is beneath a soldier’s notice; and best
 “is answered, when occasion calls, by deeds,
 “at which their dastard minds shall shudder to
 “relate.”

“Such deeds, replied the artful monarch, *Amu-
 “rath* hath in store for *Sadak*’s arms to execute;
 “deeds

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“ deeds which wear the fiercest countenance of
“ danger, and which none but *Sadak* dare to
“ undertake.

“ My prince, answered *Sadak*, *Sadak* is ready
“ to receive your commands ; but the day is ill
“ spent in words, when action only can approve
“ my worth.

“ *Sadak*, answered *Amurath*, the malicious whif-
“ pers of my courtiers, concerning your worth,
“ have much disturbed me ; and I mean to-mor-
“ row, in the publick divan, to give you a glo-
“ rious opportunity of convincing their little souls,
“ how greatly the foldier towers above the safe
“ advisers of the cabinet. Fail not, generous *Sa-
“ dak*, to be present, and I will, in the sight of
“ my whole court, require some one to stand
“ forth, and undertake a voyage in quest of the
“ waters of oblivion, which are guarded by every
“ natural barrier, and the united efforts of a
“ race of evil *Genii*. Then, when a tame si-
“ lence follows my proposal, and the base cour-
“ tiers hang their coward heads, my brave *Sadak*
“ shall arise, and challenge to himself the glori-
“ ous undertaking.”

Sadak bowed at the words of *Amurath*, and
said : “ Lord of the faithful, far be it from
“ *Sadak* to prove unworthy of his master’s
“ love.”

The artful *Amurath* having thus prepossessed the,
mind of *Sadak*, went not into the apartments of
Kalafraide,

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Kalafra, but waited with great solicitude the arrival of the next day.

As the all-diffusive light of morn appeared, which shines alike upon the care-worn countenance of the guilty wretch, and on the open face of artless innocence, *Amurath* arose, impatient till the hour of publick audience came ; when, being seated on his throne, amidst the nobles of his court, and seeing the faithful *Sadak* at the extremity of the divan, he thus began his deceitful speech.

“ Nobles, and warriors, who by your coun-
cils and exploits in arms, cast various lustres
“ on my throne, say, where shall *Amurath* find
“ that brave resolved heart, who will engage to
“ procure for him the waters of oblivion, which
“ are preserved in a far distant isle, defended by
“ quicksands, monstrous rocks, the perils of the
“ waves, and the flames of fire ; *Genii* are its
“ guardians, and all nature is combined to save
“ it from man’s possession.

“ Such an acquisition, nobles, would ma-
nifest to all the earth the superiority of your
“ monarch, and the bravery of his subjects : Who
“ is there then among your ranks, dare hope
“ to add such lustre to my throne, and such
“ honour to himself. But speak not, nobles, un-
less a fixed resolve attend your speech. To un-
dertake, and not succeed, would wither, and
“ not increase the laurels we have already won in
“ arms ; wherefore be these the terms on which
“ the noble adventurer issues forth.

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"Let him be sworn not to turn back till he have the water in possession. Let him likewise forfeit his life, if he depart not in search of this water, ere the remainder of this moon be worn away."

As *Amurath* left off speaking a general silence succeeded, and the eyes of all were turned upon *Sadak*.

The noble *Sadak* perceiving no one offer, stood up and advanced toward the throne.

"Descendant of *Mahomet*, and lord of thy creatures, said *Sadak*, and bowed before *Amurath*, behold the hand of thy slave is prepared to execute the desires of thy heart ; and here I swear, in this august assembly, never to turn back till I have procured the waters, and ere three days be passed, shall the face of *Sadak* be set toward the dangers that surround the fountain of oblivion."

"Thanks, noble *Sadak*, said *Amurath* aloud, thanks for this proffered service which my nobles feared to undertake : And thus I swear before the face of heaven, that when *Sadak* returns, I will make either him, or one his family, the second in honour throughout all my dominions."

The beguiled *Sadak* understood not the base meaning of his lord, but he fell at his feet, and kissed the earth whereon *Amurath* stood.

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The chief of the eunuchs seeing the noble *Sadak* in the divan, passed by his side as he was retiring, and whispered, "Wait a few minutes, much injured *Sadak*, and I will convey into your hands the words of comfort."

Sadak was astonished at the speech of the eunuch, and now his heart began to misgive him, and tumults arose in his breast.

Before the crowd were dissipated out of the divan, the eunuch slipped a note into *Sadak's* bosom, and the much afflicted warrior retired with it to the rocks which are behind the city, and there read as follows.

Doubor, who oweth his life to the generous interposition of thy father Elar, is distressed for his friend: Alas, noble Sadak, Kalafrade is in the royal seraglio, and Amurath is — what my hand dare not write! He alone who has undertaken to procure the waters of oblivion, is able to enter the seraglio of Amurath. Doubor has no command without, but should Sadak escape through the jannisaries, and scale the wall at the eastern part of the gardens, Doubor will this night watch his approach, and convey him to the apartments of the wretched Kalafrade. May Alla forbid, that the life which Elar saved, should be sacrificed by the imprudence of Sadak!

"O *Mahomet*, the prophet of the just! said *Sadak*, as he read the scroll of *Doubor*, the chief of the eunuchs, is it possible that *Amurath* hath done this wrong to the hand which raised him! Was it for this I covered him with the shield of strength

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" strength in the day of battle? Was it for this
 " I plunged into the rapid stream, and bore him
 " breathless to the distant rock, when he fled from
 " the face of his enemies to the sea of *Azoph*? Who
 " reconciled *Amurath* to his mutinous jannisaries,
 " when, offended at his avarice, they demanded
 " the plunder of *Lepanto*? Who preserved him
 " from the fury of *Irac*, the rebellious son of *Porob*,
 " who endeavoured to depose him in the seraglio
 " of his ancestors? Who, but that man whom he
 " hath basely robbed of all his substance, plunder-
 " ed of heaven's best treasure, the lovely *Kalafrade*,
 " and betrayed into a rash vow to leave the *Othman*
 " empire and his just revenge, to seek in distant
 " seas the various countenance of death. But
 " what revenge could *Sadak* meditate against the
 " blood of his prince; would he wish to make his
 " private injuries the cause of public shame; would
 " he strive to glut his malice on the ruins of the
 " faith of musselmen, and the *Othman* Majesty.
 " And yet, O soul of life, O beauteous and con-
 " stant *Kalafrade*, shall *Sadak* undisturbed behold
 " the afflictions of his love? Shall *Kalafrade* lift
 " up the hand of supplicating virtue, and pour
 " forth in vain the tears of constancy, and *Sadak*
 " stand unmoved at the voice of the beloved? O
 " Prophet, holy Prophet, whither must I turn?
 " not against my Prince, for whom his slaves live;
 " not against thy truth, which the blood of the
 " faithful hath planted and nourished on the fertile
 " plains of *Europe* and *Asia*. Must I then bear the
 " curses of *Amurath*? Ah! that is tenfold death!
 " Must I rebel against one who was once my
 " friend, and is still the lord of his slave? — But
 " doubts are vain. The vows I have made in the

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“ Divan bar all other views ; yet ere I go a voluntary exile from the planes of the faithful, I will see *Kalafrade*, or perish by the hands of the slaves which surround her. She is mine, though the arm of power oppresses her, and *Amurath*, who once held the sacred vow most solemn, cannot blame that love which leads me to my lawful treasure.”

These reflexions fixed *Sadak* in his resolutions of attempting to enter the seraglio, and he returned to the city, in order to procure such things as might be necessary to assist him in his undertaking.

Going to the *Bezestein*, he ordered an iron to be made with five hooks, and an eye in the center, and at the silk merchant's bought a cord of silk, fifty feet in length ; he also purchased a small iron trowel and a poignard.

Having these things in his possession, in the evening he went down to the water side, between *Pera* and *Constantinople*, and suddenly unloosing a small boat, he launched it into the gulph *Keratus*, and swiftly rowed to *Riscula*, which is on a rock, near the shore of *Asia*, facing the eastern part of the seraglio.

Here the determined *Sadak* rested on his oars, till the clouds of night had shortened the vigilant sight of the jannisaries, and the tide was fallen from the walls of the palace, when paddling toward the seraglio, he advanced in his boat within six hundred paces of the shore,

A part

A part of the guards who were then going round on the beach, to examine the walls, halted at the noise of *Sadak's* oars, and made a signal for a galley which lay near them to come up.

The slaves in the galley obeyed the jannisaries, and coming along side the shore, took them on board.

The jannisaries directed them to row toward the place where they imagined they had heard the paddling of oars, and in a few minutes *Sadak* perceived one of the Sultan's galleys advancing toward him.

The bold *Sadak*, pleased at the success of his stratagem, gently glided out of the boat into the water, and diving wide of the galley, sometimes rising for breath, and at other times continuing to strike forward under the water, he in a short time reached the shore, and landed between *Sera Burni* and the gate *Topcapu*, through which his beloved was hurried by the slaves of the seraglio.

Sadak knowing his time might not be wasted, (as the jannisaries finding no one in the boat would soon return to the shore) immediately pulled out the iron with five hooks, and the filken cord, and fastening them together, he threw the hook over the wall, which catching on the top, by means of the filken cord, *Sadak* raised himself up on the wall; then again fixing the hook on the inner side, in such a manner as he might loosen it from the wall, by shaking the cord backward and forward, he quickly descended into the gardens of the seraglio, and unhitching the iron from the wall,

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with a few shakes of the cord, he took out his trowel, and buried them in the earth; then hastening toward a thicket of small trees and shrubs, he hid himself therein.

Here *Sadak* had time to recollect his thoughts; but he was hardly covered by the bushes, before he heard the galley on the opposite side of the wall strike against the shore, and could distinguish the voices of the jannisaries descending from its sides.

By their conversation he learned, that they were alarmed at finding a boat without any one in it; and as they hastened toward the gate *Toprapu*, he doubted not but they would shortly raise the guards of the seraglio.

In the midst of these thoughts *Sadak* heard the fall of feet approaching toward him, and presently one drew near the bushes, and was entering into the very place where *Sadak* was concealed.

Although the frame of *Sadak* was more disturbed at the approach of the stranger, than it had ever been in the field of blood, yet he neglected not to draw his poignard; and as the stranger entered among the bushes, he seized him, and was about to strike the steel into his heart, when *Doubor* cried out, "O *Sadak*, destroy not thy friend."

The spirits of *Sadak* having been hurried by the noise of the jannisaries, made him forget the appointment of *Doubor* to meet him in the garden; but when he perceived it was the grateful eunuch,

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nuch, he dropped the poignard on the earth, and said,

“ O friend of my bosom, forgive the fears and
“ the distraction of the miserable *Sadak*, who in
“ mad fury had nearly sacrificed his comforter,
“ and driven the poignard of suspicion into the
“ breast of the tender-hearted *Doubor* !”

“ Noble *Sadak*, answered the chief of the eu-
“ nuchs, I wonder not at your suspicions ; it is an
“ hard task for the brave to dissemble, or for the
“ generous warrior to descend to the dark deeds
“ of a midnight robber : But let us hasten toward
“ the seraglio ; yet before we issue forth out of this
“ thicket, let me help you to dress yourself in the
“ habit of a mute ; the garments are hidden in
“ the thicket behind, and I was coming to seek
“ whether they were safe against your arrival,
“ when you seized me by the arm.”

Sadak was pleased at the proposal of the chief of the eunuchs, and stripping himself, he left his own garments concealed in the thicket, and putting on the mute's habit, followed *Doubor* toward the female seraglio.

Doubor advancing toward the seraglio, made a sign for the eunuchs which were placed at the gates to retire, and entering he bid his mute follow him to the apartments of *Kalafrade*.

The joy of *Sadak*, at the thoughts of again viewing his beloved, and his fears lest any unfortunate disaster should discover him, raised alter-

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nate storms in his breast; but the mighty warrior concealed in his countenance the strong passions which beset his heart.

After passing through several galleries, the chief of the eunuchs arrived at the apartment of the beautiful *Kalafrade*, and was about to enter, when he perceived the royal sandals at the door.

Doubor started back at the sight.

“ O *Mahomet*, said he in a whisper, *Amurath* is risen in the dead of night, and entered into *Kalafrade's* apartment.”

The words of *Doubor* were as deadly poison to the heart of *Sadak*, the cold hand of death chilled his astonished blood, and his weak nature could scarcely sustain the mighty shock,

“ Oh ! *Doubor* ! *Doubor* ! said the wretched son of *Elar*, support my conflicting frame ; O *Doubor*, I am unable to bear this tenfold death ! — Ah tyrant ! Ah my friend ! If I strike, thou must perish ; If I withhold my arm — O wretched *Sadak*, wander not into that hell of thought. O *Mahomet* ! O *Alla* ! have I deserved this torture ? If I have, strike with thy merciful thunder this rebellious heart : If not, strengthen and support the wretch whom thou art pleased to load with ills past human thought ! O that I were a worm, to be trodden under a *Giaurs* foot : O that I were a toad, and my food corruption : That I were a camel in
“ the

“ the desert, or an afs in the mill : That I
 “ were ought but *Sadak*, the accursed of his
 “ prophet !”

As the miserable *Sadak* thus poured forth his
 griefs in the bosom of his friend, the affrighted
Doubor pressed his head, and covered it with the
 folds of his garment, that the voice of the wretched
Sadak might not pierce the walls of the apartment,
 and raise the suspicion of *Amurath* : But his utmost
 precaution could not prevent the sighs of *Sadak*,
 whose wounded and afflicted soul, was as the
 wearied boar of the forest, when pierced with the
 darts and javelins of a thousand hunters.

In the midst of his sighs the door of the apart-
 ment opened, *Amurath* came forth, and *Sadak* leav-
 ing the bosom of *Doubor*, fell with his face toward
 the earth.

“ *Doubor*, said the Sultan, where hast thou
 “ been ? and where are thy guards ? Who is
 “ that mute whom thou didst cherish in thy bo-
 “ som ? and why art thou here in the dark noon
 “ of night ?”

“ Lord of princes, answered *Doubor*, when
 “ my master retired to his sofa, I went to exa-
 “ mine the guard of eunuchs, and to see that thy
 “ slaves were faithful to their trust ; and at my
 “ return, perceiving that my lord was arisen, I
 “ called this mute to me, as I was unwilling to
 “ disturb my Sultan with the feet of his guards,
 “ and followed thee to the apartment of the ever-
 “ blooming *Kalafrade*. But as I tarried here, wait-
 “ ing

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“ ing lest my Lord should have any command for
 “ his slave to execute, the poor mute fell sick, and
 “ in pity I took him to my bosom ; as I have
 “ learned from the kindness which my Lord shews
 “ his slaves, to copy as far as my poor and weak
 “ capacity will permit, the bright virtues of the
 “ favourite of *Alla*.”

“ *Doubor*, said *Amurath*, I commend your care,
 “ but since the slave is ill, let him be sent to *Ka-*
 “ *lafrade* to nurse ; the haughty fair one despises
 “ my condescending love, and the embraces of the
 “ son of *Othman*, are grievous to the slave of *Sadak* :
 “ Wherefore, *Doubor*, see you place this slave on
 “ the sofa of *Kalafrade*, and let her fancy him her
 “ lover, till she fling her proud arms around him,
 “ and call him *Sadak* and her lord.”

The heart of *Doubor* rejoiced at the words of
Amurath, but he concealed his joy ; and said :

“ Will the glory of the *Othman* race first suf-
 “ fer me to attend him to the apartments of my
 “ Sultan.”

“ *Doubor*, said *Amurath* sternly, have I said,
 “ and shall I recall my words ? Slave, obey me
 “ instantly, and force this wretch into *Kalafrade*’s
 “ arms.”

The chief of the eunuchs laying his hand upon
 his breast, bowed down and said,

“ The will of *Amurath* is the law of his
 “ slave.”

No

No sooner was *Amurath* gone, than the chief of the eunuchs raised up *Sadak*, and said,

"Son of *Elar*, friend of my bosom, first in my esteem, arise, and perform the commands of *Amurath*."

"Yes, faithful generous *Doubor*, thou balsam of peace to my wounded soul, thou ray of heaven on the spirit of the afflicted, I will arise, and bless the great fountain of happiness, for the merciful change he has wrought in my favour. Now, *Doubor*, I am more than *Amurath*! I am about to enjoy a paradise, from which, O *Alla*, grant the blood of *Othman* be for ever barred. While the emperor of the world retires to a discontented sofa, *Sadak* shall revel in the rich pastures of unsatiated pleasure. — But why do I delay to seek *Kalafrade*, if life is short, how fleeting are the joys of life!"

At these words *Doubor* interposed.

"Permit me, O fortunate *Sadak*, said he, to go first into *Kalafrade*, and prepare her delicate frame for your reception, lest the strong tide of returning happiness overpower her nature, and faintness, or death, again snatch her from the embrace of her beloved."

The tender *Sadak* acquiesced in the reasons of the chief of the eunuchs, and *Doubor* hastened to impart to *Kalafrade* the arrival of her beloved.

"After

After a few minutes *Doubor* returned, and entered with *Sadak* into the female apartments.

As the happy *Kalafrade* beheld the features of her Lord under the disguise of a mute, she sprang forward; her eyes enlivened by the transports of her heart, and with a fond surprise, half fearful, half over-joyed, she pressed him in her arms.

“ Ah, lovely *Sadak*, said she, joy of my soul,
 “ master of my thoughts, life of my heart, and
 “ guardian of my honour, how have I panted for
 “ this blessed embrace ! O how has thy *Kalafrade*
 “ sighed and despaired at thy absence ! I have been,
 “ my *Sadak*, like the shriek owl in the wilderness ;
 “ I have been, my *Sadak*, like the widowed dove ;
 “ but now am I as the deer, which bounds on the
 “ sunny plane ; as the bird, which sips the dew of
 “ the morning among the blossoms of the orange
 “ grove.”

“ O fond and constant *Kalafrade*, answered *Sadak*,
 “ how has my heart sought thee in solitude
 “ and found thee not ! I have been, my *Kalafrade*,
 “ as the coward in the day of battle ; as the warrior
 “ disarmed by the treachery of his foe ; as
 “ the lion in the toils of the hunters ; as the
 “ leopard surrounded by the flood. But now am
 “ I like the man of valour who bestrides his foe ;
 “ like the conqueror in the day of triumph : But
 “ now am I as the tyger springing on his prey ; as
 “ the lusty eagle on the clouds of heaven.— Ah,
 “ what have I said in the fulness of my heart !
 “ *Amurath* is now the master of *Kalafrade*, and
 “ perhaps

“perhaps I am enfolded in those arms, which are
 “yet stained with the embrace of thy Sultan!
 “*Kalafrade* is no more the wife of *Sadak*, but the
 “Sultana of the *Othman* race.”

“Unjust and cruel *Sadak*, replied the fond *Ka-*
 “*lafrade*, how has thine heart invented the accu-
 “sations of falshood! Can I, O *Sadak*, be false
 “to my lord! Had *Kalafrade* ever a wish,
 “in which her *Sadak* held not the chief account!”

“But how, O *Kalafrade*, said the suspicious
 “*Sadak*, how has female weakness been capable
 “of withstanding the glittering tyranny of the
 “son of *Othman*? Who, if he failed to draw
 “thee to his purpose by the costly parade of his
 “seraglio, could yet compel thee to receive his
 “embraces.”

“Lovely master of my thoughts, answered
 “*Kalafrade*, our prophet hath heard my prayer,
 “and the bird of *Adiram* hath poured the balsam
 “of comfort into my afflicted soul. Nay more,
 “the generous and grateful *Doubor* also hath
 “whispered in my ears the words of consolation,
 “and by the advice of him whom *Elar*, thy fa-
 “ther, preserved from destruction, hath *Kalafrade*
 “triumphed over the wiles of *Amurath*.”

As the beauteous *Kalafrade* uttered these words,
 the countenance of *Doubor*, the chief of the eu-
 nuchs fell; but *Kalafrade* was so intent on con-
 templating her long lost Lord, that she perceived
 not the anxious face of the generous *Doubor*.

“And

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“ And by what stratagem, said *Sadak* eagerly,
 “ hath *Kalafrade* rescued herself from the power
 “ of *Amurath* ? ”

“ Monarch of my affections, answered *Kalaf-*
 “ *rade*, I challenge not the honour of the device,
 “ it is to *Doubor*’s prudence that I owe my safety ;
 “ he opened to me the cause of his friendship for
 “ the son of *Elar*, and advised me, when *Amu-*
 “ *rath* should again return to me, that I should use
 “ him deceitfully, and engage him by a vow not
 “ to come near me, till he should procure for me
 “ the waters of oblivion.”

“ And what concession, said the stern *Sadak*,
 “ has *Kalafrade* made the Sultan *Amurath*, to ob-
 “ tain from him this mighty and important vow ? ”

“ Alas ! noble *Sadak*, said *Doubor* interposing,
 “ the wary Sultan hath turned our toils upon our-
 “ selves, and we are caught in the snare which
 “ was laid for the foot of *Amurath*.”

“ What *Doubor*, replied the astonished *Kalaf-*
 “ *rade*, what doth thy ominous tongue, and the
 “ stern front of my offended Lord portend ? Ah !
 “ said you not that *Amurath* hath entangled us ?
 “ Hath he then, faithful *Doubor*, made a false
 “ use of my soothing words ? Hath he defiled my
 “ honour by loose hints ? Now on my soul, brave
 “ *Sadak*, the tyrant lies ; never, never, in word
 “ or thought hath *Kalafrade* injured her Lord ;
 “ and I call the great *Alla*, and the spirits of the
 “ just to witness, *Amurath*, the vile *Amurath*,
 “ hath never approached the arms of *Sadak*’s wife.”

“ Peace,

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“ Peace, gentle and much injured fair one,
 “ said *Doubor*, and dissipate, brave *Sadak*, the
 “ cloud on thy brow. *Kalafrade* never has, nor
 “ can yield to *Amurath*’s desires, nor hath the
 “ Prince pretended to boast of joys he never knew;
 “ no, constant pair, *Amurath*, though furious in
 “ his revenge, is just and perfect in his speech,
 “ and would as quickly throw off the state of his
 “ empire, as falsify his oath. But briefly thus
 “ it is, sweet mistress of brave *Sadak*’s heart.
 “ The Sultan, nettled at your request, when he
 “ found it would prevent him for a long season,
 “ from using force to compel you, cast about how
 “ he might make your imagined security as irk-
 “ some to yourself as it was forbidding to him; and
 “ therefore he has engaged thy unsuspecting Lord,
 “ by a firm oath, to seek for him the waters of
 “ oblivion, and never to return to the *Othman*
 “ empire, till he bring with him the produce of
 “ that inaccessible fountain.”

“ What, said the affrighted *Kalafrade*, what
 “ are the words which have escaped the lips of
 “ the generous *Doubor*! Look on me, O *Sadak*,
 “ thou much injured Lord! Look on her, who
 “ by a mean device, hath heaped eternal afflictions
 “ on thy heart! O curse on this tongue, on this
 “ heart, on this head, which have all been the
 “ wretched instruments of *Sadak*’s banishment!
 “ Ah bird of *Adiram*! Ah sweet spoken *Doubor*!
 “ see you not the poison that lurks under the
 “ tongue of the adder! See you not the flames
 “ which lie beneath the verdant surface of the
 “ burning *Santorini*.

“ O Sa-

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“ O *Sadak*, *Sadak*, rather let me run to *Amurath*, and satisfy his brutal appetite, than *Sadak* shall wander amidst ten thousand deaths. The treacherous sands, my love, will sink with thee ; evil *Genii* will hurl thee from the summit of their rocks ; thy wretched carcase shall be cast upon an unknown shore ; the vultures of the air, and the monsters of the deep shall feast on my beloved, and the wild ungoverned *Amurath*, fearless of thy arm, ravage the poor remains of thy *Kalafrade's* beauty.

“ Rather, said *Sadak*, shall this arm hurl instant vengeance on the tyrant's head, and all the blood of *Othman* perish, than ever *Kalafrade* shall be stained with *Amurath's* unhallowed touch.”

“ Ah furious *Sadak*, answered the chief of the eunuchs, what mean the black resolves of thy rebellious heart ? But think not *Doubor* intends to stand a tame spectator of thy malice ; faithful to my Lord in every just command, through me must the base *Sadak* reach the heart of *Amurath*. But moderate your rage, bold man, and know, though *Doubor* love not every deed of *Amurath's*, yet will he never prove a traitor to his life. While *Sadak* means no more than to recover his *Kalafrade*, I am bound by gratitude and justice to espouse his cause ; but if his murderous traiterous heart aim at his Prince's life, both gratitude and justice call me then to *Amurath's* defence.”

“ Generous

“ Generous *Doubor*, answered *Sadak*, I justly stand rebuked ; I were indeed a wretch, when holy *Othman*’s race is near extinct, to rob our faith of its last royal leader ; no, faithful eunuch, the man who out of private malice gives confusion to his country, and subverts its peace, deserves nor pity nor relief.”

“ Are these then, replied *Kalafrade* in tears, the virtuous resolutions of a patriot, to give up private happiness to publick tyranny ? For what were *Othman*’s race decreed to rule, but for the safety of the faithful ? And if a tyrant violate unchecked each social duty, ’tis he first robs his subjects of their peace. But thou, O *Sadak* art a noble patriot, thou canst unconcerned behold thy palace flaming, and thy wife torn from thy arms to fate a tyrant’s palate ; thou canst with meanness crouch before a puny lord, in ought but pomp inferior to thyself, and call his vile unhallowed lust, the unalterable law which *Alla* sanctifies, and *Mahomet* approves. Such then be *Sadak*’s love, and such his vowed protection of *Kalafrade*’s honour ; but hear me, prophet of the just, and thou pure, heavenly being, spotless and holy God ! Thou who canst protect the weakest with thy mighty arm, O give me strength to save that chastity, which cruel *Sadak* dares not justify, and make thy trembling votary the instrument of vengeance. on the tyrant’s head.”

“ O beauteous, and much injured *Kalafrade*, answered *Sadak*, rather pray that *Mahomet* would fortify thy *Sadak*’s heart, and teach him

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“ in this doubtful path, his duty to *Kalafrade* and
 “ his prince.”

“ Alas, interrupted *Doubor*, the chief of the
 “ eunuchs, I hoped this interview would have
 “ administered comfort to the hearts of *Sadak* and
 “ *Kalafrade* ; but passion, alas, has consumed
 “ the short moments that belonged to love, for
 “ now in the east are hung the banners of ap-
 “ proaching day, and the faint purple light, re-
 “ flected from the distant clouds, warns our re-
 “ treat. Come, noble *Sadak*, let us leave the
 “ beauteous fair, in full assurance, that *Alla* will
 “ prevent the worst ill you dread, and save *Ka-*
 “ *lafrade* spotless till her lord’s return.”

“ Leave her, O *Doubor*, answered *Sadak*, look-
 “ ing with wild extacy on his beloved wife, whom
 “ am I to leave ?”——

“ Brave and resolved chief, interrupted *Kalaf-*
 “ *rade*, thy master wants thy wife, and thou must
 “ yield her to his furious will ; retire then, noble
 “ *Sadak*, for *Amurath* approaches with the wild
 “ eye of lust, and passion heats his blood to fold
 “ *Kalafrade* with his warm embrace ; retire, my
 “ *Sadak*, to some convenient spot, where safety
 “ hidden from the flashes of thy Sultan’s amorous
 “ rage, thou mayest be a duteous and submissive
 “ witness of thy master’s pleasures. Yes, conti-
 “ nued the distracted *Kalafrade*, thou shalt view
 “ my tender frame convulsed, and see these arms,
 “ which oft have folded *Sadak*, stretched be-
 “ neath the imperial rack of *righteous Othman*’s
 “ power.”

“ O *Sadak*,

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" O *Sadak*, interrupted *Doubor*, one moment more and all is lost; O *Kalafrade*, if *Sadak* ere deserved thy love, dismiss him hence, and save thyself, thy lord, and me, from instant ruin."

" What, replied the wild *Kalafrade*, folding her noble *Sadak* in her arms, wilt thou bereave me of this polished shaft on whom I twine, and after crush me with the ponderous mass of *Amurath*? No, base eunuch, 'tis here alone *Kalafrade* lives, and *Sadak* lost, my own weak female arm will set me free from *Amurath*'s embrace."

" To leave thee now, replied *Sadak*, were to give thee up a prey to tyranny and lust: No, *Kalafrade*, let the tyrant come, we'll disappoint his malice, and both at once seek peace beyond the gates of death."

It was in vain that *Doubor* attempted to interrupt the vehemence of *Sadak* and *Kalafrade*, forgetful of themselves, or of the hazard of their friendly eunuch, they folded each other in mutual embraces, and seemed resolved that nothing more should part them.

The distressed eunuch finding every remonstrance in vain, departed from the apartments of *Kalafrade*, and hastened to the chambers of the Sultan.

Sadak and *Kalafrade*, without perceiving the chief of the eunuchs had left them, continued entranced

entranced in each others arms, and calling *Alla* and *Mahomet* to witness their mutual constancy and truth.

In the midst of these passionate expressions, the bird of *Adiram* entered the windows of the palace, and perching on the shoulder of *Sadak*, thus delivered the message of his mistress to the astonished pair.

“ To comfort the afflicted is the delight of our
 “ race, and the inhabitants of heaven stoop with
 “ pleasure to the children of earth, when mercy
 “ calls them down : For this cause came the voice
 “ of consolation to *Kalafade* ; when the evils of
 “ tyranny beset her, *Adiram* also, the servant of
 “ *Mahomet*, watched over the afflicted fair one,
 “ and gave to *Doubor* the feelings of compassion.
 “ By his counsels was *Amurath* engaged in an in-
 “ violable oath, to abstain from his base purpose,
 “ till the waters of oblivion were obtained, and
 “ *Sadak*, by his assistance, was again blessed with
 “ the sight of his *Kalafade*.

“ How have ye, wretched pair, perverted these
 “ kind purposes of *Adiram* ! And where is that for-
 “ titude which first recommended you to the tu-
 “ telage of our immortal race ! By an ill-judged
 “ perseverance, you have changed a virtuous con-
 “ stancy into a vicious passion ; and neglecting
 “ both the bonds of friendship and the commands
 “ of *Mahomet*, you have nearly sacrificed *Doubor*
 “ to your folly, and yourself to the idle dreams of
 “ uncurbed love. Love is an heavenly appetite,
 “ planted in the human species, to beget in them
 “ social harmonies ; it melts and subdues the savage
 “ heart,

"heart, as the stubborn ore is softened in the re-
 "finer's vessel ; and when regulated by religion,
 "it is ever protected by *Alla* and his prophet ; but
 "blessings in the cup of the unrighteous, are as
 "the dregs of heaven's wrath, and appetite, when
 "it overcomes reason and religion, is as the vassal
 "of sin ; though *Alla* hath taught you to submit,
 "and bear with patience the evils of life, ye have
 "listened to the fantasies of love, and in the bra-
 "very of your hearts, resolved to pass together to
 "the gates of death. What then are ye, foolish
 "pair, that ye should have dominion over that
 "life, which *Alla* breathed into the clay-formed
 "tabernacles of your unanimated flesh ? Or where
 "is the fortitude of flying like cowards from
 "the face of danger, to the silent grave ? Yet know,
 "while *Alla* reigns, no evil shall befall the sons of
 "infirmity, but such as patiently endured, may
 "work their future good ; and therefore to the
 "just one alone, it appertaineth to dismiss from
 "the service of life, or to continue his children in
 "the trials of affliction.

"Thus, saith *Adiram*, the *Genius* of *Sadak* and
 "*Kalafrade*, who is now compelled by the law of
 "fate, to leave her pupils to the miseries they have
 "entailed upon themselves."

The bird of *Adiram* uttered no more, but
 flew on the elastick surface of the air into the
 gardens of the palace, while the tender *Kalafrade*
 sunk in tears on the bosom of her astonished *Sadak*.

The bird was no sooner gone forth, than *Sadak*
 heard the feet of a multitude in the gallery ; and

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the doors of the apartment immediately bursting open, the guards of the seraglio entered, and seized on the unhappy pair.

Sadak, unmindful of himself, endeavoured to defend his beloved; and though oppressed by numbers, yet he fell upon the eunuch who held his *Kalafrade*, and tore him to the ground.

But the resistance of *Sadak* was vain, the guards parted him from *Kalafrade*, and loaded him with chains.

As soon as *Sadak* was secured by the guards, the chief of the eunuchs appeared at the door of the apartment.

"Slaves, said he aloud, is the vile miscreant *Sadak*, who hath entered the sacred walls of *Amurath's* seraglio, seized?"

"He is, great *Doubor*, answered the guards; the chain of death is on him, and we wait but for your commands to send his soul among those who rebel against their prince."

"Hold slave, replied *Doubor*, and secure him unhurt, till the mighty *Amurath* approach."

Sadak was confounded at the appearance and behaviour of *Doubor*, and *Kalafrade* wished to load him with reproach; but he feared she might incur the censures of *Adiram*, as she knew not as yet by what means her lord was discovered.

Ere

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Ere long the musick of the seraglio sounded, and *Doubor*, the chief of the eunuchs, perceiving that *Amurath* was near, hastened to receive him.

"Prince of my life, said the chief of the eunuchs, as the royal *Amurath* came forward with the deadly frown on his brow, thy slaves have secured the enemy of thy peace."

"Faithful *Doubor*, replied *Amurath*, I commend thy zeal: But where is this vile miscreant, who presumes to invade the recesses of *Amurath's* seraglio."

"Here, tyrant, said the stern *Sadak*, if the oppressor dare look upon his injured" —

The guards who had secured *Sadak*, perceiving by his speech that he meant to insult their Sultan, stopped with their hands all farther utterance, and gagged him with a bit of iron.

The wretched *Kalafrade* seeing her lord in such distress, broke from the guards (who held her but slightly, fearing the same fate which befel the black slave should *Amurath* relent) and clasping the much injured *Sadak* in her arms:

"Vile slaves, said she, unhand my lord;". then bursting into tears, "O *Sadak*, noble *Sadak*, continued she, joy of my soul, and fountain of my life! How have these wretches dared deform thy noble image with their bonds of iron! Why didst thou not frown, my love, and fix
L 4 " them

“ them motionless with awe and fear ! What is
 “ this puny *Amurath*, and all his guards, against
 “ the noble effort of thy uplifted arm ! Alas, alas,
 “ my *Sadak*, they have bound you while you slept
 “ with ignominious chains, and now the tyrants
 “ laugh at your distress.”

As the wild *Kalafrade* uttered these incoherent words, the guards and *Doubor* stood in fixed amazement, fearing to interpose, or use the fair one roughly, and yet alarmed at her bold speech.

Nor was the Sultan less confounded than his guards ; each word she uttered stung him to the soul, and yet her glowing beauties, enlivened by her distress, and the tumultuous workings of her lovely frame, so strongly affected *Amurath*, that his lips refused to give forth the commands of his heart.

But seeing the beauteous *Kalafrade* endeavouring to embrace her lord, his fury returned, and he cried aloud,

“ Base eunuch, secure the mad female from
 “ polluting herself with that wretch, she dare pre-
 “ fer to *Amurath*. And slaves, continued the
 “ enraged Sultan, your lives shall answer for your
 “ base neglect, in not destroying the rebellious
 “ *Sadak*.”

The chief of the eunuchs having secured the distressed *Kalafrade*, gave her into the custody of the eunuchs, and then he commanded the guards to put the bow-string upon *Sadak*.

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The wild miserable *Kalafrade*, at sight of the bow-string screamed aloud, and fell into the arms of the eunuchs ; her fixed eyes were dilated with madness, and her teeth shook with the agonies of death.

Amurath saw the affecting change with wild emotion, and fearful lest the soul of *Kalafrade* should escape, ordered the slaves to release *Sadak* from the bow-string.

“ Slothful *Doubor*, said *Amurath*, hasten to my
“ *Kalafrade*’s assistance ; for by the *Othman* faith
“ I swear, ye all shall follow if my fair one pe-
“ rish.”

The attempts of *Doubor* and his attendants were vain ; *Kalafrade* continued entranced, and *Amurath* in despair ordered *Sadak* to be released, that he might endeavour to recover his *Kalafrade* from her alarming trance.

As soon as the guards had unbound *Sadak* and released his mouth, they signified to him the Sultan’s orders, and led him toward the motionless *Kalafrade*.

“ Happy *Kalafrade*, said the brave *Sadak*, I trust
“ ere this the prophet of the faithful hath delivered
“ thee from the tyrant’s power ; if not, *Sadak* will
“ not disturb thy fleeting spirit : proceed, thou di-
“ vine spirit of innocence and virtue, toward thy
“ eternal mansion, and let not the rude breath of
“ *Sadak*’s voice, divert thee from thy righteous
“ course.”

“ Ah,

“ Ah, blessed *Alla*, said the faint *Kalafrade*,
 “ (reviving at her *Sadak*’s well-known voice) where
 “ am I, in what blissful seat hast thou placed me?
 “ where the sweet musick of my *Sadak*’s voice sings
 “ comfort to my soul. Ah, surely the trance of
 “ death is passed, and I am far removed from *Amu-*
 “ *rath* and all his curses !”

“ Unfortunate *Kalafrade*, said *Sadak*, starting,
 “ art thou again returned from the sweet sleep of
 “ death, to new-invented scenes of misery ! Then
 “ bind me, slaves, again, and fix the bow-string
 “ to my neck : Once more, thou virtuous partner
 “ of my heart, I call thy faithful soul away. Ty-
 “ rant, release me from the world, for now I know
 “ *Kalafrade* will not stay behind.

“ No, proud rebel, said *Amurath*, when *Kalaf-*
 “ *rade*’s life’s at stake, thy being is of trivial mo-
 “ ment : At present live, that she may live for
 “ whom life’s only sweet. But I demean my
 “ royalty, in holding speech with such a slave.
 “ *Doubor*, separate these stubborn spirits, and for
 “ *Kalafrade*’s sake, let *Sadak* though confined, want
 “ not life’s comfort. But, eunuch, watch with
 “ steady eye my beauteous Sultana, supply her
 “ wants unbidden, yet on your life take care, her
 “ frantick wildness is not suffered to prey upon
 “ herself : And, *Doubor*, when these things are
 “ executed according to the will of thy lord, let
 “ me see thee in the palace of pictures.”

At these words the Sultan *Amurath* retired, and
Doubor having executed his commission, hastned
 to meet his lord.

“ Faithful

“ Faithful eunuch, said *Amurath*, as he entered, -
 “ I am pleased at thy contrivance ; it had been
 “ dangerous, as thou well observeſt, to have
 “ ſeized on *Sadak*, the favourite of the janniſaries .
 “ in the publick face of day ; but now, by thy
 “ artifice, his life is forfeit, and the ſilent bow-
 “ ſtring will unheard, releaſe me from this enemy
 “ of my love. Wherefore I mean, that ere to-
 “ morrow’s ſun ſurvey the wide-extended *Othman*
 “ empire, my faithful *Doubor*, with a few attend-
 “ ants, ſeize on his forfeit life.”

“ Lord of the *Othman* empire, answered *Doubor*,
 “ I ſhall obey the law of thy mouth.”

“ But, *Doubor*, ſaid *Amurath*, one circumſtance
 “ ſtill hangs upon my doubtful mind. You ſay
 “ this *Sadak* entered the ſeraglio by your advice,
 “ yet *Doubor*, what need was there to bring him
 “ in the ſilent hour of midnight to *Kalaſrade*’s
 “ apartment, to have detected him in our royal
 “ gardens were ſufficient : *Doubor*, the thought
 “ breeds anguiſh in my ſoul ; beſides, traitor,
 “ thou leddeſt him as a mute into *Kalaſrade*’s arms ;
 “ Slave, ſlave, thou lieſt, and *Amurath*’s be-
 “ trayed.”

“ Moſt enlightened of muſſulmen, answered *Dou-
 bor*, the ſlave that dared attempt to deceive my
 “ lord might juſtly tremble, as nothing can eſ-
 “ cape thy penetrating eye. Alas, had ignorant
 “ *Doubor* the judgment of the father of the faithful,
 “ I had aſſuredly done as thou haſt ſaid, but fool-
 “ iſhly hoping to do more, I have nearly forfeited
 “ the eſteem of my Sultan.”

“What more didst thou mean, vain man, to execute,” said *Amurath*, somewhat softened.

“Mighty *Amurath*, answered the chief of the eunuchs, when first I brought the disguised *Sadak* from the gardens of the seraglio, I asked the deceitful slave, whether he would yield *Kalafra* to thy arms, if *Amurath* would vest him with a Viziar’s honours; to which he yielded a pretended assent, and assured me he would engage *Kalafra* to receive thy embrace, the moment she was convinced of his exaltation.

“Allured by this promise, I led him to the fair one’s apartment, and as I hoped the consequence would be grateful to my Sultan, I neglected to inform thee of *Sadak*’s presence, till I had heard the issue of his conference with *Kalafra*. But when I had brought the deceitful slave before her, unmindful of his promise, he attempted to pour forth a love tale at her feet; upon which I hastened to inform thee of his presence, and the guards of the seraglio soon secured the deceitful wretch.”

“Since then he values love beyond the honours of the *Othman* state, said *Amurath*, let him fall a sacrifice to love. *Doubor*, dispatch him instantly, each moment that he lives increases my disquiet; but remember his breath in secret pass, that not a sigh contaminate the air to wound *Kalafra*’s peace.”

No

No sooner was *Doubor* gone, than the wavering *Amurath* began to repent that he had sent him.

"How am I divided, said he, by love and honour! without the waters of oblivion are obtained, my sacred oath prevents all intercourse with *Kalafra*! And if *Sadak* dies, who shall be able to surmount the dangers that environ the fountains of oblivion.

"Guards, said the anxious Sultan, call back the slave *Doubor*, stop his officious haste, and bring him here before thy prince."

The chief of the eunuchs returned:

"Peace, said he, be to the mighty *Amurath*, and may all his foes perish from before him!"

"What, wretched eunuch, said *Amurath* hastily, is *Sadak* numbered with the dead?"

"The word of my lord, replied *Doubor*, was pressing, and thy slave hastened to obey thy command; but being recalled so suddenly by thy guards, I stopped the slaves who drew the bow-string, and *Sadak* on his knees expects his doubtful fate."

"Then all is well, replied *Amurath*, for I mean not, *Doubor*, to destroy the doating wretch, through whom alone (such has been thy master's folly) must *Amurath* hope to reach *Kalafra*'s beauties."

"Alas,

“ Alas, replied *Doubor*, the chief of the eunuchs, thy slave doth oft reflect upon the oath, which robs my Sultan of the haughty fair one.”

“ Yet, *Doubor*, think not, continued *Amurath*, that, christian like, I mean to break my faith, where interest or occasion tempt; no, I have bound this happy and luxurious *Sadak*, to draw his own destruction from the fountains of oblivion; and now, if he fail to execute the vow, his life is justly forfeit, and *Kalafrade* at our own disposal. Wherefore, *Doubor*, let a ship be prepared, to convey him to that distant island, where the waters of oblivion are concealed.”

“ Lord of the *Othman* race, answered *Doubor*, I shall haste to obey thy will; nevertheless, if the weakness of *Doubor*’s understanding might be permitted to unfold itself in the sight of my Prince, I would wish my Lord appointed some one on whom he might depend, as master of the ship in which the rebel *Sadak* sails. For well thou knowest, mighty father of mussulmen, that *Sadak* is beloved in the army, and the admirals of the fleet look on him with partial eyes. Was it not, O light of the world, in the insurrection of jannisaries, in the month *Muharrem*, that *Sadak* only was sufficient to appease the tumult. he then was faithful to his Lord, but now he leaves *Kalafrade* in thy possession: I fear his fierce unconquerable soul may easily be led aside from his obedience.”

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"Then, *Doubor*, answered *Amurath*, let him
 "perish, for I will bear no rival in my power,"
 "or in my love: Yet surely, *Doubor*, the soul of
 "*Sadak* will not break through those bonds his
 "faith hath formed; ere to-morrow's sun new
 "gilds the *Hellepont*, his vow must urge him to
 "depart."

"True, Prince of the faithful, answered *Dou-*
 "*bor*; nor need you fear a rival in this *Sadak*,
 "whose pale glimmering glories are enlivened
 "only by the favour of *Amurath*."

"Well then, replied the Sultan, since his cou-
 "rage is necessary for our repose, to your care,
 "faithful eunuch, I commit him; and let him haste
 "away, for *Amurath*'s love ill brooks the tortures
 "of suspense."

The chief of the eunuchs hastened to obey the
 command of *Amurath*, and returning to the dun-
 geon where *Sadak* expected the end of his fate, he
 ordered the mutes to release him.

Sadak, amazed at the order of *Doubor*, arose, and,
 the mutes having released him, retired.

"*Sadak*, said *Doubor*, as the mutes retired,
 "behold the messenger of thy Sultan's mercy, who
 "spares thy forfeit life, because thy vow hath de-
 "dicated it to thy master's service!"

"If by thy master's gift alone, O treacherous
 "eunuch, I am to possess my life, said *Sadak*
 "sternly, he sends his mercy to a thankless slave.
 "Mercy!

“ Mercy ! dare the tyrant thus miscall the malice
 “ of his heart ? It is mercy then to defile my bet-
 “ ter life, and send the poor remainder an outcast
 “ vagabond upon a pandor’s errand. Go, obse-
 “ quious eunuch, return to thy proud pampered
 “ master, and tell him, *Sadak* wants not his life
 “ upon such slavish terms.”

“ Alas, unfortunate *Sadak*, answered the chief
 “ of the eunuchs, what will the big word avail
 “ thee ? When *Amurath* perceives you mean not
 “ to execute the vow you have made, he will hold
 “ himself no longer bound by that oath the duteous
 “ *Kalafrade* has extorted from him.”

“ Slave, returned *Sadak*, I understand thee not;
 “ there is a shew of friendship in thy speech, and
 “ yet methinks I have more to fear when the
 “ wily serpent glides besides me, than when his
 “ angry hiss timely proclaims a generous defi-
 “ ance.”

“ The friendship of humanity, said *Doubor* cool-
 “ ly, I owe to all ; nor is my heart sufficiently
 “ revengeful, even to crush the ungrateful adder
 “ that stings me while I cherish him. But, *Sa-
 “ dak*, I mean not to gall thee with reproach,
 “ but as a friend, advise thee to submit, where
 “ submission only can yield thee hopes of com-
 “ fort.”

“ Friendly *Doubor*, answered *Sadak* pausing, I
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“ Fear not, answered *Doubor*, already orders
“ are given to equip you ; and ere night you shall
“ be conveyed to one of the *Othman* ships, with
“ an able commander to steer you to the destined
“ spot. But I can say no more, *Amurath* expects
“ your answer, and I haste to proclame your obe-
“ dience.”

Sadak now began to relent, and he accused his heart, in suspecting the integrity of the chief of the eunuchs. But *Doubor* was fled, and *Sadak* left alone in the dungeon of the seraglio.

“ O *Alla*, said the wretched *Sadak*, to thy all
“ just protection I commit my faithful *Kalafrade* ;
“ thou, who over-rulest the Princesses of the world,
“ canst secure her in the fiery trial: relying on
“ thy arm, she shall stand as the water fowl on
“ the rock, and see the tempestuous billows of the
“ ocean spend their vain force beneath her, una-
“ ble to wash with their rude waves the surface
“ of her dwelling place !”

The chief of the eunuchs having declared to *Amurath* the obedience of *Sadak*, waited till the evening, when entering the dungeon with the guards of the seraglio, they conveyed *Sadak* through the water-gate, to the ship which was prepared to sail in quest of the waters of oblivion ; neither had the noble *Sadak*, by reason of the attendant guards, any opportunity of expressing his gratitude to *Doubor*, the chief of the eunuchs.

As soon as *Sadak* was embarked, the ship set sail, and the noble son of *Elar* found that the captain

of the ship was a Christian renegado; for *Dauber* had in vain sought after one of his own nation, who was sufficiently skilled in navigation to perform the voyage.

For several days the ship ran swiftly before the wind, and hurried the unfortunate *Sadak* from the place of his beloved, as the vulture bears in his talons the panting lamb from its mothers teats.

But these winds were after a short time succeeded by a calm, in which, being detained from their purpose, and a small gale afterwards arising, the captain of the vessel put into the island of *Serfu*, and there continued for two months, neither suffering his men to land, nor permitting the natives to enter his ship.

Sadak, though astonished at the behaviour of *Gehari*, the captain, yet attempted not to leave the ship, but spent his time chiefly in solitude and contemplation.

A small vessel arriving from *Constantinople*, at length brought the captain the orders he expected; and the wind being favourable, he hoisted his sails, and steered for the *Atlantick* ocean.

And now they were passing the island of *Kirigou* when a storm arose, and after many days buffeting against the wind, obliged them to sail into the bay which embosoms the city of *Koron*.

It was in vain the citizens made signs for the ship to steer away from their port; the swelling ocean,

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ocean, and the fierce winds united, drove them precipitately on the beach, and every one being terrified with the storm, they hastened on shore, leaving the ship at anchor near the beach.

“Unhappy mariners, said an aged citizen to them, as they walked up the beach, you have escaped the womb of the sea, to be buried in this contagious city.”

The mariners hung down their heads at this dreadful declaration, and *Sadak* perceived that the plague was raging in the city of *Koron*.

The captain, whose *Mahometan* name was *Gebari*, ordered his crew to seize on *Sadak*; at the same time sending notice to the governor of the city, that he bore the commission of *Amurath*, and had a state prisoner under his care.

Sadak was amazed at the captain's behaviour, for he knew not before that he was looked upon as a prisoner, or that *Gebari* had any command over him.

“My Lord, said *Gebari*, be not alarmed, I have no commission to treat you ill, and if I had, your noble behaviour would prevent the execution of it; only I was commanded, if possible, not to land in the *Othman*-empire, and if necessity drove me ashore, I was to look upon you as my prisoner.”

“*Gebari*, said *Sadak*, use me as you please, you have the commission of my prince, before
M 2 “whose

" whose lawful will I shall ever prostrate my obedient spirit."

It was happy for *Gehari* that his prisoner was of a noble temper, for such was the confusion of the city, that the governor had neither guard nor authority among his miserable subjects.

" Alas, said *Gehari* to *Sadak*, as they entered the city, to boast a power over you here, were to carry human vanity even beyond the grave. Death and destruction are the rulers of *Koron*, and desolation tyrannizes over the children of *Alla*."

" Not so, noble *Gehari*, answered *Sadak*, thou hast yet but a Christian's faith, or thou wouldst learn to acknowledge *Alla*, the father of his children, even in the grave of death. His hand, O *Gehari*, is on the famine and the plague; where he suffers, they spread the dark wings of fate, and where he stops, the mighty conquerors fall appeased. But let us boldly enter these gates of sickness, and while we have strength, administer to those, over whom the dark fiend hath thrown the purple mantle of contagion."

The mariners, animated by the words and the example of *Sadak*, boldly entered the city of *Koron*; and while the ghastly inhabitants sat trembling and inactive in their houses, *Sadak* and his companions exercised the compassionate offices of humanity, on the miserable objects that surrounded them.

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But his laborious and dangerous employment soon overwhelmed the noble *Sadak*, and he found, the plague had seized his distempered blood.

Listless, and unable to serve others or to help himself, the wretched son of *Elar* fell between two carcases, to preserve whom his utmost endeavours had proved abortive.

The miseries that succeeded, nature kindly hid from his remembrance; the disorder possessed his brain, and he lay entranced on the ground in the streets of *Koron*.

After two days he arose from the ground, his knees tottering with the weight of his emaciated body; he cast his hollow eyes around him, and on every side saw the dismal marks of the all-destructive plague.

But what engaged his chief attention were two youths, who were kneeling on the ground beside an aged body, which was just sending forth his last pestiferous breath, as a deadly legacy between his children. Their pious tears, and their duteous attention to the expiring Sage, mixed with a submissive resignation to the will of *Alla*, struck the soul of *Sadak*, long before he perceived they were the sons of his strength, who were performing the last said offices to *Mepiki*, the father of *Kalaf-rade*.

“ My children, my duteous children, said the
“ enervated *Sadak*, crawling with trembling limbs
“ to their assistance, may *Alla* bless your pious
“ care ;

“ care ; you are indeed the sons of *Sadak*, and the
 “ offspring of *Kalafrade*, and your father is better
 “ pleased to see you thus active in this vale of death
 “ than crowned with the conquest of unnumbered
 “ foes.”

The astonishment of *Codan* and *Abud* at the sight of their father, did not prevent their attendance on the dying *Mepiki* ; they closed the eyes of their departing friend with pious tears, and embraced with reverence the dead body of their honoured ancestor.

The soul of *Sadak* was overcome by the piety of his children, and he, whom embattled armies could not move from his post, became the tender victim of paternal affection.

Codan and *Abua* perceiving their father fainting, ran to his assistance ; new cares succeeded to increase their affliction, and the dying groans of *Mepiki* were scarce remembered, while *Sadak* continued to faint in the arms of his children.

“ Thanks, gentle *Codan*, thanks tender *Abud*,
 “ said *Sadak* to his children, as he arose from the
 “ bondage of weakness, though nature is exhausted, my soul is revived by the behaviour of my
 “ sons, and *Sadak* rejoices to see the tenderness of
 “ *Kalafrade* triumphant over thy father’s fierceness.”

“ Fountain of our life, and leader of our
 “ thoughts, answered *Codan*, thy children lift
 “ up their hearts to *Alla*, and bless him for the

" comforts he has given us in this scene of ter-
" rors."

" Ah, my sons, said *Sadak*, why should I com-
" plain of bodily weakness, when the weakness
" of my mind is superior ; unsatisfied with the
" presence of my children, I burn to know what
" strange fatality has brought you to the city of
" *Koron* ?"

" Author of our being, answered *Abud*, thy
" children have not been exempt from the misfor-
" tunes of their parents. Soon after our father
" left us under the protection of the affectionate
" *Mepiki*, a slave hastened toward the hut, whi-
" ther thy offspring had retired from the rage of
" the flame.

" Aged *Mepiki*, said the slave, retire with the
" children of *Sadak*, for behold the royal janni-
" faries are advancing, and *Amurath* hath com-
" manded the progeny of *Sadak* to be brought
" before him.

" Our aged parent wrung his hands at the re-
" lation of the slave ; the jannifaries were in sight,
" and *Codan*, and myself only with thy father
" *Mepiki*.

" Alas, said the parent of our honoured mo-
" ther *Kalafrade*, five of my daughter's children
" are with the eunuchs, at the extremity of the
" garden, and to us there are little hopes of
" flight, to them is the certainty of condemna-
" tion.

“ Venerable fire, answered the slave, it will
 “ be vain to attempt the rescue of those who are
 “ absent from my lord, but if you and the chil-
 “ dren of *Saduk* will follow me into the forest
 “ that overshadows the village, I will engage to
 “ lead you in safety from the malice of your pur-
 “ suers.

“ Lead me then, replied our fire *Mepiki*, lead
 “ me, faithful slave, from the tyranny of *Amu-*
 “ *rath* ! For myself indeed it little matters whe-
 “ ther I perish by age, or by the sword, but
 “ these may live to revenge the blood of their
 “ ancestors.

“ Thus saying, *Mepiki* leaned on the slave,
 “ and *Codan* and myself drawing our scymitars,
 “ we issued forth, and covered ourselves from the
 “ sight of the jannisaries among the cedars of the
 “ forest.

“ Here we continued till night, when the faith-
 “ ful slave besought us to follow him through the
 “ forest, to a town about four leagues from the
 “ habitation of *Mepiki*.

“ Thinking ourselves too near the arm of *Amu-*
 “ *rath*, we departed thence the following night to
 “ *Barebo*, and there continued, till a vessel, which
 “ was trading to *Ismir*, took us on board, and
 “ carried us to that pride of *Asia*.

“ We continued in *Ismir* but a few days, the
 “ plague broke out in the suburbs, and raged
 “ with such violence, that *Mepiki* resolved to
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"embark in the first vessel that left the city of
" *Ismir*.

"This happened to be a merchant's sloop,
"bound for *Koron*, in which we came with fa-
"vourable gales, and landed not long since in this
"miserable city.

"The mariners who came with us, escaped
"not the pestilence, although they had left the
"city of *Ismir*; they were seized with the conta-
"gion as soon as they landed, and the disorder
"raged with such violence, that ere half the moon
"was elapsed, the whole city groaned under its
"wretched influence.

"The aged *Mepiki* for some time shut himself
"and us up in an inner apartment, hoping to es-
"cape the contagion; but when he found the
"deadly disorder had seized him, he commanded
"us to carry him forth into the open air, which,
"in obedience to his will, we performed this
"morning."

"And have ye, my children, said *Sadak* hastily,
"overcome the contagion, or hath it yet delayed
"to seize on your youthful frames?"

"We have hitherto, answered *Codan*, experi-
"enced a doubtful life; but seeing our parent has
"escaped from the danger of the plague, we shall
"no longer accuse our stars of leading us to the
"horrors of this place."

"Son,

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“ Son, answered *Sadak*, to accuse fate is to
 “ rebel against *Alla*; and no circumstances can
 “ justify our imprecations, while our faith, must
 “ assure us, that he is the merciful governor of all
 “ our fortunes.”

Codan, abashed at the reproof of *Sadak*, covered
 his breast with his declining head.

As *Sadak* held this converse in the desolate streets
 of *Koron*, he perceived the captain of the ship
 drawing near him; but the fire of his countenance
 was extinguished, and the lamp of life glimmered
 but palely in the cheeks of *Gehari*.

“ Noble *Gehari*, said *Sadak*, turning toward
 “ him, I perceive that equal misfortunes have
 “ oppressed us; yet in this victory of the grave,
 “ how much are we indebted to *Alla* for our won-
 “ derful escape!”

“ That I should bless *Alla*, answered *Gehari*,
 “ is not wonderful, for my enjoyments will pro-
 “ bably be restored with my life; but surely to
 “ the much injured *Sadak*, death had been a wel-
 “ come guest.”

“ *Gehari*, answered *Sadak*, it is by the gracious
 “ *Alla*’s appointment, that I bear the standard of
 “ affliction, in which post, if I fall, blessed be
 “ his will; but while I live, I mean not cowardly
 “ to lament my situation.”

“ Well, replied *Gehari*, dost thou unite the
 “ determinations of the brave with the submissions
 “ of

"of the pious; nor are your virtues useless, for
 " *Amurath* means to try their utmost strength, and
 " I come an unwilling slave, to urge your depar-
 " ture from the city of *Koron*."

" If *Gehari* will point out the means of my de-
 " parture, answered *Sadak*, I am prepared; but
 " suffer me to take these my children, as compa-
 " nions in my toils.

" Ah, replied *Gehari*, starting, are these the sons
 " of *Sadak*, on whose lives the Sultan sets so high
 " a price? Now, *Sadak*, teach me the duty that
 " I owe my Prince, consistent with my friendship
 " to thy noble nature: On pain of *Amurath's*
 " displeasure, is every one who owns the *Othman*
 " sway, bound to discover their knowledge of thy
 " children; and yet sooner shall *Gehari* perish,
 " than bring such exquisite distress on *Sadak's* ge-
 " nerous spirit."

" *Gehari*, answered *Sadak*, obey thy prince,
 " and let not friendship breed rebellion."

" What, my father, interrupted *Codan*, will
 " you tamely yield your sons a prey to tyranny?
 " if so, *Mepiki's* life is spent in vain; we better
 " had fallen with our brethren, beneath the scy-
 " mitars of the jannifaries, than met at *Koron* with
 " our father's friend."

" *Codan*, answered *Sadak* sternly, it ill becomes
 " the sucker to vie with its parent stock; as a
 " father, in tenderness I should forget your want
 " of filial duty, but rebellion, son, shall meet with
 " *Sadak's*

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“ *Sadak's* curse, though his uplifted dagger pierce
 “ his *Codan's* heart ; and yet, my son, I would
 “ this mighty *Amurath*, for whom the slaves of *Oth-*
 “ *man* live, did weigh in equal balance his own
 “ impetuous pleasures and his people's comfort.
 “ Surely *Alla*, thou gavest not our lives to be the
 “ tyrant's sport, but didst intend the ruler of the
 “ faithful should be his subjects joy ! If thou shalt
 “ judge hereafter the princes of the earth, for
 “ every life in wantonness destroyed, there is not
 “ a prince but gladly would exchange his nature
 “ with a peasant !”

“ Generous *Sadak*, said *Gehari*, dispel the gloom
 “ that overwhelms thee, for *Gehari* means not to
 “ betray thy sons : The spirited *Codan*, and his
 “ more submissive brother, shall, if it please thee,
 “ partake of their father's fortune. Of all our
 “ mariners but seven have escaped the plague,
 “ *Codan*, therefore, and *Abud*, shall supply the
 “ place of two of my officers, and the rest we must
 “ seek for in some neighbouring port.”

“ Friendly *Gehari*, answered *Sadak*, how shall
 “ I repay thy generous services ! permit us only to
 “ hide the corpse of our dear parent in the earth,
 “ and we will attend thy will.”

At these words *Gehari* left *Sadak* and his children, and calling together his scattered mariners, returned to the ship.

Sadak in the mean time assisted his sons in their melancholy office, and having covered up the
 body

body of *Mepiki*, he led them to the vessel which *Gebari* commanded.

The wind blowing from the land, soon wafted them from the city of *Koron*, and *Gebari*, unwilling to return toward *Constantinople*, sailed to *Medan*, and there recruited the number of his mariners.

From *Medan*, after a tedious passage, they reached the island of *Gomerou*, where refreshing themselves a short space, they steered to the south, through the wide *Atlantick*, and approaching toward the sun, they encountered the sultry heats of the torrid zone.

Sadak, though unacquainted with the sea, was not indolent; the day was spent in instructing his sons, and in the night he strove with manly courage, to surmount the oppressions of his mind, which were aggravated by the thoughts of *Kalaf-rade's* distress.

Having passed the warmer climates, they drew near to the cold regions of the south, and *Gebari* perceiving land, steered his vessel toward the shore, and anchored at a small distance from a beautiful island.

Here they found the blessings of plenty, and the mariners quickly recovering from the disorders of the sea, were enabled to pursue the directions of the bold *Gebari*, who stayed no longer than was necessary to refit his vessel and renew his stores.

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From this island they sailed toward the straits, which divide the *Atlantick* from the *Pacifick Ocean*. But as they approached the land, the wind arose, and the sea beat in tempestuous billows against the vessel of *Gehari*.

The mariners in vain pointed their vessel to the west, her sides shook as fearful of the storm; and the ship started from the face of the tempest, as the war horse trembles in the day of battle.

Sadak beheld the conflicting elements with patience and calmness, but *Codan* was terrified at the black mountainous ocean, which rose in broken precipices above the masts of the ship.

As the vessel sunk embosomed in hollow sounding billows, so sunk the heart of *Codan*, and *Sadak* in vain attempted to give to his son a courageous mind.

“Is this *Codan*, said his father, as he saw him dissolved in tears, and trembling at his fate?
“Is this the descendant of *Elar*, who so nobly supported the dying *Mepiki*? Where, wretched son, is that undaunted mind, which formerly endeared thee to thy parent?”

“Pardon, O *Sadak*, answered *Codan*, the misgivings of my soul: ’Tis not for myself, O parent of my life, but for thee my heart pants; and my strength flies from me; was it not sufficient that *Amurath* bereaved thee of *Kalafrade*, without sending thee hither amidst conflicting elements!”

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"*Codan*, answered *Sadak*, thy fears for me discover a noble soul, and *Sadak* thanks thee for them; but dismiss them quickly, *Codan*."——

As *Sadak* was uttering these words, a tremendous swell broke over the ship, and the wave overwhelmed both *Sadak* and his son.

The father instantly secured himself by embracing a part of the ship, which saved him from the efforts of the wave, but *Codan* became a sacrifice to its violence, and was driven over the sides of the vessel into the tumultuous ocean.

It was some time before *Sadak* recovered from the confusion around, as the sea had nearly stunned him in its passage; but when he found his son was torn from him by the swell, and saw him tossed on the billows, the undaunted *Sadak* leaped forward, and was about to follow, had not *Abud* caught his father in his arms, and prevented his intentions.

"Wretched *Abud*, said *Sadak* sternly, art thou jealous of *Codan*'s better spirit, that thou hast dared prevent thy father in rescuing his first-born from the womb of the sea?"

"Protector of thy children, answered *Abud*, forgive my presumption, and let *Sadak* be reserved for the arms of his *Kalafraide*; *Abud* either will deliver his brother, or perish beside him."

T H E

CONTINUATION of the TALE

O F

SADAK and KALASRADE.

“ NO, replied *Sadak*, preventing the intentions of *Abud*, as his son struggled to fling himself into the tempestuous ocean, I now am satisfied, and *Sadak*, thy father, shall restore thy *Codan* to his brother’s arms.”

In this tender struggle between *Sadak* and his son, *Gehari* advanced, and taking each by the hand,

“ Alas, noble friend, said he, will you increase the misfortunes of *Gehari* ; the good *Codan* is already the prey of our boisterous enemy, and will you likewise desert me in this perilous storm ?”

“ We mean, answered *Sadak* struggling, to rescue *Codan* the beloved of our heart.”

“ Though I admire your affection, replied *Gehari* (still preventing the purpose of *Sadak*) yet I must not suffer it to overpower your reason ; to sacrifice our lives in madness to the memory of our friend, is neither prudent nor courageous ; and greater fortitude is exercised in forbearance, than in the vehement sallies of distempered passion.”

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"The words of *Gehari*, answered *Sadak*, are
"as oil to the wounded on the plane, and we must
"learn, *Abud*, to submit, where *Alla* hath denied
"us the conquest of aught but ourselves. Yes,
"*Gehari*, to see my breathless son extended on
"the wave, and yet stand motionless beside him,
"is far more difficult, than to seek his embrace
"among the roarings of the ocean: But *Alla*, O
"*Codan*, is present with thee, and *Mahomet* hath
"taken charge of thy duteous body; 'tis we are
"afflicted by the storm, while thou art wasted
"from this scene of misery to the mansions of the
"faithful!"

The gentle *Abud* yielded to the wise dictates of his father, and *Gehari* prevailed on his friends to desist from their frantick purpose, as the sea was so fierce, that the ship could scarce bear the billows that broke around her.

After some time the storm abated, and *Gehari* prepared to run through the straits into the *Pacifick Ocean*.

The rest of the voyage passed uninterrupted by the wind or the sea, but the serenity of the weather did but ill compensate to *Sadak* the loss of his first-born.

After fifty days sailing *Gehari* discovered a great smoke, and in the night could distinguish at a distance flames of fire. These increased every hour, and so greatly terrified the mariners, that *Gehari* was fearful they would rise up against him, and refuse to proceed in their voyage.

Nor were the fears of *Gehari* groundless, for at their nearer approach, the curling foam of the waves each night appeared as liquid fire, and the ocean glowed like the melting pot of the refiner. The mariners aghast viewed with despair the horrid scene, and the fears which were expressed in their countenance, seemed to gather strength from the pale deadly light, which flashed on the broken surface of the sea beneath them.

Overpowered by the gloomy terror, they fell with their faces on the deck, and their captain in vain addressed them with alternate promises and threats.

Sadak perceiving the distress of *Gehari*, and that their purpose would prove abortive, if they were suffered to persist in their fears, obtained from *Gehari* permission to arouse them, and with his drawn sabre, walking into the midst of the prostrate mariners, he thus addressed their coward spirits.

“ Sons of *Mahomet*, and brethren of the truth,
 “ why fall ye thus as the leaves of autumn on
 “ the sandy plane? What conquering enemy
 “ cometh against you, whose terrifying aspect
 “ you dare not behold? Or what dangers are these
 “ which have subdued the soldiers of our prophet?
 “ Come the infidels of *Europe* against us; or is
 “ the all-bartering Christian arisen up in arms to
 “ oppose our passage? If these were in sight, my
 “ friends would doubtless arise, and vindicate the
 “ faith of mussulmen; they would start from the
 “ slumbers of fear, and put on the manly counte-

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" nance of war. Shall then the harmless wave af-
 " fright you, when in sportive gambols he imi-
 " tates the brisk flashes of a livelier element? Or
 " shall you, who have undaunted seen the ocean's
 " hollow womb, and all its watry caves, now sink
 " in terror back, when the heavy sea casts its lan-
 " guid smiles upon you, these my friends are omens
 " of our safety, and assure us of success? But rise,
 " and see me pour this harmless lightning on my
 " hands, and thank our prophet that in the starless
 " night, he makes old ocean light us on our des-
 " tined course."

Thus saying, the bold *Sadak* drew from the sur-
 rounding waves a bowl of water, which sparkled
 as it rose, and poured on his hands: The trem-
 bling mariners raised up their fearful heads, and
 viewed with wonder the innocent effect of *Sa-
 dak's* trial, till satisfied by the experiment, they
 again ventured to arise, each blushing at his cause-
 less fear.

But a few days sailing again recalled their fears.
 The island was now discovered, and in the
 middle of it an huge mountain, whose summit
 reached far above the fleeting clouds, where an
 uncommon volcano vomited forth a wide deluge of
 liquid fire, which broke forth from the mountain,
 with terrible roarings, and a mighty sound, as of
 winds bursting from the deep caverns of the earth.

The glowing deluge descended down the moun-
 tain in a sheet of fire, and rushing violently into
 the sea, drove back the affrighted waves in dread-

ful hisses from its surface, and for a long time preserved its fiery course, beneath the waters that foamed above it.

The countenance of *Gehari* was now fixed with astonishment and dread, and he confessed to *Sadak*, that he dared not trust his ship any nearer the island.

"Give me then, answered the undaunted warrior, a boat, and a small portion of your provision, and *Sadak* will alone risk the dangers that surround the fountains of oblivion."

"No, my father, answered the duteous *Abud*, there is yet one left that is ready to share with thee the dangers of this horrid place."

"My son, *Abud*, replied *Sadak*, *Codan* is no more, and the javelins of *Amurath* have doubtless, ere this, pierced the heart of thy brethren: If *Sadak* perish, yet shall his name live in *Abud*, and *Kalafade* shall yet have one to revenge her wrongs!"

"Tis not revenge alone, answered *Abud*, that thy *Kalafade* will require from her *Abud*; she will ask me also for thee, O *Sadak*; and when she hears, that I refused to share in my father's toils, she will pour on me the imprecations of an heart-broken parent."

"O *Sadak*, interrupted *Gehari*, yield to the duteous voice of *Abud*, whose presence with thee,

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“ thee, may haply be the means of both your future safety.

Sadak, at length overcome by *Abud* and *Gehari*, consented; and the unhappy father and his son descended from the side of the ship into the boat, which *Gehari* had prepared for their reception, while the captain and his mariners poured after them the unavailing tears of friendship and compassion.

The boat was about three leagues distant from the shore, when it parted from the ship, and the wind blowing fair, *Sadak* steered it briskly for the island of the waters of oblivion.

The nearer they approached, the more tremendous looked the rocks which surrounded the island, against which the sea beat and roared, as if it strove in vain for a place whereon it might rest.

Being arrived within half a league, the boat struck on a quicksand, and *Sadak* could neither move it, nor would the treacherous sand bear his weight, when he attempted to wade forward on its surface.

After many fruitless endeavours, he took several small boards, which formed the bottom floor of the boat, and tying them together, made two rafts, which he laid on the sand, and moving one forward, while he stood on the other, he thus made some small progress towards the island.

But this was an imperfect attempt, as the raft would bear but one at a time, and *Abud* was left an helpless spectator in the boat.

To conquer this difficulty, *Sadak* returned again to the boat, and by the help of the oars and rudder, he made a third raft; so that *Abud*, by following his father's steps, and giving the raft which he stept from to *Sadak*, who went before him, they, with difficulty, moved forward to the rocks that surrounded the waters of oblivion.

The tide had been several hours falling from the rocks, when *Sadak* arrived under their prominent horrors, and had left a narrow beach, on which he and *Abud* rested, after their perilous journey.

Here *Sadak* and his wretched son, recruited their wearied bodies, with such refreshment as they had brought in their garments from the boat, which, though scarce sufficient for the next day's support, was the only means of living they could see before them; unless they should be able to scale the over-hanging precipices, whose heads seemed wrapped in the dark clouds that were gathered around their rugged summits.

Sadak and *Abud* having refreshed their limbs, arose and went about under the rocks in search of some opening, which might afford them an entrance into the island; but ere they could discover any passage, they came in sight of the burning torrent, and were obliged to retire from its destructive influence.

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To add to this distress, the tide retired with violence around them, and the swelling ocean arose on the beach, so that *Sadak* and his son were half covered by the sea.

Thus wretched, they waded backwards and forward on the beach, till *Abud* discovered a small cavern in the rock, whose bottom the tide had not reached, when *Sadak* and his son ascended into it.

In this gloomy cavern, which dripped with the salt tears of the ocean, they obtained a few moments relief; but the ascending swell followed them ere long into the cavern, and dashing its rude waves against them, drove them on the ragged face of the rock.

The tide, however, rose not above them; but, after a long persecution, retired, and left them nearly exhausted by its rude buffetings; and the wretched father, and his duteous son, overcome with unnatural toils, slumbered on the sea-weed, which the water had left them for their miserable bed.

Yet, short were the slumbers of these afflicted *Musselmén*; the rocks and the mountains around them were heaved in the night with dreadful earthquakes, and the island trembled with the adventures *Sadak* and his son, as the wounded elephant shakes the tottering turret in the armies of the vanquished.

The sea, agitated by contending winds, rose in wild fragments to the clouds; and meteors gleaming through the troubled air, cast horrid light upon the watry profound, where monsters rising on the scattered waves, stirred up a new commotion, and waged bloody war among themselves, increasing still the terror of the night with their discordant roarings, which the concave echoing rocks again repeated, and over all the thunders from above, joined in the general discord.

“*Abud*, said *Sadak*, starting from his sleep, (as he beheld the horrid scene before him) such would all nature be, were evil spirits masters of our fate; but fear not, *Abud*, these gloomy rocks hide not this disordered prospect from our prophet’s sight: He, through the tumult looks on us, and watches lest our faithless spirit, sink from their just dependance upon *Alla*’s power.”

“True, answered the duteous *Abud*, O noble parent, and the man, whose righteous heart obeys the dictates of his God, may calmly view these desolated scenes.”

“In us, replied *Sadak*, whose slight frames were formed to tremble at every shock, these visions must awaken fear and horror; but the tumults of the whole ocean, and the crush of the wide earth itself, would be less disgustful to the blessed *Alla*, than the rebellious workings of a wicked heart, though hidden beneath the gay trappings of a voluptuous infidel. A wicked soul, O *Abud*, is more dark and tumultuous
“ than

“ than these horrors that surround us; yet of-
 “ ten doth the coward run with terror from
 “ the lightning’s flash, or even from an insect’s
 “ presence, when he dare cherish in his bosom
 “ the most dreadful of monsters, a disobedient and
 “ rebellious spirit.”

But in the midst of his religious expressions, the afflicted *Sadak* could not prevent some fears that arose in his mind, when he reflected on the exposed situation of his beloved *Kalafrade*, who, since her Lord’s departure from the seraglio, had suffered far greater terrors from oppression and lust, than *Sadak* had experienced from contending elements.

For several days she was permitted, without molestation, to moan the fate of her *Sadak*, whom she feared would be secretly destroyed by the malice of *Amurath*.

But the wild *Amurath* could ill brook his absence from *Kalafrade*; every day he sent for *Doubor*, to enquire how she bore the loss of *Sadak*, and but for the prudent interposition of the chief of the eunuchs, he would have seized the fair one every hour with his offensive solicitations.

Doubor, who knew that persecution would rather inflame, than assuage the sorrows of the virtuous *Kalafrade*, framed daily some new excuse to prevent the applications of *Amurath*; and at last, when the monarch would be no longer with-held, he went before, and assured *Kalafrade* that

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that *Sadak* was safe, and on his search after the waters of oblivion.

The presence of *Amurath* renewed the sorrows of *Kalafrade*; she looked upon him as the murderer of her beloved, and all his softness and eloquence met with reproof and severity from the eyes and the heart of the much-injured *Kalafrade*.

The proud *Amurath*, vexed at his ill success, cursed the faithful *Sadak*; and although his oath prevented him from executing the desires of his heart, yet he resolved to attack the fair one, through those who were dearer to her than her own existence.

Full of these resolutions, he left the fair *Kalafrade* in wrathful haste, and flew from her presence, as the enraged tyger springs from the pursuit of the valorous huntsmen.

Immediate orders were given to the jannisaries to seize on the children of *Sadak*, who were, with their grandsire *Mepiki* on the opposite shores of *Asia*. But ere the jannisaries could reach the village, the two elder were flown away with the aged *Mepiki*.

Amurath in wrath cursed the jannisaries for their neglect, and ordered *Doubor* to dispose of the five that were taken in the prisons of the seraglio.

The next morning the malicious monarch appeared before *Kalafrade*, and commanded her to yield to his desires.

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The affrighted *Kalafrade*, trusting to the monarch's oath, refused to comply; and *Amurath* enraged, found one female in his seraglio, who thought herself not honoured by his lascivious offers.

Pride and fury possessed his soul, and he commanded *Doubor* to bring the eldest of *Kalafrade's* children before him.

The little innocent was dragged out of the dungeon, and came with trembling limbs into the presence of *Amurath*,

"*Doubor*, said the Sultan, unsheath thy scymitar, and sacrifice that accursed pledge of *Sadak's* love before my eyes."

The heart-wounded *Kalafrade*, who had long been torn from her children, rejoiced at the sight of *Rachal*, the elder of her daughters; and the little *Rachal*, when she perceived her tender mother, forgot the terrors of the dungeon and the frowns of *Amurath*, and ran from the chief of the eunuchs, and hid herself in the folds of *Kalafrade's* garments.

The bold affections of a mother at that instant animated the tender *Kalafrade*, and folding her daughter in her arms, she passionately embraced the beauteous *Rachal*, and bedewed her little cheeks with maternal tears.

The mighty *Amurath* could not behold the scene unmoved, but the thoughts that *Sadak* was the father

ther of *Rachal*, soon changed his breast from pity to malice, and the enraged monarch again commanded *Douhor* to lead forth the little *Rachal* to instant execution.

At the voice of *Amurath*, the eyes of *Kalafrade* glistened with rage, and she viewed the Sultan as the lioness darts forth indignant flashes from her eyes, when disturbed in the lonely caverns of the rocks by the adventurous hind.

“ Tyrant, said she, death only shall divide my
“ best loved *Rachal* from these widowed arms;
“ though *Sadak* might have civil duties to struggle
“ with against his love, a mother knows no superior tie to withhold her from succouring those
“ who were the offspring of her womb, and the
“ children of her breast.”

“ *Douhor*, said the wavering *Amurath*, what
“ means this foolish heart of mine, that dares not
“ encounter with a woman’s will; but slave,
“ thou well mayest read thy master’s mind; yet
“ four are left in thy possession, those sacrifice to
“ my neglected love, and teach this stubborn
“ beauty, what she owes to *Amurath* and her
“ prince.”

“ Ah! what saidst thou, tyrant, interrupted
“ the distracted *Kalafrade*, shall *Camir*, the lovely
“ image of his father’s strength? Shall *Elphan*,
“ ever submissive to his mother’s will? or the fair
“ *Ophu*, pretty mimick of my playful actions?
“ or the lovely *Isadi*, sweetly smiling when *Kalafrade* smiles? Shall these dear precious inno-

“ cents

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"cents bleed beneath the murdering knife of a
"slave's hand? O righteous *Alla*, who gave these
"pledges of my *Sadak's* love, in painful labours
"to my arms; remember what I suffered for
"their lives, and let not a vile wretch at once de-
"stroy, what thou, with many a groan didst bring
"to light and life."

"Art thou too turned to stone, by this wild
"woman's talk, said *Amurath* to *Doubor*, that
"like a stricken hart, thou pantest for thy breath?
"Slave, instantly retire, and bring the heads of
"these early rebels to my sight, who ape so soon
"the treacherous features of their father's crimes."

Doubor, with slow reluctance, obeying his Sul-
tan, left the apartment, and went with downcast
looks, to seek the children of *Kalafrade* in the dun-
geon of the seraglio.

As soon as the little *Camir* and *Elphan* saw the
venerable eunuch approach, they ran with spark-
ling eyes, and seizing on his trembling hands, they
lifted up their smiling countenances, and told
him they were glad to see him, for the black ill-
natured men who had watched them, had given
them no provision for the day.

Doubor, who had before secretly cherished the
little offspring of *Kalafrade*, wondered not at the
innocent freedom of *Camir* or *Elphan*, but the
good eunuch's eyes ran down with floods of tears,
when he beheld the smiling countenances of those,
whose blood he was so soon condemned to spill.

Conquered

Conquered by their artless love and freedom, the tender *Doubor* took them to his arms, and kissed them with a father's fondness: Then partly drawing forth his shining scymitar, the little family of *Kalafrade*, affrighted at its glittering sight, fled swiftly to the extremity of the dungeon, and *Doubor*, overcome with friendly tenderness and zeal, thrust the cruel blade back again into its scabbard, and fell to the earth, unable to perform the cruel purposes of his master's will.

While *Doubor* was thus employed in the murky dungeon, *Amurath* was not less irresolute in the gilded apartments of *Kalafrade*; now fully bent to execute his rage on the sweet smiling *Rachal*, he drew his crooked faulchion, and made up to the wife of *Sadak*, when awed by her maternal tenderness, the weapon fell from his hand, and he dared not strike where every blow would prove a wound to his *Kalafrade's* peace.

At length mad with his ineffectual toil, the monarch with a frown boding severity and wrath, broke suddenly from the apartment of *Kalafrade*, and beckoning to some mutes which stood at the entrance,

"Slaves, said he, take that little urchin from her frantick mother, and with your griping hands cast over her infant face the rigid countenance of death."

The mutes, obedient to their royal master's orders, hastened into the apartments of the much trembling *Kalafrade*, and regardless of her entreaties,

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ties, tore from her struggling arms her daughter *Rachal*.

The distracted *Kalafrade* in vain cast her snowy arms around her beauteous daughter, in vain called on *Alla*, on *Sadak*, nay, even on *Amurath*, to relieve her: The unmoved wretches in silent steadiness pursued their cruel orders, and with their barbarous gripe, left *Rachal* in the agonies of death, at the feet of her frantick mother.

Kalafrade being released from the mutes who held her fast, while the rest executed the horrid commands of *Amurath*, sprang toward the expiring infant, and kneeling on the ground, she took the struggling *Rachal* in her arms, and pressed her to her panting breast; then lifting up her languishing eyes, wearied with many a fruitless tear,

“ O prophet, holy prophet, said the distracted fair one, look down on all a mother’s anxious love, and spare my *Rachal*! spare her, prophet of the just!”

After which, wildly folding her in her arms, the miserable mother poured on her livid face the copious streams of sorrow, and with a sigh, that might have pierced even the heart of *Amurath*, she cried, “ Ah *Rachal*! *Rachal*! heaven spare thee!”

Buried in tears, and sobbing over her child, *Doubor*, with a pale face and bloody hands, entered before her; and while the faithful eunuch strove

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strove to utter his melancholy tale, he saw the afflicted mourner hanging over her expiring infant.

At such a woeful sight, pity touched his aged breast, and the venerable eunuch hastened to her assistance, with all a father's soft affection.

"Wretched ! miserable ! and afflicted fair one !
 " said the trembling eunuch, what fatal grief has
 " seized thy heart ? Ah, said he, looking on the
 " distorted features of the innocent *Rachal*, what
 " rude murdering fiend hath spoiled this lovely
 " image of *Kalafrade's* beauties ?"

Kalafrade, whose eyes were dim with grief, saw not the eunuch till he came up to her, and poured his lamentations over her wretched infant, but as the fair one eyed his bloody hands, about to take her *Rachal* from her arms,

" Bloody and relentless villain, said she, avaunt !
 " thou shalt not feast upon my *Rachal's* flesh !"
 Then recollecting herself, " God of the faithful,
 " said she, 'tis the murderous eunuch, stained
 " with my children's blood ! Steel-hearted executioner, hast thou eaten the hearts of *Camir*,
 " and his brethren ? but thou shalt not bereave
 " me of my *Rachal's* heart."

" My much honoured *Kalafrade*, said the affrighted eunuch, I have no orders to bereave thee of thy beauteous *Rachal* ; I came here, seeking *Amurath*, my lord, but whatever
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"fortune has befallen thy child, *Doubor* will
"gladly remedy the evil."

"What, officious eunuch, said the hasty *Kalaf-*
"*rade*, hast thou destroyed, and canst thou also
"mock my griefs? Full well thou knowest
"the bloody orders of thy master's heart, four
"of my babes thy murderous hands have stolen
"for ever from my sight; their bodies are now
"perhaps cast forth the portion of some ravenous
"animal, not half so fell in heart as thou and
"*Amurath*. O my children, is the dear flesh I
"have so often printed with a fond mother's kiss,
"now torn between the fangs of a merciless
"beast, or trodden under the feet of black un-
"feeling slaves! O prophet, save me from the
"pangs of such heartriven thoughts!"

"The righteous *Alla* knoweth, answered the
"chief of the eunuch, how *Doubor*'s heart was
"racked at *Amurath*'s command; but here *Kalaf-*
"*rade*, I have no command to hurt or to distress;
"and unless my art deceive me much, I can with
"ease recall this tender infant into life again."

"Just reeking from the bloody scene, art thou
"become an instrument of life, deceitful eunuch!
"—Ah! forgive me *Doubor*! excellent *Doubor*!
"said she, recollecting herself, didst thou not say,
"thou wouldest recall my dearest *Rachal* into life
"again; I will forgive thee.—No, continued
"she, pausing, I never can forgive thy murder-
"ous arms. *Alla*, said she again, recollecting
"herself, distracted with ten thousand ills, I
"know not what I utter; but thou, O *Alla*,
VOL. II. O "knowest

“ knowest all ! and not to this base eunuch, but
 “ to thee, I lift my expiring *Rachal*. Thou *Alla*
 “ canst call a blessing from his bloody hands, and
 “ raise my child to life, through him who has
 “ already scattered fourfold death among my *Sa-*
 “ *dak*’s lovely offspring !”

The patient *Doubor* heard with deep anguish of heart, the wild and awful ejaculations of the miserable *Kalafrade* ; yet unwilling to lose a moment, he answered not, but pulling out a phial from the folds of his garments, he poured some of its contents into the mouth of the gasping *Rachal*.

The powerful medicine wrought a quick change in little *Rachal*’s frame ; the strong convulsion ceased, and the reviving female opened its blue eyes, which sparkled with returning life, like the morning star.

As the eyes of *Rachal* brightened, so flashed with new life and spirit, the watery eye-lids of the fond *Kalafrade* ; and much her full heart meant to say, when a mute abruptly entered, and commanded *Doubor* instantly to attend his lord.

Doubor, leaving the apartments, found the seraglio in confusion. The rebel jannisaries proclaimed aloud in the courts the tyranny of *Amurath*, and their leaders demanded the brave *Sadak* at the hands of their monarch.

Amurath, fearful of their rage, sent for his faithful *Doubor* to appease their clamor ; and when he saw the eunuch enter before him with bloody hands,

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hands, his conscience darkened every hope of safety, as the black orb of night, when she spreads her envious mantle o'er the face of the sun.

“ Wash, *Doubor*, in the sea, said *Amurath*,
 “ those murderous hands, and rather stain the
 “ whole *Propontis* with thy crime, than but one
 “ drop of blood appear to rob thy master of his
 “ tottering throne. O *Doubor*! *Doubor*! what
 “ seas of wealth would I not pour forth, to
 “ gather up the innocent blood thou hast this
 “ day spilled. Go forth, good eunuch, and ap-
 “ pease these clamorous spirits; but with thy
 “ guilty hand, hide thy far guiltier heart, and
 “ over all throw the thick specious covering of
 “ deceit; and *Doubor*, if success attend thy friend-
 “ ly cause, *Sadak* shall be restored to all his ho-
 “ nours and his children.—His children, *Dou-
 “ bor*, we’ll forget. This day, O prophet, save
 “ me from destruction, and all my future life be
 “ thine!”

Doubor, in obedience to *Amurath*, endeavour-
 ed to go forth among the tumultuous jannisaries;
 but in their rage, they would suffer none to
 speak, unless the brave *Sadak* was delivered to
 them.

Doubor returned with pale looks to *Amurath*’s
 apartments.

“ My lord, said the affrighted eunuch, ’tis vain
 “ to stem the torrent. Your enemies increase
 “ each moment, and unless *Sadak* is delivered

"to them; they vow revenge on thee and all thy
"slaves."

"Then, *Doubor*, said *Amurath* falling, I am
"lost indeed; and life, dear precious life, like a
"departing friend, will take a short farewell
"of me."

"Glory of the *Othman* race, answered *Dou-
"bor*, suffer not your fears to interrupt your safe-
"ty, but send some slave among the jannisaries,
"and promise, in a few hours, to give them
"*Sadak*; in the mean time, I will remove thy
"best effects through the water-gates, and we may
"fly to some neighbouring city, where thy loyal
"subjects shall still defend their sultan against
"these bold undaunted rebels."

"Friendly *Doubor*, said *Amurath*, thy words
"recall my sinking spirits, and *Doubor*, neglect
"not among my mutes and slaves, to carry fair
"*Kalafrade* with thee."

The honest eunuch sighed at his master's words,
but in such perilous circumstances, he thought
obedience was a double virtue.

With the fair *Kalafrade*, wondering at her fate,
Doubor conveyed the reviving *Rachal* to the shores
of *Asia*, whom *Amurath* soon followed, disguised
like a mute, among the slaves of the seraglio.

The faithful *Doubor* led the royal family to *Izni-
mid*, and there proclaimed the arrival of *Amurath*,
and the rebellion of the jannisaries.

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Abdulrahman, the governor of *Iznimid*, immediately assembled the troops of the province, and the royal standard being displayed, the army of *Amurath* increased daily.

During these preparations, *Kalafrade* was confined in the women's apartments of *Abdulrahman's* palace, and the little *Rachal* was suffered to attend on her wretched mother.

The jannisaries of *Constantinople* having chosen the brave *Boluri* for their general, after they were apprized of the departure of *Amurath*, resolved to march to *Iznimid*, to attack the royal troops, before they were sufficiently strengthened by the neighbouring provinces.

The governor *Abdulrahman* went out to meet the forces of *Boluri*, but the battle soon proved favorable to the rebels, and messengers arrived from the defeated *Abdulrahman*, advising *Amurath* to leave *Iznimid*, and fly to some other city.

Boluri, elated by his success, the next day marched to *Iznimid*; but the royal tyrant was fled to a neighbouring castle, with a number of friends, who came too late to join the forces of *Abdulrahman*.

Here, in a place defended by nature, the Sultan and his family remained several months; during which time, the rebels were unable to force the defenders of *Amurath* from their impregnable castle.

A long and fatiguing siege succeeding, many of the jannisaries grew tired of a war, where there were no hopes of plunder; and *Boluri*, fearful that *Amurath* might recover all, if suffered to depart from the castle, would not listen to the advice of his soldiers, who wished him to rove over the provinces of *Asia*, and plunder those who would not acknowledge his authority.

This misunderstanding produced discontent in the rebel army, and many of the officers seeing there was little prospect of plunder under *Boluri*, secretly offered to give him up, if *Amurath* would pardon his jannisaries.

Amurath with great joy accepted the unexpected terms; *Boluri* was privately strangled in his tent, and the jannisaries laid down their arms at the feet of *Amurath*.

The royal monarch being thus re-instated, forgot his obligations to those who had betrayed *Boluri*, and he commanded the ringleaders of the rebel army to be destroyed.

Thus secure from a second insurrection, he marched back at the head of his army to *Constantinople*; and soon reducing the rebellion there, he in a short time found himself re-instated in the seraglio of his ancestors.

But now forgetful of his former dangers, his heart beat with new passion for *Kalafrade*; and fixed again on his throne, he wondered that
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a weak oath should so long have with-held him from the rapturous possession.

Doubor, apprized of his master's thoughts, laboured in vain to prevent the breach of his oath; and *Amurath* found, that while his faithful slave stood beside him, he should ever meet with an opposition that he could not brook.

To remove this obstacle, the vicious Sultan ordered *Doubor* to repair on a trifling message to *Iznimid*, resolving to force *Kalafrade* to his will, during the absence of his officious eunuch.

While these dark clouds were gathering over the miserable *Kalafrade*, *Sadak* and his son were the victims of the storm; beneath the rocks of the island of oblivion, and on the same night that *Doubor* departed from *Iznimid*, *Abub* and his father were buffeted by the tempest and the storm.

But the piety of *Sadak* and the submission of *Abud*, alleviated, in some measure the dreadful hours of that night of horrors, till day arose, and chased from their eyes the gloomy visions of the night: But with the friendly day, returned again the unfriendly tide, buffetting their bruised limbs, and smothering them with its waves, as the insect which preys upon the plantain leaf is washed by solstitial showers.

After waiting with patience the reflux of the tide from their cavern, *Sadak*, unwilling to lose the benefits of the day, led *Abud* out on the narrow breach, while as yet they were forced to wade
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through the sea ; and directing their steps toward the left, they endeavoured to surround that part of the island, which was opposite to the burning torrent.

This toilsome journey, though executed with the utmost difficulty and hazard, was yet as hopeless as the former ; the black rocks, which had been hollowed by the waves, hung in rude arch work over their heads each step they took and formed a continued barrier, without any interruption, except where the sea broke inward in deep eddies, and formed in the fissures of the rock, the giddy whirlpool.

Wearied with this fruitless search, the wretched *Sadak* led his duteous son back to the cavern, before the swelling ocean rose again to exercise his severity on them ; and after having encountered its fury, they gladly sunk into a repose, which lasted till the returning tide obliged them to rise.

But now their provision being exhausted, or spoiled by the water, still severer distresses encompassed them, and the miserable *Sadak* beheld his son wasted with fatigue, and overcome with hunger and thirst.

One drop of wine yet remained in a little vessel, which he had fastened to his sash ; this the tender parent offered to pour on the parched tongue of his afflicted *Abud*, and this the duteous son refused, and with uplifted hands, pressed the vessel toward his parent's mouth : An affectionate strug-

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gle ensued, and the duties which arose from nature prevailed over nature; till *Abud*, receiving strength from the dictates of duty, started up, and before his father was aware, suddenly forced the liquor into his mouth; then falling on his knees at his feet,

"Ever honored parent, said the trembling youth, forgive the first disobedience I have practised against you; let these tottering limbs bear witness, what terrors possess my soul, in that I have dared to exert my strength against the author of my being. Pardon, said I, O father, rather strike me to the earth for my presumption, and cast from thy sight these rebel arms, which have prevailed against thy revered image."

"O *Abub*, my son! my son! said *Sadak*, stooping, *Alla* shall doubtless bless thy filial prowess; thou hast indeed prevailed, most noble youth, but thou hast prevailed in duty, and art thy father's superior in the triumphs of affection; yet how dear, O my son, shall thy victory prove, if to add a few moments to thy father's age, thou hast suffered the fair blossoms of thy own life to wither and decay."

The words of *Sadak* gave comfort to the duteous soul of *Abud*, and the cravings of hunger was suspended, while he heard the sweet rewards of his duteous labors; but short were the pleasures of *Abud*, excessive thirst parched up his lips, and his supplicating eyes looking upwards on heaven and

and *Sadak*, expressed the silent anguish of his heart.

"To see thee thus, O my son, said the distracted *Sadak*, falling upon him, is worse than the death thou hast, for a moment driven from me. Oh cruel *Abud*! I will recall my forgiveness, for thou hast robbed me of a life far dearer than my own."

As *Sadak* spake these words, the wretched *Abud*, overcome by his hunger, fastened on his own flesh, and greedily sucked the issues of his life; which unnatural relief, for a short time, subdued his thirst, and he waited with patience, till the tide permitted them again to go in search of some escape from their distresses.

Passing along the narrow beach, *Sadak* observed the water pouring from a small fissure in the rocks.

"*Abud*, said the miserable *Sadak*, his eyes sparkling with the distant hope, let us watch till the tide turn, and observe whether the water returns through this fissure of the rocks."

Abud rejoiced in his father's hopes, and the two descendants of *Elar* sat waiting in silence on the fragments of the rocks.

The conjectures of *Sadak* were right; at the return of the tide, the waters formed a whirl-pool, and were drawn inwards through the fissure of the rocks.

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"Whatever be our fate, said *Sadak*, this passage only seems to promise us the means of life; for on this beach, ere two suns are passed, we must perish by famine; wherefore *Abud*, continued his father *Sadak*, let us plunge together through this dark eddy, and either meet an end to our toils. or a reward to our labors."

"Father, said *Abud*, faintly, let us not attempt together the dangers of this whirlpool; but as I have less means of life remaining in me than yourself, I will first explore the secrets of this watry cave."

Thus spake the duteous *Abud*, not expecting any relief from the undertaking, but desiring to prolong the life of his honoured parent.

Sadak, hoping his son might succeed, yielded to his intreaties; and *Abud* having promised, if possible, to return with the ebbing tide, plunged into the foaming whirlpool, and disappeared from the sight of his anxious father.

For a few moments, the heart of *Sadak* was bouyed up with pleasing expectations, and he doubted not but *Abud* was already in the land of plenty; but, as the wretched parent looked on the foaming whirlpool, and saw its tumultuous eddies roll ungulphed beneath the rocky bed whereon he stood, his weakened spirits sunk within him, and he cried out in the agonies of despair, "Oh *Abud*, my son! my son! Oh treacherous ocean! thou hast robbed me of both my sons."

The

The tide rising, obliged him to return to his cavern, where the emaciated *Sadak* sat wringing his hands, weeping for his children, and bemoaning the fate of his miserable *Kalafade*.

The calls of hunger also increased with his distress, and he cut the sandals from his feet, and gnawed from them a poor lifeless sustenance, till the waters prevailing, obliged him to combat their relentless fury.

The next tide, the worn-out *Sadak* returned to the fissure in the rocks, and altho' the waters passed out, yet *Abud* appeared not on their surface.

Sadak now waited impatiently the return of the tide, and with the first wave that entered, in leaped the adventurous hero into the jaws of the whirlpool.

For several moments he was hurried through the rocks, and bruised and wounded on all sides by their rugged points, till light appeared through the waters, and he found himself in a deep cave, surrounded with rocks, and open at the top.

The rocks growing wider and wider, formed an irregular ascent, and with some difficulty, the wounded *Sadak* crawled upwards, till he had attained to the summit of the rocks.

Here he found an extended country, irregularly planted with fruits and herbs, and plentifully watered

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watered with little rivulets, gushing out of many parts of the earth.

As *Sadak* looked round on this delightful prospect, he fell with his face to the earth, and said,

“O *Alla*, thy creature poureth forth his praises towards thee, and the wretch whom thou hast blessed adoreth thee for thy bounty!”

As *Sadak* spake these words, the pleasant vision faded from his sight, and he found himself cast forth by the waters on the beach, from whence he had leaped in the morning.

The heart of the unfortunate warrior fell at the sight, and the spirits of *Sadak* were nearly overwhelmed at the unexpected change.

“But hold, said the submissive *Sadak*, if this change cometh through my devotions to *Alla*, blessed be that change, for *Sadak* had rather acknowledge his God on the barren rocks, than forget him in the mansions of festivity.”

As *Sadak* spake these words, he perceived the eddies of the whirlpool to rise with an unusual swell, and a female in vestments of gold came forth from its surface.

“Righteous *Sadak*, said the genius *Adiram*, I rejoice in thy fortitude, and I am happy in being the messenger of thy comfort; but ere I unfold to thee the wonders thou hast seen, permit

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“ mit me to lead thee in security to that place,
 “ from whence so lately thou wast torn, as a
 “ sleeper from his dream.”

So saying, the waters ceased from the fissure,
 and the genius and *Sadak* descending into the
 cave shortly after, attained to the summit of the
 rocks, where *Sadak* had before seen the planes of
 plenty.

“ As *Sadak* arrived on the plane, now, said
 “ the genius *Adiram* to him, arise and satisfy thy
 “ exhausted nature, and then I will instruct thee
 “ in the lessons of our race.”

“ But first, answered *Sadak*, O genius, since
 “ such is human weakness, that even seeming
 “ good may be real mischief intended, let me
 “ address myself to that God in whom no one
 “ shall be deceived! for, if I partake of these
 “ viands, he first whom I serve shall be blessed
 “ for his bounties.”

As *Sadak* spake thus, he fell on the earth, and
 said,

“ O *Alla*! thy creature poureth forth his praises
 “ toward thee, and the wretch whom thou hast
 “ blessed, adoreth thee for thy bounty.”

“ This noble instance of thy gratitude and
 “ dependance on *Alla*, said the genius *Adiram*,
 “ is even beyond my hopes of thee, O *Sadak*,
 “ thou highly beloved! to be brave and duteous
 “ when misfortune cometh, is the lot of many,

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" but few have fortitude to withstand temptations
 " of pleasure, and the delusions of security : As
 " joy approacheth, the knowledge of *Alla* va-
 " nisheth from the minds of mortals; and when
 " the prize is attained, the elated conqueror look-
 " eth not on him that bestoweth it. The delusi-
 " ons of self-sufficiency arise out of ease, and man
 " looketh on the undeserved gift, and calleth it
 " a reward, and the price of his merit : But hap-
 " py is he who receiveth with thankfulness, and
 " forgetteth not, that to *Alla* belongeth the praise
 " and the glory."

" O bountiful Genius, answered *Sadak*, tho'
 " much I am fortified by thy religious dictates,
 " yet doth my heart pant after *Abud*, whom I
 " have lost, and after *Kalafrade*, whom I left in
 " a tyrant's power."

" As to *Abud*, answered the Genius *Adiram*,
 " his fate cannot yet be unrolled to thy sight;
 " and *Kalafrade* still suffers for her contempt of
 " that life, which *Alla* had commanded her to
 " preserve. Ah poor *Kalafrade* ! the bird of *Adi-*
 " *ram* can no longer comfort thee, and the oath
 " of a lawless tyrant, is as a flaxen band around
 " the flaming pile ! But haste and pursue the wa-
 " ters of oblivion, for many dangers yet surround
 " thee ; yet thou hast well learned, to be most
 " aware when perils are unseen. Thy way is
 " onward to the flaming mountain, in which the
 " waters are hidden."

The Genius *Adiram* then departed from the
 sight of *Sadak* ; and after the laborious warrior had
 finished

finished his repast, he walked onward toward the burning mountain.

The plane whereon he walked, led him into a deep valley, overgrown with bushes and trees, through which he broke with the utmost difficulty; and when unsupported by the branches of the trees, he fell into watry bogs, where he had perished, but for the broken fragments and boughs which he had gathered, to prevent his sinking.

Having passed this morass, he arrived at a river which ran among the rocks, whose source sprung from a wild cataract, which came foaming with a terrible noise, in two divided torrents down the rocks.

Here the astonished *Sadak* stood looking on the frightful water-fall, in wild amaze, and stunned with the rapid dashing of the torrent, for some time paused, unable to pursue his course, or retreat from the dizzy scene.

No way appeared to pursue his journey, unless he dared venture up the craggy precipice, which broke the two cataracts, and divided the roaring currents from each other by its bed of stone.

Toward this middle rock, the brave warrior crept, his nature trembling at the bold determinations of his heart; and although his eyes swam, and his imagination tottered, yet the steady *Sadak* seized on the rock, and arose by degrees on its prominent fragments.

The foam and the surf of the neighbouring torrents washed him as he arose, and the noise of the
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impetuous currents overpowered him, so that he heard not the fall of several rocky fragments, which came tumbling on every side.

After this fatigue, and scrambling upward, he reached a broad, flat, prominent rock, whereon he laid his wearied body, and looked downward on the waves below. Ten thousand colours played in his eyes, and the rock whereon he lay extended, seemed, in his fancy, to break, and falling with him, to tumble headlong through the foaming waves.

Fear seized his body, though fortitude possessed his soul, and nature, tired of the struggle, kindly stole him from himself, and consigned him to oblivion; for a few minutes he lay entranced, and as he waked, forgetful of his situation, he rolled over to the brink of the rock, and was falling downward when he clasped the rock, and secured himself with his hands. Having gained his former situation, by long struggle and labour, he ventured not to look down from the precipice he had escaped, but turning his eyes upward, he perceived he had yet a third part of the rock to climb, ere he could reach the top.

His perseverance in a short time prevailed, and *Sadak* stood on the utmost summit of the rock, from whence he looked over an extended lake to the burning mountain; whose smoke and eruptions darkened the air, and filled it with sulphureous stench.

To pass this lake, *Sadak* determined to plunge into it, and swim across; but he saw, that unless he could steer between the two currents, he should be hurled headlong down the perpendicular torrent.

Unabashed by the danger, *Sadak* boldly leaped into the flood, and striking forth his limbs with the utmost dexterity, in a short time gained the opposite shore of the lake.

Here the hot cinders blown from the mountain, fell in black showers upon him, and scorched his raiment and his flesh; till *Sadak* gathering a large bundle of wet flags, which grew on the watry banks, he tied them with his sash, and placed them over his head for his security against the burning coals.

In this manner he marched onward, the hot soil scorching his feet, and the sulphureous fumes blasting his lungs, till he perceived a huge cave, through which ran a rivulet of black water.

Sadak doubting not but this was the water of oblivion, ran eagerly into the cave, and saw at the extremity of it a fair virgin, sitting in a musing posture.

At the sight of *Sadak* the virgin arose, and welcomed his arrival.

“ Noble stranger, said she, it is now two hundred *Hegiras* since any one has been able to reach this scene of horrors; but to you it is given to
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“ taste the waters of oblivion, and to enjoy the
“ blessings of our immortal race.”

As the virgin uttered these words with a pleasing aspect, she drew of the fountain in a goblet of gold, and presented the dark waters to *Sadak*, who turning the goblet from him with an easy motion, thus replied to the solicitations of the blooming virgin.

“ Fair keeper of these enchanting fountains,
“ excuse my refusal ; it is not for myself that I
“ seek the fountain of oblivion, bound by a fatal
“ oath, I come a miserable exile from the *Oth-*
“ *man* throne, to seek a death more cruel by suc-
“ ceeding, than others have found, who failed of
“ success.”

“ Then drink of this refreshing stream, an-
“ swered the virgin, and forget the curses which
“ *Amurath* hath heaped upon thy head ; here
“ drown thy former anxious thoughts, and rise
“ refreshed in the lethargick stream, to untried
“ scenes of pleasure and amusement ; thy sins,
“ thy follies, and thy pains forgot, here take a
“ blessed renewal of thy life, the past be blotted
“ from thy care-worn breast, the future all in
“ prospect, all untried ; then shall the golden
“ dream of hope spring forth afresh, and the gay
“ vision of unbounded joy, again dance on thy
“ sprightly fancy ; wealth, power, and beauty,
“ rich in possessions, eminent in fame, in extacy
“ dissolved, shall all by turns solicit thy divided
“ mind, while not a thought of what thou once
P 2 “ hast

" hast felt, shall e'er again molest thy troubled
" brain."

" Such pleasures, answered *Sadak* sternly, may
" captivate the wretch, whose conscience wishes
" all the past one universal blot, but *Sadak* has
" not lived to wish the thread of life unravelled
" and destroyed. No, virgin, though great are
" the ills I feel, yet this, in every ill, supports my
" mind, I have not sought, nor yet deserved, the
" evils that I suffer."

" For the weak child of man to boast, replied
" the virgin, argues neither sense nor merit; con-
" ceited, vain, and ignorant, their path of life
" is stained with error, and perplexed with doubt;
" purblind they grope along, in the bright me-
" ridian day, and every action past, they wish
" undone."

" It is not presuming on a well-spent life, that
" I refuse your boon, replied *Sadak* to the virgin
" of the cave; but conscious of no studied ill, I
" thank my prophet for his mercies past, and value
" the great *Alla's* former gifts too largely, to de-
" sire oblivion may prevent my future thanks;
" whatever afflictions are endured, were meant
" as blessings, to increase my faith; these surely
" to forget, were base ingratitude. Whatever
" are the blessings that *Sadak* has received, these
" yet reflect new comforts on my soul, and these
" to lose, were little to deserve the future mercies
" of my God. No, virgin, one moment's recol-
" lection of *Kalafraide's* truth, is more delightful
" far to me, than years of pleasure with a second
" flame.

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" flame. Though dead, shall I forget thee *Codan*!
 " whose pious cares so lately honoured good *Me-*
 " *piki's* grave. Though lost to me, yet never from
 " my mind shall *Abud's* righteous image pass.
 " *Abud*, duteous name ! who doubtless now be-
 " yond life's tyranny, quaffs the pure milky streams
 " of paradise above, richly repaid by his kind pro-
 " phet, for those few drops of life, he nobly gave
 " the fountain whence he sprung. Hail righte-
 " ous suffering family of *Elar* ! And thou, great
 " parent of my life, look down, and curse this
 " ungrateful head, when *Sadak* wishes to forget
 " thy truth ! Perhaps, partaking of this stream, I
 " might turn Christian, and sell my God for some
 " base bargain ; or like the evil *Genii*, lift up my
 " rebellious arm, and brandish my weak weapons
 " against the almighty power."

" Noble *Sadak*, answered the virgin, thou a-
 " lone art worthy to succeed, who hast learned
 " rightly to value the gift thou hast obtained :
 " Take then this goblet, and carry to thy Prince
 " these waters of oblivion ; and fear not the toils
 " of returning, for as soon as thou art in posses-
 " sion of the goblet, thou shalt stand at the gates
 " of the seraglio of *Amurath*."

" But, gentle virgin, replied *Sadak*, ere I re-
 " ceive from thy hands this inestimable gift, in-
 " form me, I beseech thee, where is the duteous
 " *Abud*, the glory of my years ?"

" *Abud*, answered the virgin, is hidden from
 " my knowledge ; but let this content thee, that

"thou alone hast prevailed, and been able to bear
"from hence the waters of oblivion."

Thus speaking, the virgin gave into *Sadak's* hand the golden goblet; and as he received it, the cave and fountain rolled off in a dark cloud from before him, and *Sadak* found himself at the gates of *Amurath's* palace.

The jannifaries, who recollected the features of their long lost general, shouted for joy, and the populace in tumults proclaimed the arrival of *Sadak*.

The slaves of *Amurath* hastened to inform him of *Sadak's* arrival, and the eunuchs of the seraglio brought him without delay before the impatient Sultan.

As *Sadak* entered the royal apartment with the goblet in his hand, he perceived *Amurath* sitting with a disturbed visage on the embroidered sofa.

Sadak thrice prostrated himself before him, and *Amurath* with a frown, commanded his slaves and attendants to retire.

"What, slave, said the royal tyrant, as *Sadak*
"arose, hast thou succeeded in thy employment?
"Or dost thou bring thy forfeit head a tribute to
"thy prince?"

"Lord of the *Othman* race, answered *Sadak*, the
"great *Alla* whom I serve, hath blessed the cause
"of

“of thy slave, and *Sadak* is returned with honour
“and success to the *Othman* court.

“Curse on thy honours, vain slave, replied
“*Amurath* hastily, and cursed be the pride of thy
“heart: Thinkest thou that thou shalt triumph
“over thy prince? Or that *Alla* hath reserved
“for thee joys superior to those which *Amurath*
“possesses?”

“The blessings of *Alla*, answered *Sadak*, have
“refreshed my heart, and the bounteous smile of
“my all-gracious maker, hath enlightened my
“soul in every horror I have passed.”

“Blasphemous slave, said *Amurath*, rising in
“haste, thou liest; *Alla* meant not to bless thee
“beyond thy lord, but has buoyed up thy heart
“with treacherous hope, to make thy disappoint-
“ment greater. Yes, slave, thy master has re-
“sumed himself, destroyed thy children, and bless-
“ed *Kalafrade* with these outstretched arms, that
“thou mightest curse thy God and die.”

“Hast thou prevailed, thou tyrant? said *Sa-
“dak* trembling, then welcome the black contents
“of this infernal bowl, for now oblivion’s all I
“ask.”

“Slaves, said *Amurath*, clapping their hands,
“seize from the frantick slave that precious bowl,
“it were luxury too great for him to taste and to
“forget.”

As *Amurath* uttered these words, the slaves of the *seraglio* entered, and wrested the goblet from the struggling *Sadak*.

"Give me or this, or death," said *Sadak* to the slaves around him.

"No, pious wretch, answered *Amurath*, 'tis I alone have blessings for thy heart, chained to a damp dungeon's side, each day I will visit, and provoke thy memory with all the joys I lately tasted in thy *Kalafrade's* arms. When with amorous struggles, the half reluctant female gave denial to my fondness, and increased my flame; when heaving on love's tumultuous ocean, her breath my gale, her tears my sea, I seemed like the proud *Venetian* on his holy festival."

"Thy faith, thy oath, thy honour lost, call not, base *Amurath*, said *Sadak*, on *Alla* more; e'en yet, since death and oblivion are denied me, I'll triumph over thee; for in all the curses that afflict poor *Sadak's* heart, none can overwhelm his conscience with such shame as thine."

"Slave, replied *Amurath*, thy speech is free, I love to hear thy pious resignation; but death o'ertakes thee, if again thy words reflect dishonour on thy prince; for think not, wretch, so meanly of me, that I approve of broken vows; none are so hardened, but must tremble, though they can't relent: Yes, slave, the joys I felt with my fond mistress, leave an irksome sting behind
"them,

" them, and while I triumph o'er thee, I curse
 " myself; but these dull thoughts shall be driven
 " from my anxious breast. The waters of obli-
 " vion are designed for mine, and for *Kalafrade's*
 " peace; wherefore, bring me slaves the refresh-
 " ing goblet, for my gloomy soul pants for obli-
 " vion, and I long to sin, and think it virtue.
 " Slaves, give me the goblet: Now welcome peace,
 " and conscience thou base intruder, a long fare-
 " well to all thy wretched admonitions: but slaves,
 " remember ere I drink this, *Sadak* dies."

As *Amurath* spake thus, he received the golden
 goblet from the hands of the slaves, who had re-
 scued it from *Sadak*, and looking with a ferocious
 smile on the wretched husband of *Kalafrade*, " See
 " *Sadak*, said he, how greatly *Amurath* doth ho-
 " nour to his slave: I drink this bowl to be
 " like thee, and fair *Kalafrade* having tasted its
 " sweet contents, shall look on *Amurath* and think
 " him *Sadak*."

The greedy monarch then raised the goblet to
 his lips, and drank of the dark liquor it contained;
 which quickly spread its fatal influence through
 his veins, and the disappointed *Amurath*, too late
 perceived, that with oblivion death goes hand in
 hand.

Sadak surprised, started at the unexpected effects
 of the deadly goblet, and the slaves of *Amurath*,
 who ran to his assistance as he fell, finding their
 endeavours to recover him ineffectual, now fell
 trembling at the feet of *Sadak*, whom they ima-
 gined

gined the jannifaries would doubtless place on the *Othman* throne.

“ Lord of our lives, said the minions of the
 “ seraglio, *Alla* hath justly punished the wretched
 “ *Amurath*, for his broken vows, and thy slaves
 “ wait thy commands, to cast his wretched car-
 “ case forth a prey to the fowls of the air.

“ Wretches, said *Sadak*, sternly to them, I
 “ seek not the power you are so ready to bestow;
 “ let the faithful *Doubor* be called, that the sub-
 “ ject of the *Othman* throne may be acquainted
 “ with their loss.”

“ Heir to the *Othman* glory, answered the slaves,
 “ *Doubor*, by *Amurath*’s command, is gone to
 “ *Iznimid* on the affairs of state.”

“ Then said *Sadak*, carry forth the body of our
 “ departed sultan, and shew his pale limbs to the
 “ brave soldiers of the court, to whom (since no
 “ successor by inheritance or will is left) the choice
 “ of a new monarch falls. As to myself, tell
 “ them, I seek no honour, curst in all I hold most
 “ dear. To me honour were a grievous burden.
 “ *Kalafade* the virtuous, *Kalafade* is defiled, and
 “ *Sadak* shall retire for ever from the world !”

The report of *Sadak*’s arrival, and the death of
Amurath, was now spread through every part of
 the seraglio ; and while part of the officers hastened
 to acknowledge *Sadak* for their Sultan, others
 found out the melancholy *Kalafade*, and declared
 every

every circumstance of the joyful news to the mourning fair one.

“ Is he returned, said the transported *Kalaf-*
 “ *rade*; is *Sadak*, my lord, unnumbered with the
 “ dead, then are my past sorrows like the vision
 “ of the night, and I again shall rise to a joyful
 “ day of constancy and love: But lead me instant-
 “ ly, continued she, to his beloved presence, that
 “ I may bless his conquered arms with love, and
 “ clasp him once again within these fond encircling
 “ arms!”

So saying, she hastened with the slaves to the apartment where *Sadak* stood, with his surrounding guards, and flying in transports, she fell at his feet, and bathed his sandals with her overflowing tears.

Sadak saw her approach with a mixed countenance of love and terror, and his soul divided by affection and resentment, knew not how to supply his tongue with a proper utterance; but perceiving her at his feet, the tender wretched husband stooped to the earth, and bowed himself before her.

“ What! noble partner of my thoughts, said
 “ *Kalaf-rade*, in amaze, art thou dumb with joy!
 “ Oh foolish wretch, continued she, why came
 “ I so suddenly into the presence of my beloved!
 “ My loved, my honoured *Sadak*, behold thy ten-
 “ der wife, and bless me with one look of love.
 “ Alas! guards, said she, turning to the eunuchs,
 “ as she perceived *Sadak* still immovable, with
 “ his

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“ his face to the earth, surely the death of *Amurath* hath not seized on *Sadak* ; my beloved hath not drank of the pernicious goblet !”

“ Oh ! that I had drank thereof, said *Sadak*, groaning, when I stood before the virgin of the fountain of oblivion !”

“ Speakest thou, my beloved, said the affrighted *Kalafrade*, speakest thou my beloved ! and not to me. Oh ! oh ! am I changed my beloved ! or—art thou not *Sadak* !”

The tender *Kalafrade* shrieked at these words, and fell into the arms of her attendants.

At the shriek of *Kalafrade*, *Sadak* rose in wild haste, and claspt her in his arms.

“ Partner of my soul, said he wildly, look on thy much-injured lord ; look up, *Kalafrade*, it is *Sadak* calls thee.”

“ Dost thou call, said *Kalafrade*, faintly ; dost thou, O *Sadak*, on whom my soul hangeth, call thy *Kalafrade* back to life ! Oh *Alla*, spare me yet, for I am *Sadak*’s !”

“ Oh that thou wast, said *Sadak*, relapsing at the dreadful thought. O that thou wast thy *Sadak*’s only, that I could again press thee to my heart, and call thee only mine !”

“ I am, my *Sadak*, I am only thine, replied the faint *Kalafrade*, thine only could I be. Not

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“ O vi

“ *duk* ;

“ from

“ *Amur*

"*Amurath*, and all his lawless power, could ever tempt a thought from *Sadak's* love."

"Wretched *Kalafrade*, said *Sadak* sternly, *Alla* knows my heart bleeds at thy distress, yet seek not meanly to disguise the dark sins of tyranny and lust: Thou can'st not surely be so base, to wish thy *Sadak* in polluted arms."

"Oh *Alla*, replied *Kalafrade*, what means my lord! By all our righteous constancy and truth, I swear thou never hast been injured in *Kalafrade's* love."

"Vain woman, replied *Sadak* hastily, strive not to deceive me, the lawless tyrant boasted of his crime, and cursed my ears with the description of his injurious lust."

At these words, *Kalafrade* looked in wild amaze at her offended lord, and her eyes, unwilling to express resentment, melted into tenderness and love.

The constant *Sadak* saw the sufferings of his beloved, and his conscience checked him for increasing the distresses of his injured wife.

"Forgive, said he, running to her, forgive, O virtuous *Kalafrade*, the cruelties of thy *Sadak*; thou camest seeking ease and consolation from thy lord, and I have doubled the curses of *Amurath* upon thy much suffering heart."

"One

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“ One word, though but one echo, of my *Sadak*’s love, answered the afflicted fair, blots all
“ resentment from *Kalafrade*’s heart.”

“ Whate’er is past, though grating to my soul,
“ thine were the keenest pangs, said *Sadak* in re-
“ turn—but to hold converse on a publick stage,
“ where love, or where misfortune is the theme,
“ but ill befits the tender sufferers; wherefore,
“ retire my best *Kalafrade*, and when the royal
“ jannisaries have heard my tale, I’ll come and
“ weep with thee in mutual wretchedness.”

The fair *Kalafrade* bowed at her lord’s commands, and left *Sadak* with his surrounding nobles.

Sadak having given audience to the officers of the army, the visirs and the bashaws of the *Othman* court, declined their proffered honours; but the voice of the multitude prevailed, and he was constrained to bear the weight of empire on his brow.

The shouts of the faithful rent the air with notes of triumph, when *Sadak* yielded to his people’s supplication.

In the midst of their clamor, a messenger arrived in the seraglio, and declared the approach of *Doubor* from *Iznimid*.

A gleam of comfort shot through *Sadak*’s soul, as he heard the name of *Doubor* pronounced, and he sent his visirs to welcome his arrival, and bring him into the presence of his friend.

The faithful *Doubor* soon arrived, and having learnt from his friends the wondrous change, fell prostrate at the feet of *Sadak*.

"Since he whom *Doubor* long revered is dead, said the faithful eunuch, *Doubor* rejoices at the publick choice of *Sadak's* virtue to succeed him; yet forgive me, royal master, if *Doubor* play the courtier but awkwardly before thee; born for his service, I lived in the smiles of *Amurath* my lord, and let these tears bear witness for me, I cannot e'er forget so great a master."

"*Doubor*, said *Sadak* sternly, thou art not the only afflicted soul that *Amurath* hath left behind him; deep are his curses stricken on *Kalafrade's* heart, and woes unutterable are *Sadak's* portion."

"Surely, my lord, returned *Doubor*, the chief of the eunuchs, the mighty *Amurath* did near presume to break his oath?"

"Yes, he broke it, slave; nay more, and triumphed in his sin, said *Sadak* fiercely; and thou, I fear, hast borne a part in all his vengeful malice: All other evil I with patience bore, but this extremest cruelty loads my distracted thought past human sufferance."

"My lord, answered *Doubor*, permit me to lead thee to fair *Kalafrade's* apartment; I yet must hope, some mystery unravelled hurts your peace."

"To

" To sooth with words ambiguous, when mis-
 " fortunes past can never be redeemed, is a slave's
 " province, said *Sadak*, but *Sadak* has a soul not
 " to be lulled by women's tales; for know tame
 " wretch, I have already seen *Kalafrade*, and
 " viewed the graceful ruins of my once loved wife.
 " O Prophet! Prophet! where was thy all-seeing
 " eye, when to unhallowed lust thou gavest up the
 " purest of her sex?"

" Noble and royal *Sadak*, answered *Doubor*,
 " prostrate on the earth, I beseech you to consi-
 " der what mighty ills you heap on fair *Kalafrade*,
 " if unheard, you cast her from your presence,
 " and accuse our Prophet, whose boundless mercy,
 " like the mountains, shade, preserves, and com-
 " forts every faithful mind."

" *Doubor*, replied *Sadak*, thou ever wast to God
 " and man an acceptable slave, and duly temper-
 " est submission to thy prince, with faithfulness to
 " *Alla*. I yield, good *Doubor*: lead the way to
 " dear *Kalafrade*'s apartments, and *Alla* grant suc-
 " cess attend our search!"

The chief of the eunuchs preceding the tremb-
 ling *Sadak*, led him to those apartments of the se-
 raglio, where he had formerly been seized by the
 guards of *Amurath*; and commanding the doors to
 be flung open, *Sadak* discovered *Kalafrade*, sitting
 on the sofa, with her surrounding attendants.

At sight of *Sadak*, the beauteous Sultana arose,
 with wild distracted looks and turning to her
 slaves;

“ Who is this, said she, who basely apes the
 “ majesty of *Othman*’s prince. Who’er thou art,
 “ bold slave, continued she, depart, or by my
 “ beauties, the God-like *Amurath* shall sacrifice
 “ thee to our mutual loves.”

“ O prophet of the just, said *Sadak*, hasting to
 “ her, what means this wonderous change? ’Tis
 “ *Sadak*, my beloved : *Sadak*, who comes to be
 “ convinced thou never hast submitted to base
 “ *Amurath*’s love.”

“ Submitted, wretch, said *Kalafrade* with an
 “ haughty frown, dost thou then call the royal
 “ presence of the love-bringing *Amurath* an evil?
 “ On my soul, to me no joy was ever equal to his
 “ fierce embrace, when with reluctant struggles
 “ I increased his love ; but thou, rude slave for-
 “ bear, nor with unhallowed touch defile that
 “ form, which ere has served to bless thy royal
 “ master’s heart.”

“ Just, righteous God, said *Sadak* falling back,
 “ what are these sounds that rack my jealous
 “ ears ? Have I then lived to hear *Kalafrade* prize
 “ a tyrant, and despise her lord ? — No, it
 “ cannot be. I see wild passion rolls her eye, and
 “ madness has possessed her brain ; borne down
 “ by former evils, and depressed by anxious cares,
 “ the unexpected change seized too quickly on her
 “ soul, and the transported fair one ran to meet
 “ me, ere that her mind was calmed by reason or
 “ religion. In such a state thou camest, sweet
 “ *Kalafrade*, to thy *Sadak*’s arms ; and when thy
 “ fluttering heart, with hasty pulse demanded com-
 VOL. II. Q “ fort,

" fort, I gave thee base suspicion, and with rude
 " hand repelled thy tender love ; as not contented
 " with thy sufferings past, I in my first royal act
 " I played the tyrant on my wife, and cursed thee
 " more than *Amurath* had done. But, righteous
 " Prophet, thou hast well repaid my base ingrati-
 " tude ! Blind as the dark mole, I dared accuse
 " thy wonderous sight, and in the puny ballance
 " which my ignorant will held out, presumptuous
 " weighed the mercies of my God !"

The pious words of *Sadak* were attended with
 unusual omens ; from the left the vivid lightning
 flashed, the palace shook, and a thick cloud filled
 the apartment where *Sadak* stood, out of the midst
 of which came forward the stately *Adiram*, and
 thus addressed the consort of *Kalafraide*.

" Noble *Sadak*, the trials of your fortitude are
 " now finished, and *Adiram* is the joyous messen-
 " ger of your future peace. The beauteous female
 " who stands before you is not the real *Kalafraide*,
 " as you will perceive, when she shall restore to
 " *Doubor* the enchanted ring.

" After your departure from the seraglio, in
 " search of the waters of oblivion, I perceived
 " that the obligations of an oath could not bind
 " the man, that was influenced by revenge, and
 " unmoved by the tender calls of humanity : I
 " therefore sent by my little winged messenger an
 " enchanted ring to *Doubor*, declaring its virtues,
 " and bidding him use it when *Kalafraide's* distress
 " should most require its assistance. The friendly
 " *Doubor* had in vain employed both artifice and
 " persuasion,

“persuasion, to prevent his master from yielding to
“his passions ; every contrivance proved abortive ;
“and *Amurath* was determined to force *Kalafra*
“to his will.

“In this distress I sent the enchanted ring to
“*Doubor*, commanding him to put it on the fin-
“ger of one of the ladies of the seraglio, who
“should thereby be enabled to personate *Kalaf*-
“*rade*, and deceive the Sultan. *Doubor*, over-
“joyed, carried it to the fair and haughty *Zurac*,
“who had long pined unnoticed in the walls of
“the seraglio. *Zurac* tenderly loved *Amurath*,
“but her lord had never returned her affections.

“*Zurac*, said *Doubor* to the fair princess, you are
“well acquainted with *Amurath*’s passion ; every
“beauty of the seraglio is neglected, and *Kalafra*
“alone possesses the heart of *Amurath*.

“Say then, fair one, should *Doubor* give to
“*Zurac* the powers of pleasing the mighty *Amurath*,
“if *Doubor* should make him neglect *Kalafra*,
“and seek only thee, what reward should the chief
“of the eunuchs meet at thy hands.”

“He should be, answered *Zurac*, as the clear
“fountain to the desert, or as pardon to the wretch
“condemned.”

“Take, therefore, answered *Doubor*, this ring,
“and while you wear it, your speech and person
“shall be as the speech and the person of the fa-
“vourite *Kalafra* ; but beware lest your tongue
“betray the deception, and be cautious, and seem-
“ingly

“ ingly reluctant, that the change of behaviour
 “ awaken not in *Amurath* any suspicions concern-
 “ ing you.”

“ *Zurac* readily yielded to the proposals of *Dou-
 bor*, and the eunuch secretly removed *Kalafrade*
 “ from these apartments, and brought *Zurac* in
 “ her stead ; but the monarch, fearful that *Douber*
 “ would seek to prevent his desires, sent the faith-
 “ ful eunuch to *Iznimid*, and the next day com-
 “ manded the false *Kalafrade* to yield to his de-
 “ sires.

“ *Zurac*, happy that *Amurath* should so soon
 “ seek after her, made a faint resistance, and the
 “ passionate monarch took possession of her charms,
 “ the day before you arrived from the fountains of
 “ oblivion.

“ Though born to indulge his passions, with-
 “ out controul from any human power, yet was
 “ *Amurath* shocked at the wild effects of his lust,
 “ and he repented of his folly when you arrived ;
 “ but the submissive resignation of *Sadak*, and
 “ his superior virtue, stung the soul of the faith-
 “ less monarch, and yielding to revenge, he pour-
 “ ed his malice on your heart, for which the ven-
 “ geance of *Alla* was levelled at his head, and he
 “ was suffered to drink down the deadly potions of
 “ oblivion.

“ As soon as *Amurath* was dead, I appeared to
 “ *Douber*, who was travelling toward *Constanti-
 nople*, and I commanded him not to take the ring
 “ from

“ from *Zurac*, or to reveal the secret to any one,
 “ till he should see me again.

“ And now, *Doubor*, continued the *Genius*,
 “ be you the messenger of these happy tidings to
 “ *Kalafrade*, and prepare her heart to receive her
 “ lord; and acquaint her also with the safety of
 “ her children, whom *Amurath* commanded thee
 “ to destroy, but whom thou secretly hast preserved
 “ having stained thy innocent hands with the blood
 “ of a kid. And that no consideration may damp
 “ your joys, know, that *Abud* is living, whose
 “ failure on the burning island, was the conse-
 “ quence of his filial piety. Having passed the
 “ whirlpool and ascended the rocks, he came to
 “ the fruitful plane, and overjoyed at the sight of
 “ the fruits that grew thereon, the duteous youth
 “ plucked several, and folding them in his gar-
 “ ments, he descended down the rocks, resolving
 “ not to taste them, till he had carried them to *Sa-*
 “ *dak*, his father: But as through his haste to re-
 “ lieve the fainting *Sadak*, he neglected to thank
 “ *Alla* for the gift, the evil *Genii* claimed a power
 “ over him, and the cause was debated between
 “ our race and the impious *Genii*, before the foot-
 “ stool of *Mahomet*. Long were the contests of
 “ each, and every argument was used, which ei-
 “ ther mercy or malice could suggest; till at length
 “ *Mahomet* determined, that the youth should nei-
 “ ther succeed, nor be condemned, but that he
 “ should be conveyed to the ship of *Gehari*, which
 “ was sailing toward the *Othman* empire. He
 “ therefore shall, if *Alla* permit, return within the
 “ space of a year to his parents arms, and in com-
 “ passion to the race of the faithful, he shall not

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“ascend to the enjoyments of his brother *Codan*,
 “till, after thy death, he hath sway’d with fame
 “and glory the *Othman* sceptre.”

Thus spake the *Genius Adiram*, and retiring into the dark cloud, she left the brave *Sadak* in the royal seraglio; who, after he had assured the fair *Zurac*, that she should enjoy the honours of *Amurath*’s sultana, hasten’d to meet his beloved.

Doubar, who in obedience to *Adiram*, had imparted the glad message to *Kalafrade*, was presenting her five children to the happy fair one, when *Sadak* entered the apartment. The sight of his long lost children fill’d the happy father with the liveliest transports, and the honour of his *Kalafrade* so happily restor’d to him, gave new graces to his beauteous consort. They met with tears of joy, running like fountains from their pious eyes; and while in silent rapture they hung entwined in each others arms, their beauteous children kneel’d around, and bathed their robes with streams of tears.

Conscious that passion had formerly transported them beyond the bounds of reason, they both in secret pray’d for *Alla*’s grace to moderate their joy; and having borne the trials of adversity, they now strove to obey the sober dictates of calmness and humility.

And first, kneeling in the midst of their duteous family with hearts and eyes uplifted to the throne of heaven, they pour’d forth their pious praises for their maker’s mercies; then in modest tenderness,
 indulg’d

Indulged in mutual converse, by turns embracing all their children, and blessing their long lost offspring, and with their tears of joy, fell some few piteous drops for righteous *Codan's* loss, and dutious *Abud's* absence.

These happy duties finished, the royal *Sadak* arose, and went toward *Doubor*, the faithful eunuch.

"Friend of my bosom, and great instrument of all my joy, said *Sadak* embracing him, not all the monarch of the *Othman* throne can do for thee, can ere repay thy generous services: Happy am I, to think that *Alla* will reward thee, with the heart-felt pleasures of an approving conscience, that, *Doubor*, shall be thy chief reward; for worldly pleasures, command thy *Sadak's* fortune, the wealth of all my empire is at thy disposal."

The beauteous *Kalafrade* and her children, followed the example of *Sadak*, and all with joy acknowledged *Doubor's* generous kindness.

The good old man, overcome by the affecting scene, in silence lifted up his watry eyes to heaven, then fell at *Sadak's* feet, and would have kissed his sandals, but the grateful *Sadak* raised him up, and seated him beside his amiable *Kalafrade*.

Serenity and mildness succeeded in the affectionate interview, where all were happy in each other, and where all acknowledged the source of their happiness in the bounties of *Alla*.

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The *Genius Adiram* thus finished her tale, and *Iracagem* and the surrounding *Genii* bowed from their thrones, the children of earth were filled with firm resolutions of fortitude, and the noble image of *Sadak* fired their youthful imaginations.

“ While the sons of the faithful, said *Iracagem*,
 “ have received the impressions of fortitude from
 “ the lips of our sister *Adiram*, the daughters of
 “ our prophet have been well instructed in con-
 “ stancy and truth, by the glorious example of the
 “ firm *Kalafrade*; and doubt not, ye beauteous
 “ offspring, but virtue and fidelity shall be as
 “ greatly distinguished, and as fully rewarded in
 “ the female sex, as ye see it honoured and ap-
 “ proved among the sons of men. Born for each
 “ other, and alike endued with an ever-living
 “ soul, the great *Alla* impartially regards the suf-
 “ ferings and the virtues of all his children; and
 “ where weakness most prevales, there most his
 “ gracious strength supports, and comforts in the
 “ unequal conflict.

“ Nor weakly think, ye daughters of affliction,
 “ your sex is loaded with superior ills; though
 “ man in strength surpass you, yet seldom, against
 “ the virtuous and self-resolved breast, prevales his
 “ brutal force: Guardians of your sex, our watch-
 “ ful race attendant view your toils, and turn,
 “ unseen, the base designs of man back on himself,
 “ or make your sufferings, when sustained with
 “ truth, appear far brighter ornaments, than the
 “ gem which vainly strives to cast a lustre on your
 “ charms.

“ Fair

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"Fair daughters persevere, and let no foul intruder sully the beauteous image of a female soul : from your approving smiles, the sons of *Adam* take their first impressions ; and were every woman virtuous, man soon would blush at vice and copy you."

Thus said the smiling *Genius* to his tender charge, nor added more : Then turning toward the illustrious *Nadan*,

"*Nadan*, said the sage *Iracagem*, we next expect to hear the mild doctrines of thy persuasive tongue."

"Chief of our immortal race, answered the venerable *Nadan*, I obey."

MIRGLIP,



M I R G L I P,

T H E

P E R S I A N;

O R,

F I N C A L,

T H E

D E R V I S E O F T H E G R O V E S.

T A L E T H E N I N T H.

IN the first ages of the *Mahomedan* faith, the kingdom of *Persia* was governed by *Adhim*, the magnificent, who removed the royal palace from *Ispahan* to *Raglai*, and enlarged the glories of his habitation beyond the example of all his predecessors.

The palace itself was built on the mountain *Orez*, standing on an extensive plane, which was surrounded by four walls, two hundred feet in height, and covered with a platform of marble, whereon

whereon nine chariots might drive a-breast. The northern wall, which looked toward the *Caspian* sea, was three leagues in length, and supported by six and thirty towers, whose turrets reached one hundred and eighty-two feet above the platform of the wall.

The wall to the south, which looked toward *Ormus*, the great city, was also three leagues in length, and was supported by six and thirty towers of equal height with the former.

The western wall looked toward *Assyria*, and its towers were in number thirty and six, and its length from the first tower southward, to that which looked toward the north, was three leagues.

The eastern wall, which completed the fortification, looked toward the kingdoms of *India*; and its towers, and its platform, and its extent, were equal to the rest of the walls, which *Adbim* had caused to be built around the plane of *Orez*, the place of his habitation.

Within these walls, *Adbim* caused the plane to be divided into gardens; and because there was no river near, he employed three hundred thousand men to bring the great river *Abutour* from beyond *Casemabat* to the eastern side of the plane, where it entered through the wall under an arch, whose center reached even to the platform, which *Adbim* had caused to be laid on the surface of the wall which he had built.

In

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In these gardens *Adhim* built a thousand palaces for his nobles and warriors; and in the midst, on a rocky mountain, whose summit was eight hundred feet from the river *Abutour*, which was made to run round the mountain, stood the palace of the king.

And because the soil of the plane *Orez* was rocky and barren, *Adhim* employed fifteen thousand carriages, to bring the fat soil of the vallies within the walls of his habitation; and he removed the forest of cedars, which grew on the mountains of *Esdral*, and planted them in the plain of *Orez*, which he had fortified with walls, and with an hundred and forty turrets.

And now *Adhim* looked from his palace on the mountain *Orez*, and his heart leaped within him to behold the works which he had made, and he said to his counsellors, "Who is equal to *Adhim*, whose buildings are as wide extended as the *Caspian* sea, and whose works no man can count because of their number?"

And his counsellors answered *Adhim*, and said, "None is equal to *Adhim*, the viceroy of *Alla*."

And *Lemack*, his viziar, replied, "None is equal to *Adhim*, our lord, whose buildings are like the cities of the eastern princes, and whose palace is as a desirable kingdom."

Adhim, pleased with the flattery of his princes, retired to rest, and the next morning summoned them again, to behold the glories of his reign.

The

The courtiers seemed to admire the magnificence of *Adhim*, and they said, "None is equal to *Adhim*, the viceroy of *Alla*."

And *Lemack*, his viziar replied, "None is equal to *Adhim*, our lord, whose buildings are like the cities of the eastern princes, and whose palace is as a desirable kingdom."

The enraged *Adhim*, disgusted by a repetition of the same flattery, which had pleased him so much the day before, commanded his courtiers and his viziar to retire, and he went up alone to the highest battlements of the palace, to survey at once the mighty works which he had lived to complete.

For a few minutes the extended idea filled his soul: He endeavoured to reckon the flocks and the herds which had been driven into the pastures, bordering on the river *Abutour*; but they might not be told for number, and he was pleased to find, that it was in vain to attempt to count the inhabitants of the palaces on the plane of *Orez*.

"But what, said the discontented monarch, shall these glories avail me, if the minds of my courtiers are not dilated with their master's magnificence? Here are objects sufficient to diversify the ideas of my viziars for a thousand years, and yet the words which they uttered yesterday, are to day in the mouths of my flattering court."

Dis-

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Displeased at viewing unnoticed the glories of his palace, *Adhim* descended toward the woman's apartment, and conducted several of his sultanas to the terrace, which overlooked the buildings he had erected.

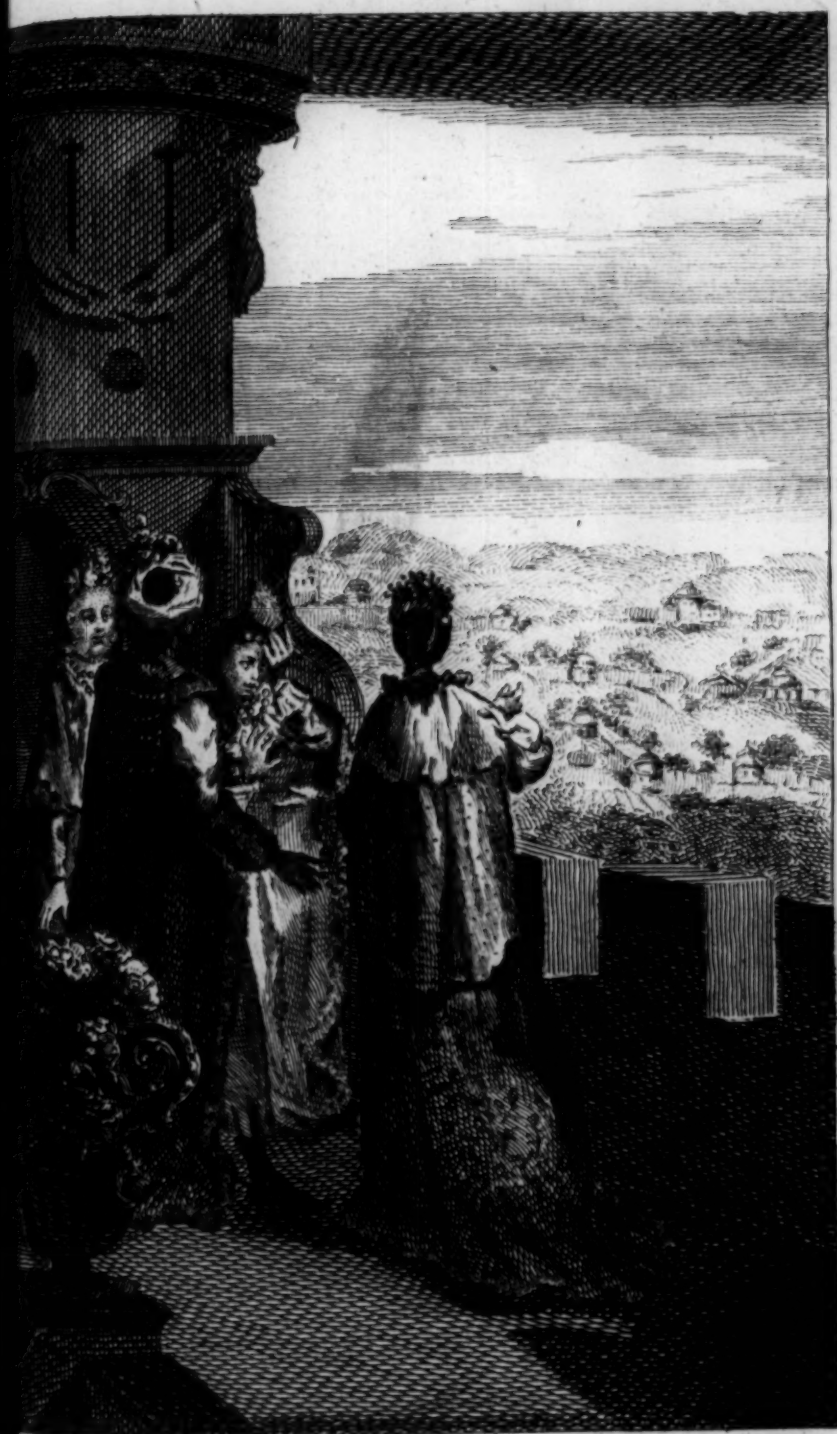
"*Yasdi*, said the sultan, to the female who stood at his right hand, observe the glories which surrounded *Adhim*, thy lord: Canst thou reckon, O *Yasdi*, the glittering palaces which I have built? Or canst thou number the multitudes whom thy sultan hath blessed?"

"Glory of the earth, answered the princess *Yasdi*, great are the perfections of *Adhim*, my lord, but O, if *Yasdi*, thy slave, might speak, if she might answer her lord, who is but as the handmaid of his pleasures, *Yasdi* would kneel before thee in behalf of her relations, and thou shouldest give to the children of my father, an habitation in thy palace of the plane."

"*Yasdi*, answered *Adhim*, thy request shall be granted: But what saith *Tema* to the palaces which I have built?"

"O, said *Tema*, let my lord not be displeased, and I will speak. *Tema*, whose soul is love, and whose spirit is fondness for thee, my lord, wishes to enjoy the smiles of *Adhim* in the grove, and to see none other than the face of her beloved."

"Gentle *Tema*, replied the sultan sighing, I thank thy love, but I perceive the cottager has charms



The Sultan ADILIM looking on his Palaces from y^e Towers of Orez.



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"charms sufficient to provoke the affections of
"Tema."

"And what thinks *Abiaza*?" said the fond
Adhim, smiling on his favorite sultana.

"O my lord, answered *Abiaza*, you have
"brought me to an hideous height, and my head
"swims, and my fancy totters at the dismal pros-
"pect."

Adhim could no longer concele his resentment,
he turned hastily from the princesses, and descended
from the terrace into the apartments of his palace.

"Let *Lemack*, my viziar, said the monarch,
"be brought before me."

Lemack hurried into the presence of *Adhim*, and
fell at the feet of his sultan.

"Since those who have chiefly experienced
"the bounties of their lord, said *Adhim*, are most
"ignorant of his glories, I mean, *Lemack*, to go
"disguised, and hear my praises among my less
"favoured subjects: Wherefore prepare the mean
"clothing of two artizans, and we will together
"issue forth out of the palace, and join the con-
"versation of my subjects, whose buildings are
"without the walls which surround the plane
"of *Orez*."

The viziar *Lemack* endeavoured to sooth the
pride of his prince with a profusion of compli-
ments, but *Adhim* stopped his career with a frown,

and bid him not by a stale artifice, increase the guilt of his former indifference.

Lemack obeyed, and ere the bat had spread its leathern wing amidst the sable clouds of night, the sultan and his vizier issued forth in disguise into the suburbs which surrounded the palace of *Orex*.

After wandering some time through the streets, they were met by two merchants, who had just been paying the sultan's tax at the receipt of custom.

"Ah, said the first merchant, these are the
"curfed artizans who are employed by the sul-
"tan, to work up that wealth, which is squeezed
"out of our honest employment."

"True, replied the second merchant, but
"would *Adhim* be as easily satisfied, as one we
"are well acquainted with, how happy should
"the merchants of *Raglai* live!"

"My lord, said *Lemack* to *Adhim*, let us re-
"turn, your subjects, I fear, are but little dis-
"posed to commend the glories of your palace."

"Nevertheless, answered *Adhim*, we will pro-
"ceed: A prince should be able to hear with in-
"difference both the good and the bad; all my
"subjects, *Lemack*, are not merchants."

As they walked onward, they met several young *Persians*, intoxicated with the forbidden juice of the vines of *Deran*.

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VOL.

"These, said *Adhim*, though rebels to government, will yet speak as they think; neither prejudice, nor private interest hangs on the tongue of him who is drunken with wine."

"Tell me not, said the first of the river *Abu-tour*, was I sultan of *Persia* it should run wine, and the walls of my vineyard should surround a province."

"'Tis indeed a pretty place, answered the second, and I believe there are better wines drank without the wall than within it."

"'Tis only fit, said the third, for the habitation of our sober friend the water drinker."

"Peace, replied the fourth, his fame can never be blown upon by the breath of drunkenness; and with all my gaiety, I had rather be that sober water drinker, than the brickmaker *Adhim*."

The sultan hardly could concele his rage at the opprobrious epithet which the last young man had bestowed upon him; but being determined to prosecute his search, he left the riotous young men without endeavouring to confute them.

Lemack the viziar again attempted to divert the intentions of his sultan, but in the midst of his entreaties they were overtaken by an old man and his son.

“ Gentlemen, said the old man, be judges between me and my son ; the young rogue broke loose from me this morning, and to-night he is returned hungry and cold ; and though I set before him such food, as his mother and myself have used from our infancy, yet he talks of nothing but the delicacies of those, who eat in the palaces of the planes of *Orex*.”

“ And my father, answered the son pertly, would persuade me, that our neighbour lives better than *Adhim* the magnificent, and that he who eats little is happier than the prince of his people.”

“ *Lemack*, said *Adhim*, let these, and the young men, and the merchants, be brought before me to-morrow, that we may know what they mean, by preferring their neighbour to their prince.”

Lemack promised to obey, and *Adhim* still pursued his walk.

And now they met a little family, following the heels of a man and woman in mean attire, who filled the streets with their piteous lamentations.

“ Pity, good musselmen, said the man, have pity on a poor family, who are oppressed by the hand of power, and who are ruined, that their ruin may add a needless splendor to those, who are capable of sporting with the miseries of mankind !”

“ Of

"Of whom do you complain," said *Adhim*, kindly walking up to them?

"Alas, answered the man, so wretched are we, that we dare not mention the name of our oppressor, and but for the bounty of one who this day relieved us, we had perished in the streets."

"*Lemack*, said *Adhim*, whispering his viziar, relieve them to-night, and to-morrow let them be brought with the merchants, and those we have already met."

"Commander of the faithful, replied *Lemack*, thy slave will obey the voice of his lord: But the unwholesome dew falleth from the heavens, and my lord will be wet by the sickly steam."

"*Lemack*, said *Adhim*, we will enquire what means that crowd before us, and then return to the royal palace."

"Alas! alas! cried a frantick female, who preceded the crowd, *Queshad*, the faithful *Queshad*, who supported my tender infants with the sweat of his brow, is no more! Thy limbs, O *Queshad*, are broken, yet not by toil! Thy life is wasted, while as yet thou hadst strength to go forth to the labors of the day!"

"Unfortunate wife of *Queshad*, said one, who endeavoured to alleviate her afflictions, mitigate thy grief, and know, that *Alla* hath, for wise purposes, made this trial of thy faith. *Queshad*

“ O mourner, was indeed a tender husband to thee, but *Queshad* was not thy god. There are yet left those, who can pity thy misfortunes, and relieve thy distress; and doubtless the righteous *Adhim*, when he hears thy husband lost his life, in finishing the mighty buildings he hath erected, will pour the bounties of a monarch into thy widowed arms.”

“ O mighty *Alla*, said *Adhim*, fighting in secret to his vizier, are these the glories I proposed, when I employed all my subjects in such works of magnificence ! O *Lemack*, *Lemack*, I fear I am wrong ! However, bring this widow and her friend, who has so justly answered for his sultan, before me to-morrow.”

Lemack employed the greatest part of the night in finding out those, who were, the next morning, to appear before his prince, while *Adhim* lay extended and restless on the downy sofa.

In the morning, the divan was crowded, and the people were in tumults to know, for what cause so many prisoners were brought before the throne of *Adhim*.

No sooner was the sultan seated, than *Lemack* presented the two merchants before him.

“ Merchants, said *Adhim*, what I heard, not as a prince, I shall not punish as a prince; only be cautious for the future, not to load your governors with undeserved calumnies; and

“ tell

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"tell me truly, whom you dared wish in the throne of *Adhim* your sultan?"

The merchants were confounded at the speech of *Adhim*, but perceiving he had over-heard them the night before, they fell at his feet, and besought his pardon: And the second merchant said:

"*Alla* forbid thy slave should see any other than *Adhim*, my lord, on the throne of his forefathers; notwithstanding, I confess, I meant to praise the temperate virtues of *Mirglip* the Persian."

"*Lemack*, said *Adhim*, bring forward the young men, who despised the law of *Mahomet*; and, viziar, remember, that when all these are dismissed, seek out this *Mirglip*, and bring him before me."

The young men, ashamed of their debauch, fell with their faces before the throne; and *Adhim*, gently chiding them for their excess, enquired of them, who they meant to praise for his temperate behaviour.

The young men returned their thanks to the sultan for his clemency; and the third said:

"Next to our sultan, *Mirglip*, the Persian, is beloved in the streets of *Raglai*."

Lemack frowned at these words, and he cursed the speaker in his heart; but the viziar dissembled

his rancour, and brought the old man and his son before the throne of *Adhim*.

“ From whence, O young man, said the sultan, hast thou learned to despise thy parents, and to disregard the authority of those who are set over thee ?”

“ Prince of thy people, answered the young man, trembling, forgive the follies of an inexperienced youth, and I will ever hereafter frame my conduct from the example of the temperate *Mirglip*.”

“ What ! said the king astonished, is *Mirglip* the neighbour of all my subjects ?”

“ He was indeed, answered the old father, that bright pattern of temperance, which I last night proposed as an example to my son.”

The old man and his son retiring, *Lemack*, the viziar, brought the poor man and his family before the sultan.

“ Of whom didst thou complain last night, said the sultan to him, when thy dark words did seem to cast a shadow on thy prince ?”

“ Forgive me, glory of *Persia*, answered the poor man, if an heart, overloaded with sorrows, poured forth a part of its distress in the ear of its prince : Indeed, commander of the faithful, the miseries which my little ones have suffered, since my cottage in the valley was destroyed,

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“stroyed, to make room for the mighty engines,
“which drew down thy cedars from the moun-
“tains, forced me to complain in the bitter an-
“guish of my woes.”

“Slave, answered the sultan, thou mayest
“well ask forgiveness for thy presumption; but
“I have resolved not to punish; and even thy
“slander shall not make void the purpose of my
“heart: But who was this stranger that relieved
“thee, of whom thou spakest in such terms of
“praises?”

“Master of my life, answered the poor man,
“to the good *Mirglip* do I owe my own and my
“children’s existence.”

“These slaves, said *Lemack*, are confederates
“in their tale; and some enemy of thy peace,
“O royal *Adhim*, means to set up this hypocrite
“above his lord.”

“Thy surmise, O *Lemack*, said the sultan, is
“just: But let us hear these last whom we met
“yester-night, are we proceed to pass on this
“upstart *Mirglip*, such judgment as his insolence
“deserves.”

The poor man and his family being dismissed,
he who had comforted the wife of *Queshad* came
forward, with the sorrowful widow on his right
hand, whose distresses he endeavoured to alleviate,
by representing to her the amiable generosity of
Adhim, before whom she was about to appear.

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The disconsolate widow fell trembling at the feet of *Adhim*, and her words, which strove for utterance, were stopped by heaving sighs, and an heart swelled with affliction.

The stranger who attended the widow, viewed with compassionate eyes the sorrows of her soul, and with silent respect, seemed to wait the commands of *Adhim*, to speak in her behalf.

“ Stranger, said the sultan *Adhim* to him, I
“ applaud your compassion, and as you have been
“ the support, be also the voice of your female
“ friend.”

“ Guardian of our faith, answered the stranger,
“ this widow is indeed my friend, for she is a
“ *Persian*, and also a follower of our holy pro-
“ phet; and although I never beheld her till
“ yesterday, yet hath her necessities knit us to-
“ gether in the bond of friendship.”

“ Stranger, said the sultan smiling, I under-
“ stand you, you are charmed with the beauteous
“ sorrows of this amiable widow, and you are
“ ready to renew the vows, which *Queshad* doth
“ now remember no more.”

“ Prince of thy people, replied the stranger,
“ thy slave would never wish to countenance in-
“ gratitude to those whom we have lost. Grief
“ is the natural tribute of a fond heart, to the
“ memory of the beloved. And though I have
“ besought the widow of *Queshad* to moderate her
“ affliction, yet should I grieve to see her change
“ her

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“ her pious tears for wanton dimples. No,
“ prince, moved only by humanity, I met, and
“ as my poor endeavours could, I succored the
“ distressed ; and now, by royal *Adhim*’s kind
“ permission, I kneel before my prince’s throne,
“ an humble suppliant for an helpless widow”.

“ *Lemack*, said the sultan, turning hastily to-
“ ward his viziar, thinkest thou the new favorite,
“ *Mirglip*, has half the virtues of this man be-
“ fore me : Haste, viziar, and bring him here,
“ and I will engage, our stranger shall in every
“ grace, exceed this upstart *Mirglip*.”

As the sultan *Adhim* spake thus, the stranger
fell with his face before the throne, and he said :

“ If *Mirglip* hath offended his prince, let thy
“ guards, O sultan, here strike, and sacrifice him.
“ to thy just resentment.”

“ What, said *Adhim*, starting, art thou too
“ *Mirglip*? officious slave ! Was it not sufficient
“ to send this flattering crew before me, but
“ must thou also act thy base hypocrisy in person.
“ here ?”

“ Merciful *Adhim*, said the viziar *Lemack*, let
“ this trusty scymitar lay bare the traytor’s bosom,
“ and relieve my prince from such daring re-
“ bellion.”

“ Hold, *Lemack*, said the sultan sternly, and
“ defile not my reign with so mean a sacrifice :
“ No, let him live, and if indeed he be the man
“ fame

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- “ fame speaks him, he well were worthy of a
- “ monarch’s favor.”

The subjects of *Adhim* hearing the noble sentence of their prince, made the vaulted divan echo with their praise, and every eye but *Lemack’s* sparkled with a joyous tear.

- However, the cautious vizier perceiving the purpose of his master *Adhim*, and the satisfaction of the populace, veiled his malice with a courtier’s smile, and descending from his seat, he gave his hand to *Mirglip*, and raised the prostrate *Persian* from the earth.

- “ O royal *Adhim*, said *Mirglip*, ere he rose, if
- “ with a view to worldly honor only I had done
- “ my duty, or to court the soft air of gentle
- “ breathing flattery, then might my prince with
- “ indignation view the rebel *Mirglip*, but surely,
- “ prince, to follow the holy precepts of our law,
- “ in honor of my prophet, is not a deed deserving
- “ royal *Adhim’s* hatred ?”

- “ *Mirglip*, said *Adhim*, rise, thy prince ap-
- “ plauds thy holy zeal, and thou shalt live within
- “ my spacious walls, that daily I may hear thy
- “ virtuous converse.”

- “ Bountiful sultan, answered *Mirglip*, in hum-
- “ ble meanness bred a native of the forest, the
- “ honours of my lord would wear unhandsomely
- “ upon thy slave, and I should act the courier
- “ with an aukward grace : rather, if it please my
- “ prince, let *Mirglip* still among the meanest
- 6
- “ wander,

“wander, sufficiently rewarded for his labours,
“that *Adhim* once hath deigned to bless his life
“with an approving smile.”

“What, said the sultan astonished, canst thou
“resist the offers of thy prince? Are not the
“tribes of *Xemi*, the mightiest of my subjects?
“Are not the captains of the host of *Feriz* in the
“long toils of war renowned? Are not these all
“anxiously soliciting to be admitted into the pa-
“laces of the plane of *Orez*, and shall *Mirglip*,
“a base peasant, dare refuse the bounties of his
“lord? Yes, peasant as thou art, continued the
“sultan, thy folly be thy punishment, go live
“inglorious, in the cottages of the forest, and
“every hour lament the lost affections of thy
“prince.”

Thus said the sultan, nor suffered a reply, but
hastily withdrew with *Lemack* from the divan,
while the populace with tears departed, all won-
dering at the abstinence of their favorite *Mirglip*.

The pride of *Adhim* was severely rebuked by the
indifference of *Mirglip*, and he looked on his pa-
laces with contempt, since they were unable to
raise his fame among his subjects, or to tempt the
admiration of a rude peasant.

Lemack with pleasure saw the emotion of his
master, the peace of *Adhim* was indifferent to the
viziar, so long as no upstart favorite was likely to
destroy his interest with his prince.

“The

" The well-instructed and the ingenuous mind
 " alone, said the viziar to *Adhim*, can admire
 " the extensive works of *Adhim*, my lord; to
 " *Mirglip*, and his tribe of peasants, these beau-
 " teous piles look like the steep mountains, which
 " the laboring hind toils over, without reflecting
 " on its mighty founder. As the bird, with out-
 " stretched wing, poised on the buoyant air,
 " obliquely skims upon a palace or a cottage,
 " and in its native ignorance, knows not the
 " sultan of *Persia* from the peasant of the moun-
 " tain."

" Thy words, replied *Adhim*, tho' meant to
 " sooth my gloom, do truly add a poignant sting
 " thereto; I have seen, O *Lemack*, the busy
 " thrush with impotent anxiety framing its little
 " nest, and I have smiled to view the insignifi-
 " cant beams of its dwelling place: Yet *Lemack*,
 " that thrush, perhaps, is now regardless of my
 " palaces, with a few airy circlets, circumscribing
 " thy *Adhim's* magnificence; and, should I ven-
 " ture forth, might chirup out a careless note
 " above, and mute upon thy prince, whom all
 " the armies of the *Persian* empire might vainly
 " follow to revenge his pastime."

" My prince, answered *Lemack*, is merry with
 " his slave."

" Thy prince, answered *Adhim*, is dissatisfied
 " with his own magnificence, when he sees, that
 " a peasant may be more esteemed for his private
 " virtues, than the sultan of *Persia* for his stately
 " palaces: Nay, *Lemack*, I myself esteemed this
 " *Mirglip*,

“*Mirglip*, and thou shalt haste, and pay that widow, whom he so charitably supported, an hundred sequins.”

“Alas, glory of the east, answered the viziar, shall *Adhim* then, the sultan of *Persia*, stoop beneath a peasant? Shouldest thou heap half the wealth of thy kingdom on this woman, not thine, but *Mirglip*’s would be the praise, and the hypocritical peasant should seem to make thee but the treasurer of his coffers.”

“Sooner let the widow waste like the live ember, said the sultan, than such reflections glance on *Adhim*.”

“But why, O prince, said *Lemack*, should a peasant’s follies haunt thy fancy? Hath not my lord ten thousand slaves that wait upon his pleasure? For thee the undaunted huntsman rouses with his well poised spear the tawny monarch of the forest, or with dexterous eye marks where the panther hides its callous offspring; or drawing with keen aim the feathered arrow, buries its bearded point within the spotted tyger’s back; for thee the clarion sounds, and the brisk trumpet blows its lively note to mark thy footsteps; for thee, returning from his watry bed, the sun lights up the grey morn, and kindles for thy pleasure the genial face of day; for thee the blooming virgins of the east dissolve in amorous sighs, while every eye, attendant on thy will, beams not, unless thy favor light it up, and give it life.”

“And

“ And where is the joy, said *Adhim*, that,
 “ tyrant of the wood, I spread destruction? that,
 “ cursed by me, the lordly lion dies, or that the
 “ tender progeny, which heaven gives the pan-
 “ ther, I destroy? What praise shall *Adhim* chal-
 “ lenge, *Lemack*, that the tyger writhes his
 “ bloody back, and groans out beastly sighs to
 “ give me pleasure? That my fame hangs upon
 “ the filthy blast of some swollen trumpeter? Or
 “ shall I think the sun awaits my call, who long
 “ before my realms receive a distant ray, is listen-
 “ ing to the whistle of some eastern husband-
 “ man? Yet worse than all these, thou settest
 “ my honor on a woman’s smile, and wouldest
 “ persuade thy *Adhim*, that greedy eye glistens
 “ at me, which glistens at my gold. No, *Le-*
 “ *mack*, without a self-approving conscience, and
 “ a virtuous mind, base are the pleasures of an
 “ human soul; and *Mirglip*, by one righteous
 “ deed, shall gain more solid comfort, than royal
 “ *Adhim*, on the *Persian* throne.

“ *Lemack*, continued the sultan, this *Mirglip*
 “ shall be our friend, and thou, ere morning
 “ dawns, shalt court him to thy prince.”

“ The will of *Adhim*, replied *Lemack*; be his
 “ viziar’s law.”

Thus said the jealous viziar, and retired from
 the palace of *Adhim*, unwilling to execute the
 commands of his master, and yet fearful of dis-
 obeying his orders.

“ This

" This villainous slave, said *Lemack*, as he
 " went from the presence of *Adhim*, has, by his
 " stale virtues, corrupted the magnificent heart
 " of *Adhim*, my lord. While *Adhim* led his ri-
 " vers through the rocks, I led *Adhim* through
 " the blind vallies of deceit; and when ambition
 " stirred, I set my royal builder to rise from
 " stone to stone, and scale the clouds: Long
 " with such fruitless toil, he pleased his infant
 " mind, and, big with mighty plans of moving
 " barren mountains, he left the lower offices of
 " government to me: Then luxurious plunder
 " filled my chests, and as I passed, the children
 " cried, the widows shrieked, and the astonished
 " populace hid their heads, and cried, hush,
 " prostrate fall, the vizier *Lemack* comes! Then
 " every step I took, great *Lemack* trod upon some
 " abject neck, and the deluded *Persian* thought,
 " death by my hand, was a safe passport into pa-
 " radise: If with hot eye I caught a female
 " glance, the husband trembling came, and of-
 " fered me his wife, proud, that from *Lemack's*
 " loins, should rise his future progeny; or if the
 " cold senseless matron sighed out a denial, her
 " house erased, her children slaughtered, and her
 " husband pierced with the bloody stake, were
 " the first tokens of my least displeasure.

" Such *Lemack* was, while *Adhim* was a buil-
 " der, but now his plan complete, his tower
 " erected, and his plane enclosed, his busy mind
 " unsatisfied, seeks new diversion, and for want
 " of vice, virtue has made a faint attempt upon
 " his heart. But I will stir the infernal race,
 " and raise up phantoms to elude his search;
 " and

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“ and chiefly, that no starch example lead him
 “ forward, this *Mirglip* shall find a ready way to
 • “ that heaven which he longs for, that every
 “ pious fool may know, how dangerous it is to
 “ ape a faint, where *Lemack* reigns.”

Such were the thoughts of *Lemack*, the vizier of *Adhim*, as he passed from the presence of his sultan, to his own palace on the planes of *Orez*, and in the rancorous malice of his heart, he resolved to send forth a midnight executioner to destroy the virtuous peasant *Mirglip*, whose actions had made such an impression on the mind of *Adhim*.

But the crafty vizier soon considered, that the blast of opposition, would increase the reviving flame of *Adhim*'s virtue, and that to destroy one vigorous plant, would be to raise a thousand shoots around the expiring stock, he therefore resolved to work in secret craftiness, and that very night to go in search of the forcerer *Falri*, under whose tuition he had been bred in the dark caves of *Goruou*.

For this purpose, the vizier *Lemack* exchanged his gorgeous robes of state, for the religious weeds of a poor devotee; but that his sanctified appearance might not have too much of the reality of religion, he hid under his outward rags a meal of royal delicacies, and a flaggon of the delicious produce of the vintage of *Tibi*.

Thus equipped, he walked forth toward the caves of *Goruou*, which were in a secret part of the

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forest, about three leagues from the royal buildings, and, fearful of a discovery, he avoided every *Persian* in his walk, lest they should know the disguised viziar, and revenge themselves on the publick author of all their wrongs.

The cave of *Falri* was surrounded with unhallowed swine, who grunted on the dark and filthy leaves of corn, which the sorcerer had prepared for their sustenance and their bed; an ill-favored stream arose from their hides, and the neighbouring woods were filled with the loud snarling of the guards of *Fari*.

As *Lemack*, pressing the beastly muck, with his wet sandals, passed the hot smelling swine; they all, with erected bristles, endeavoured to oppose his passage, till scenting the delicacies which were hidden beneath his rags, they run upon him, and unless he had suddenly entered into the presence of *Falri*, they had destroyed the viziar.

The cave of *Falri* smelt not more delicately than the swine before it; on every side appeared the disgorged marks of drunkenness and gluttony, and the sour steam which issued from the covered pavement, assured *Lemack*, that he came too late to partake of the debauch of *Falri*.

At the upper end of the cave, the sorcerer lay extended, pressing his aching forehead with an hand besmeared with grease, and with the lees of wine; his little red ferret eyes were half squeezed by anguish from their bleared sockets, and his cheeks scalded with the fiery rheum, and bloated

by excess, shone discolored with a thousand hews. Blotches, carbuncles, and warts, adorned his glowing nose, and in his filthy beard, the different fauces of a week's extravagance were closely matted: his lips, chapped and divided by the burning steam of his overloaded stomach, discovered his foul teeth, clogged by corrupted food, and black with rottenness; and on his furred and fever parched tongue hung not a drop of moisture. Over his unweildy paunch, and lifeless limbs, were thrown a few disordered garments, but in contrary fashion to their real use; the turban, unfolded, covered his feet, and the vest was wrapped round his head, while his unseemly parts were left exposed, and emblems of his beastlihood. Beside him stood his tube, burning with the foetid herb tobacco, filling the cave with its poisonous odor, and on his right hand was placed a calabash of the spirituous juice of rice.

As the viziar *Lemack* entered, the forcerer *Fabri* filled the cave with curses and execrations; but when he perceived it was his pupil in disguise, the wretch arose with many a stagger on his tottering legs, and ran with out-stretched arms to hold him in his nauseous gripe.

"What bringeth *Lemack*, said the ferret-eyed forcerer, from the feasts of *Raglai*, to the caves of *Fabri*? Are all the oxen of the planes of *Orez* devoured? or are the royal flaggons of *Adhim* exhausted?"

"Thy son, answered *Lemack* sighing, was once the pride of *Orez*, and the voice of his mouth
" was

" was a law in *Persia*, *Adhim* was magnificent,
 " and *Lemack* was absolute, my days were crown-
 " ed with festivals, and my nights with debauch;
 " but soon these joyous carousals shall be no
 " more, *Adhim* awakes to virtue, and an abstemi-
 " ous peasant will shortly be his guide, unless
 " the power of *Falri* shake from his security the
 " abstemious *Mirglip*."

" What *Lemack*, answered *Falri*, art thou a
 " viziar in *Persia*, and comest thou to me to de-
 " stroy a peasant for thee? Let thy guards this
 " night dismember the abstemious *Mirglip*, and
 " to-morrow rise, and fear not to meet thine
 " enemy in thy paths."

" The nature of *Adhim*, my sultan, replied *Le-*
 " *mack*, will not be deceived; when *Mirglip* shall
 " be missing, his whole pursuit shall be after the
 " murderer, and *Lemack* at length be sacrificed."

" Then answered *Falri*, Leave him to thy
 " friend; return in peace to thy palace, and to-
 " morrow, when thou goest into the presence of
 " thy prince, boldly declare that *Mirglip* could
 " not appear before him, because he was drunken
 " with wine."

" Alas, replied *Lemack*, the sultan, jealous of
 " my tale, will haste to summon *Mirglip* before
 " him, and I, detected in my falsehood, shall fall
 " for ever from before my prince."

" If such suspicions, answered *Falri*, rise, do
 " you engage, by the succeeding night, to shew
 " your

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“ your sultan, *Mirglip* drinks the forbidden wine,
 “ and leave the rest to me.”

“ To *Falri*’s artifice, replied the viziar, I will
 “ leave it all; and haste again to *Raglai*, and the
 “ planes of *Orez*.”

Thus said *Lemack*, and departed, not forgetful
 of the viands which he kept concealed in his gar-
 ments; but willing to feast alone, in the wood,
 after he had left the sorcerer: For his purpose
 gained, the viziar, who was exhausted by his jour-
 ney, wished for no partaker in his gluttony.

In the morning, when *Lemack* appeared be-
 fore *Adhim*, the sultan enquired after *Mirglip* the
Persian.

“ Glory of the earth, said the viziar, bowing,
 “ who is he, that is like *Adhim* in the greatness
 “ of his mind? Over whom custom hath no
 “ chain, and who knows not the sceptred power
 “ of appetite and passion? *Mirglip*, O sultan,
 “ hath won the hearts of all the people; he riseth
 “ and scattereth abroad the gifts of benevolence;
 “ he healeth the breaches of neighbours; he com-
 “ forteth the afflicted: But, fatigued with the
 “ severe duties of the day, his wasted strength
 “ requireth recruit; and at night, after all his
 “ toils, he is renewed with the precious tears
 “ which fall from the luscious grape.”

“ Hah! *Lemack*, said *Adhim*, starting, is *Mir-*
 “ *glip*, the wife, the temperate *Mirglip*, the slave
 “ of wine! No, *Lemack*, it cannot be.”

“ O

“ O thou, answered the vizar, before whom
 “ hypocrisy fieth dismayed, and in whose presence
 “ falsehood dare not stand, forgive the tongue
 “ of thy slave, which wisheth not to utter the
 “ failings of its brother : To me, O *Adbim*, *Mir-*
 “ *glip* is allied by the ties of virtue and religion ;
 “ and not without my own distress, do I discover
 “ the little spot which sullies the glory of *Persia* :
 “ But my prince requireth truth from his slave.
 “ Know then, O sultan, that in obedience to
 “ thy command, I entered this morning the cot-
 “ tage of *Mirglip* ; where I saw, O piteous sight !
 “ his out-stretched corps unwashed on the ground,
 “ and the empty flaggon, which stood beside
 “ him. Struck dumb with the sight, I hastened
 “ away before *Mirglip* awoke, to relate to my
 “ prince the disagreeable tale ; and having heard
 “ from his neighbour, that this is the only fail-
 “ ing of *Mirglip*, which he repeats every night,
 “ my prince may himself to-night discover the
 “ truth of my assertion.”

“ That, answered *Adbim*, I mean to do, in the
 “ same disguise which we lately assumed. Where-
 “ fore *Lemack*, leave me now, and prepare to con-
 “ vince me this night of what you have said.”

Lemack obeyed, and night being come, *Adbim*
 and his vizar departed silently from *Orez*, to the
 cottage of *Mirglip*.

In the mean time, *Falri* disguised in the habit
 of a merchant ; entered the city of *Raglai*, and
 knocked, in the dusk of the evening, at the cot-
 tage of *Mirglip* ; who invited him into his house,

and understanding he came from a far country, set before him such plain provisions as he used himself.

The pretended merchant having eaten his fill, sighed, and telling *Mirglip* that he was greatly fatigued with his journey, he desired him to bestow one cup of wine upon him.

Mirglip started at the request of the merchant. "What, said he, have I received under my roof one who despiseth the precepts of *Mahomet*, and the command of *Alla*?"

"Alas, answered the pretended merchant, *Mahomet* knows what a force I put upon my conscience, when I besought thee to favor me with the cordial of the vintage; but surely, when my nerves quiver, and my strength fails, *Mahomet* will approve of your righteous deed."

As the false forcerer spake thus, he tumbled from the sofa whereon he was placed, and he sighed aloud, "O prophet, save my exhausted frame."

Mirglip perceiving the distress of the sham merchant, and supposing it real, ran to those who dealt in sherbet, and brought a pitcher of wine, which he carried home, and set on the ground before the forcerer.

It happened, that as *Mirglip* was entering his cottage, *Adhim* and *Lemack* passed him in disguise; and the sultan saw plainly, that *Mirglip* was carrying into his cottage a pitcher of wine.

The

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The enraged sultan, at first resolved to sacrifice the hypocrite, as he supposed, to his just resentment, which *Lemack* the viziar advised. But a few moments reflection, made the sultan rather choose to condemn him publickly, than to gain the hatred of his people by a precipitate execution.

Adhim disgusted, returned to his palace, ordering *Mirglip* to be brought before him in the morning; and *Lemack* retired to a joyous banquet, of which he partook with a new relish; as he doubted not but the fate of *Mirglip* was determined.

Early in the morning, the guards of the sultan surrounded the cottage of *Mirglip*; and the viziar *Lemack* commanded a few chosen guards to enter, and seize on the hypocritical peasant.

Mirglip, though surprised at the tumult, yet shewed no marks of fear; conscience spread no alarm within, and he was satisfied that the sword which might deprive him of his existence, could not destroy the inward peace of his soul.

The guards, who were accustomed to strike terror into their captives, supposed they had been mistaken; and that the man who kneeled not for mercy, nor trembled through fear, could not be *Mirglip*, whom they were commanded to seize.

Being assured from his own lips, that he was *Mirglip* the *Persian*, they brought him before *Lemack*; whose eyes were swollen with intemperance, and whose brow was laden with malice.

“ What calm hypocrite, said *Lemack* roughly,
 “ have we here ? who has so soon forgot the re-
 “ vels of the night, and the fumes of wine :
 “ But *Adhim*, the royal *Adhim*, shall judge thee,
 “ thou vile sycophant. Guards, continued the
 “ viziar, were there no partakers with this *Mir-*
 “ *glip* ? was no one with him in the cottage,
 “ where ye found him extended on the floor with
 “ drunkenness ? ”

“ Just judge of *Persia*, answered the false for-
 “ cerer, who then came forward, let my pardon
 “ be sealed by the lips of the righteous *Lemack*,
 “ and I will speak.”

“ If thou declarest truly before our sultan,
 “ what passed between thee and *Mirglip* last night,
 “ answered *Lemack*, thou shalt be forgiven ; but
 “ till then guards seize on him, and let us bring
 “ them both before our sultan.”

The croud gathered as *Mirglip* and the viziar
 passed ; and when they entered before *Adhim*, the
 divan was crouded with anxious spectators.

The sultan sat on his throne, when *Lemack*
 brought *Mirglip* in fetters before him.

“ This, O royal *Adhim*, said *Lemack* bowing,
 “ is the man whom *Persia* loveth more than her
 “ prince ; who in his midnight haunts pours out
 “ the spacious goblet ; who cheats the deluded
 “ populace by sanctified expressions in the day,
 “ and at the decline of the sun curseth *Ala*, and
 “ his prophet, in the cups of his drunkenness.

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The populace shuddered at the malicious expressions of *Lemack*; and they doubted not, but the viziar would prevale, and destroy their favorite.

“Viziar, replied the sultan, we sit here to judge from real facts, and not from the warm expressions of zeal. Who is it that accuseth *Mirglip*?”

“This merchant, answered *Lemack*, whom he entertained last night, shocked at *Mirglip*’s hypocrisy, and penitent for his own accidental share in it; he, without compulsion, offered to disclose the truth, if *Adhim* would forgive the partakers in the crimes of *Mirglip*.”

The viziar then brought the sham merchant forward before the throne.

“Son of *Persia*, and guide of the faithful, said the forcerer, prostrate before *Adhim*, let my lord forgive, and I will speak.

“Speak then, answered *Adhim*, the truth, and justice shall for this offence, forget to strike.

“As I entered this city last night, said the sham merchant, yon *Persian* accosted me, and willed me to partake with him of the plain food of his cottage; thankful for his offer, I followed him, and he set before me some roots, and some boiled rice. After which, merchant, said he, can you be secret? you are fatigued with your journey, and a cup of wine will en-
“liven

"liven you. It was in vain that in answer, I
 "urged the commandment of our prophet, and
 "the law of *Adhim*, *Mirglip* would be obeyed;
 "and he gave me a small cup, but in his own
 "hands he held one large enough to contain a
 "measure of rice. By frequent pledges, we
 "soon emptied our first pitcher of wine; and
 "*Mirglip*, not content, went forth to those who
 "sell sherbet, and purchased a second.

"The more we drank, the more lively we
 "grew, and *Mirglip* waxed communicative; mer-
 "chant, said he, I invite only strangers, and
 "after the first night I see them no more: You
 "will, perhaps, be surprised to think that I, but
 "a mean cottager, can every night support such
 "an expence; but your wonder will cease, when
 "you shall hear, that I am bountifully supplied
 "by the rich merchants and widows of *Raglai*,
 "with money to distribute among the poor; half
 "of their supplies I regularly distribute every
 "day; and the populace have made a saint of
 "me for my labor; the other half exactly sup-
 "plies me with an entertainment and wine each
 "night for myself and a stranger."

"And how cometh it to pass, answered I, that
 "none of these strangers discover you?"

"That, answered *Mirglip*, is a secret which
 "you never must know."

"This, O sultan, made me suspect, that *Mir-
 "glip* at last gave some potion to his guests, to
 "take from them all memory of his feast; and
 "there-

“ therefore I resolved to taste nothing more in
“ his house.

“ What I suspected was true; when I was about
“ to depart, he brought out a small stone bottle,
“ this, said he, O stranger, is a wine of the most
“ exquisite flavor, I can afford you but little of it,
“ to every guest I give a cup, and no more.

“ *Mirglip* then poured forth a cup full, and I
“ pretended to drink thereof, but in truth I turned
“ aside, and poured it secretly into my bosom,
“ by which means I preserved my memory, and
“ have been enabled to detect the hypocrisies of
“ *Mirglip*.”

As the sham merchant uttered these words, a
deep groan was heard through every part of the
divan, and the populace incensed, cried out, that
“ *Mirglip*, the deceitful *Mirglip*, might be de-
“ livered to their fury.”

“ The words of the merchant, said the sultan,
“ are too true; a part of his tale I myself did
“ witness, when going through the city in dis-
“ guise, I met this *Mirglip* with a pitcher of wine
“ in his hand.”

No more proof seemed wanting, nor would the
sultan suffer *Mirglip* to answer for himself.

“ Thy tongue, said he, is used to deceit, and
“ I will not hear the hypocrisies thou art pre-
“ pared to utter.”

Lemack,

Lemack, rejoicing, seized instantly on *Mirglip*, and commanded the guards to gag him, that he might not, in the malice of his heart, utter any blasphemy against *Alla*, or rebellion against his prince.

The unfortunate *Mirglip*, overpowered by force and tumult, was led away, *Lemack* hoped to instant execution, but the sultan, in the midst of his anger, felt his heart yearn toward him, and he commanded, that till his sentence was pronounced, he should be cast into a deep dungeon, at the foot of the rock, on which stood the palace of the king.

Mirglip peaceably submitted to his fate, and seeing no present hope of answering for himself, meekly followed the guards of *Adhim* to the dungeons of the mountain.

The vizier *Lemack* having thus blasted the reputation of *Mirglip*, resolved to divert the thoughts of *Adhim* by some sudden scheme, that he might the easier destroy the unhappy peasant in secret.

For this purpose, he commanded his emissaries to procure some of the most beauteous slaves, that, if possible, the king might be moved from his present thoughts on temperance and virtue, to the looser phantasies of dalliance and love.

The orders of *Lemack* were always executed with precipitation, the vizier, impatient in his purposes, would brook no delay, so that neither rank nor condition was considered, but every beauteous

female within the *Persian* empire, was suddenly dragged to the royal seraglio.

Out of these the artful *Lemack* chose thirty, who surpassed the rest in portion, beauty, elegance and grace, and led them, adorned with the sumptuous luxury of the east, to the painted dome, where the royal *Adhim* constantly refreshed himself, as soon as he arose from his mid-day slumbers.

The sultan, who, though he had banished *Mirg-lip* from his presence, could not banish him from his thoughts, was displeased at the officious zeal of his viziar, and ordered *Lemack* to retire with his females.

Lemack seeing the determined countenance of his sultan, was obliged to obey, and he made the signal for the virgins of *Persia* to retire from the painted dome.

The sultan, though indifferent, could not help observing the joy which one of the females expressed at the signal of *Lemack*, the viziar. During the time of their standing in the painted dome, her eyes were cast on the ground, and her arms were folded in despair; but when she heard the voice of *Lemack* commanding them to retire, she alone lift up her sparkling eyes in transports to heaven, while every other female was disgusted at their sultan's neglect.

“Viziar, said *Adhim*, who is she among the virgins of *Persia*, that rejoiceth to be driven from the presence of her sultan?”

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The fair *Nourenbi*, (for that was the name of the virgin) started at the voice of *Adhim*; she perceived that the sultan had noticed her transports, and the pale mantle of fear overspread her cheeks.

But the fear of *Nourenbi* could not deprive her beauteous frame of its delicate symmetry, nor her lovely black eyes of their radiant lustre.

“ O *Alla* ! said *Adhim*, as he beheld her, who art thou, O virgin of *Persia*, whose limbs are like the polished pillars of the temple ? whose breasts heave like the roe panting for the thick-et ? and the arch of whose forehead is glorious as the enlightened hemisphere.”

“ Lord of thy slaves, and terror of the earth, answered *Nourenbi*, thou seest at thy feet the daughter of a poor countryman, whose age and infirmities are now without support, since ten days was my dear sister *Kaphira* stolen from his embrace, and now is thy handmaid dragged from his trembling arms.”

“ The man who, but in thought, hath injured him who gave thee life, O daughter of heaven, said *Adhim*, stooping to raise her, shall meet the fierce resentment of this arm.

“ *Lemack*, continued *Adhim* hastily, from whence came this fragrant flower ? has she been plucked by force, O vizier, from her parent stock ? or, by her beauties awed, led ye her hither as the queen of *Persia* ?”

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"Author of mercy, answered the viziar, this
"flower by chance we found, and who her parents
"are, thy *Lemack* knows not."

"To thee, then must I kneel, said the fond
"*Adhim*, thou master-piece of nature, to know,
"from what deep mine thy artless lustres sprang,
"that in the planes of *Orez* I may plant the whole
"family of my beloved, and heap such honours
"on them, as *Persia's* throne may give, and thy
"fair beauteous merit."

"To frugal virtue long inured, answered the
"fair weeping *Nourenhi*, my aged fire would curse
"his daughter should you transplant him here.
"Curse, said I, alas I wrong my gentle fire; no,
"sultan, sweet endearing smiles hang ever on his
"cheek, and what he thinks amiss, in such soft
"accent is pronounced, that even guilt is pleased
"to hear itself condemned."

"By the great founder of our faith, said *Ad-*
"*him*, described by such fair lips, and such soft
"words as thine, thy peasant father seems a saint
"to me! O what power is in those lips, to make
"whomever you please as amiable as you are.
"But name him, beauteous virgin, that *Lemack*,
"with a sumptuous embassy may court him to our
"presence."

"Forgive me, mighty sultan, said the fair
"*Nourenhi*, but I dare not; for when the panders
"of thy royal court came to the happy grove,
"which late in vain concealed thy slave, *Nourenhi*,
"said my fire, let no man know this safe retreat,
"which

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"which long hath hid thy father from the eyes of
"power."

"If such were his commands, thou shalt obey
"him, fair *Nourenbi*, said the sultan; and here-
"after, when the imperial diadem of *Persia* glitters
"on thy brow, thou shalt surprise him with thy
"presence, and tell his aged, unbelieving heart,
"that *Adbim* is his son-in-law."

"*Alla* forbid, replied *Nourenbi* firmly, that ere
"his daughter should so soon forget the temperate
"lessons of her tender sire: No, royal *Adbim*,
" *Nourenbi* long hath learned to value the chaste
" *Mirglip*'s virtues, more than all the splendors of
" the *Persian* throne."

"So, said *Adbim* pausing, viziar, this is well;
"unsatisfied with his drunken lusts, this hypocrite
"hath also gained the *Persian* females to his in-
"terest."

"Bred from our infant years together, said *Nou-*
" *renbi*, we long have loved with an holy love, and
" *Alla* and his prophet, oft have heard our plighted
"faith."

"No more, said *Adbim*, slaves remove this da-
"ring female from my sight; and, viziar, con-
"tinued the sultan, let the axe this moment fall,
"and free the realms of *Persia* from the hypocrisies
"of *Mirglip*."

The mutes and the viziar both hastened to obey
the sultan; *Nourenbi*, with folded hands and stream-
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ing eyes, in vain besought his pity; the mutes hurried her from the presence of *Adhim*, and the sultan was left alone in the painted dome.

Adhim, enraged, seated himself on his sofa, and impatiently desired the return of the viziar with the head of *Mirglip*; but hearing a noise in the court beneath, he looked forth through the lattice work of the dome, expecting that *Lemack*, to please him, had ordered the execution of *Mirglip* within sight of the dome.

But the corpulent sides of the viziar, had so far retarded the speed of his malice, that he hardly reached the middle of the court, when *Adhim* looked forth through the lattice work of the dome, where he saw *Lemack* stopped in his course by two reverend imans, who kneeled before him.

"Vicegerent of *Persia*, said the first to *Lemack*,
"we come to inform our sultan of one, who has
"dared to abuse the sacred ears of justice with the
"tales of falsehood."

"Vile doating priests, said the viziar *Lemack*,
"panting for breath, avaunt; our sultan is too
"wise to listen to the dreams of priests; and mark
"me, reverend grey-beards, if again, with step
"officious, you enter the palace of our royal
"master, I'll send your heads aloft above the gates,
"to preach without your bodies."

"Viziar, said *Adhim*, opening the lattice of the
"dome, I will not have the servants of my God,
"disgraced without a cause; if, contrary to their
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"faith, they have offended against our laws, I
 "bid thee, viziar, be severe; as they who teach,
 "should practice first the duties they enforce; but
 "if led alone by honest truth, they come to warn
 "me of some secret falsehood, they, viziar, act
 "as duteous servants to their prince, and I will
 "honour them. Venerable imans, continued the
 "sultan, you, who have a free access to *Alla*, shall
 "never want access to me: Yet take heed, and
 "use these sacred freedoms as becomes the minis-
 "ters of truth; a flattering priest, who bids us
 "look to heaven, that he may ransack earth,
 "shall meet with *Alla's* curse, and man's abhor-
 "rence."

The viziar *Lemack*, finding he was overlooked, endeavoured to retract from his severity.

"Glory of the earth, said he to *Adbim*, I have
 "indeed injured these children of our prophet;
 "warm with indignation, that *Mirglip* should so
 "often offend my prince, not even the messengers
 "of heaven could stop my fury, and those, whom
 "in my cooler hours, I love to honour, the fa-
 "vourites of *Mahomet*, these holy imans of our
 "faith, have I with hasty words abused."

"It is enough, O *Lemack*, said *Adbim*, from
 "the window, I know thy temper is jealous of thy
 "prince's honour; but bring these holy men be-
 "fore me, and till their audience be passed, let
 "*Mirglip* live."

Lemack obeyed with a dissembled alacrity, and taking each iman by the hand, he led them up-

wards toward the painted dome, blessing *Alla* aloud, who had placed him in the midst of two such holy supporters.

The imans, entering the dome, fell prostrate before *Adhim*, who commanded them to declare the cause of their coming.

"O thou prince, said the elder, to whom *Alla* hath committed the government of thy people, forgive the boldness of thy slaves, who come to declare to thee, the innocence of thy servant "*Mirglip*."

"Good old men, said the sultan to them, look well that you do not utter falsehood before me ; the villainies of *Mirglip* are too glaring to be covered over by a specious tale."

"Lord of *Persia*, answered the first iman, it is now six days since the viziar and his guards came into our district to seize on *Mirglip* ; and we knew not till yesterday, that he was accused of drunkenness, by a merchant, who lodged at his house, or we might long ere this have refuted the calumnies of the merchant.

"*Mirglip*, O prince, the night before his imprisonment, came to us, and with distressed looks informed us, that a stranger was taken ill under his roof, who was so overpowered with fatigue, that he besought him to give him a cup of wine, lest he should die. Wherefore, good iman, said the charitable *Mirglip*, let me beseech you to haste to his assistance, that ere the veil of death

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“ be drawn over him, his soul may be comforted
“ by your religious prayers.

“ The words of *Mirglip* were so urgent, that
“ we both hastened to gird ourselves, to follow him
“ to the house, where we found a merchant on the
“ ground, who assured us, that he had but a few
“ moments to live.

“ *Mirglip* joined in our devotions, and we spent
“ the greater part of the night in prayers to our
“ prophet; till the base merchant, pretending to
“ be relieved by our prayers, arose from the ground,
“ and begged leave to repose himself on the sofa.

“ *Mirglip* yielded to his intreaties, and we de-
“ parted from our friend’s house, but not till he
“ had poured forth into the yard, the remainder
“ of the wine which the merchant had left; lest
“ his slaves should taste of it, and break the law of
“ their prophet.”

“ *Viziar*, said *Adhim*, as the first iman had
“ finished his relation, let these good men be de-
“ tained in the palace, till he cryers of the city
“ have given the merchant notice to appear before
“ my throne; and in the mean time, defer the
“ execution of *Mirglip*, till the truth of this tale
“ be made manifest.”

Lemack went forth to obey the sultan with an
heavy heart, for he supposed that his friend the
sorcerer was returned to his cave, and he knew
there was no opportunity of seeing him, till night
had closed the eyes of the inhabitants of *Raglai*.

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The cryers having in vain summoned the fictitious merchant, returned to the palace, and assured the sultan, that no one could discover to them the merchant who had accused *Mirglip*.

“There is yet, said *Adbim*, one circumstance that may declare the truth. For as none have had access to *Mirglip*, whom, in our hasty zeal we would not hear, he cannot know these imans’ tale, if out of kindness they have forged it to release their friend.”

The sultan *Adbim* then commanded the prisoner *Mirglip* to be brought before him; but, said he to *Lemack*, “Viziar, attend him to our presence, that no officious look or speech betray the purport of our calling him. And imans, said he, do ye retire into that apartment, where, unseen, you may be witness of your friend’s defence.”

As *Lemack* entered the dungeon of *Mirglip*, the unfortunate youth doubted not but that he was the messenger of his death, for *Lemack* seldom visited the royal prisons, except he came on some malicious errand.

But the viziar, who began to fear, lest he should have appeared too officious in condemning *Mirglip*, and doubting not but that the love of *Nourenhi* would soon work his destruction, resolved to put on the appearance of friendship, that should every engine fail, the promotion of *Mirglip* might not be the means of his own discredit.

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Wherefore *Lemack* endeavoured to divest himself of that surly frown, which usually hung upon his bloated face, and with aukward flattery, he addressed the unfortunate prisoner.

“ They that are all goodness, need not fear the malice of their enemies ; for *Mahomet* will guard them from hurt, and make the worst of men their friends. As to my part, *Mirglip*, I am astonished at your goodness, and have severely chid all the officers of the state, that they did not tell me of your virtues, that while my royal master *Adhim* had been employed in the glories of creation, I might have had the satisfaction of perfering the most religious of mankind.”

“ Whatever is my sultan’s pleasure, said *Mirglip*, bowing, I submit.”

“ My sultan, said *Lemack*, somewhat offended, hath, at my request, resolved to hear thy defence ; therefore hast with me unto the royal presence, and as you well are able, tell some well-coined tale before him, till his soft heart relent, and pardon follow.”

“ If truth deserves no pardon, said *Mirglip* firmly, falsehood ever must deserve it less.”

The viziar replied not, but led *Mirglip* through the dungeon into the painted dome, for he perceived the young *Persian* suspected his sincerity, and pride and resentment prevailed over his hypocrisy.

Alia

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Adhim having examined *Mirglip*, found by his answers, that the imans had declared the truth, and that the strange merchant had belied the innocent *Persian*.

Lemack, who feared the truth would prevale, was confounded at the noble simplicity of *Mirglip*, yet was he the first, at the permission of *Adhim*, to release the two imans, and congratulate them on the success of their information.

Adhim was also confounded at the patience and submission of *Mirglip*, who neither betrayed any fear in his condemnation, nor seemed elated by the gracious acquital of his prince.

But in the midst of his admiration, the beauties of *Nourenbi* possessed his soul; and the sacrifice which he dared not make to his pride, the sultan resolved to offer to his love.

“*Lemack*, said the sultan, dismiss these venerable imans with costly presents; that my subjects may know, that *Adhim* will honour those who will boldly endeavour to relieve the oppressed.”

The imans being dismissed, “*Viziar*, said the sultan, bring the fair *Nourenbi* into my presence, that I may know by what arts this base man hath practised on her innocence.”

At the mention of *Nourenbi*'s name, the pale *Mirglip* sighed, and all his precaution could not

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prevent the visible marks of fear which possessed his countenance.

"Ah! base peasant, said *Adbim*, thy guilty conscience has taken the alarm; well mayest thou sigh to think thy iniquitous purpose is reveled, and that thy prince is witness of thy fraud."

"If to love the fairest of her sex, said *Mirglip*; if to engage in vows of constancy, with those whom *Alla* gave as social blessings to mankind; if in obedience to the laws of nature, to follow those affections, which religion sanctifies; if these be crimes, said *Mirglip*, then hath *Mirglip* greatly erred."

"I did suppose, said *Adbim*, that a man possessed like *Mirglip*, with a temperate soul, had no occasion for the dreams of love: though to the world you seem austere, yet to *Nourenbi* you can relent, young man; and while you preach of virtue, teach her dalliance."

"Virtue, I have heard, O sultan, said *Mirglip*, reaches not the rigid, nor the soft extremes: She ne'er dissolves in wanton luxury, nor plants her foot, without occasion, on the prickly thorn: With the fair *Nourenbi*, I first imbibed the lessons of our prophet; and while we hung attentive on the honeyed lip of her dear father *Fin-cal*, we both resolved to aid each other through life's rugged trial.

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"The good old dervise saw our rising love, and checked it not; but children, said he, restrain its bounds, and let prudence and religion lead it onward to your mutual peace.

"From that hour, O sultan, we gave our plighted faith; and had not these unforeseen misfortunes hindered us, to-morrow's sun was destined to behold our marriage rites."

"False slave, said *Adbim*, amuse me not with such a senseless tale: But here comes our faithful viziar, with his beauteous charge."

Lemack then entered the painted dome, leading the fair *Nourenhi*, supported by a female slave.

The stately *Nourenhi* entered with downcast eyes, and beheld not her beloved *Mirglip*, till the sultan commanded her to look up, and cast her eyes upon her prince.

Nourenhi shrieked at the sight of *Mirglip*, and *Lemack* rejoiced to see the agitation of his sultan, when he perceived the loye-sick eyes of the beauteous virgin.

"Virgin, said *Adbim*, take thy sultan to thy arms, or see my viziar make an instant sacrifice of *Mirglip*."

The eyes of *Lemack* sparkled at the speech of his sultan, and he stretched forth his hand to seize on his scymitar.

"If

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“ If my perpetual absence from this loved
“ image, will please thee, sultan, said *Nourenbi*,
“ I consent, but never can my heart desert its
“ vow.”

“ Then, *Mirglip*, said the sultan, yield her to
“ me, and I will place thee next myself upon the
“ throne of *Persia*.”

At these words the heart of *Lemack* failed, for he
doubted not but *Mirglip* would consent.

“ Prince of thy people, answered *Mirglip*, how
“ shall I answer the proposals of my sultan, who
“ wishes *Mirglip* to falsify his oath.”

“ It is enough, said *Adbim*, I perceive both are
“ fixed ; *Lemack*, invent some punishment that
“ may reach their crimes.”

“ For *Mirglip*, said the viziar, drawing forth his
“ scymitar, this shining blade shall soon suffice ;
“ but *Lemack* leaves the beauteous female to her
“ master’s mercy, who yet may see, when this base
“ peasant is destroyed, new beams of sprightliness
“ awake within her.”

“ Hold, viziar, said the sultan, for *Adbim* likes
“ not the meanness of thy poor revenge ; no, *Le-*
“ *mack*, thy sultan only can devise a punishment
“ adequate to their crimes.”

“ *Mirglip*, continued the sultan, and you, proud
“ haughty fair, draw near.”

Mirglip

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Mirglip and *Nourenbi* slowly obeyed the commands of *Adhim*, falling prostrate before him, and both seemed more to fear for each other, than for themselves.

“ Love, vassals, said *Adhim*, drawing forth his scymitar, was your crime ; be love your punishment : Rise, and enjoy each other, and so far shall *Adhim* be from separating your constant hearts, that I now draw this shining scymitar against your enemies, and he who loves not *Mirglip* and *Nourenbi*, is a traitor to his prince. Nor think it, constant pair, a small conquest I have made, for even yet, while reason and while justice persuade me to bless you, intemperance and passion urge to your destruction ; therefore withdraw, lest some fond sigh from fair *Nourenbi*’s breast, kindle anew the fever of my blood.

Lemack, who was thunderstruck at the unexpected change, had time, in some measure, to recover, while *Adhim* spoke, and, courtier like, he employed it, in framing a compliment, which, though true, yet came but awkwardly from the mouth of the fat speaker.

“ Thou hast indeed, most noble sultan, blessed this happy pair ; now let not *Mirglip*’s temperance be more remembered, for thou, O *Adhim*, by this single deed, hast shewn more mastery of thy passions, than this *Persian* has atchieved in all his life.”

“ True, noble viziari, answered the thankful *Mirglip*, to obey the dictates of temperance and
“ virtue,

"virtue, where obedience is our greatest pleasure,
 "and our best reward, argues but little merit;
 "to boast in such a cause, were to call natural ap-
 "petite a virtue; but to give up desire, possession,
 "and a hundred fancied charms, to follow rigid
 "virtue, this indeed enobles man, and makes the
 "prince his people's parent, and his subjects joy."

"Nor think, O virtuous sultan, said the fair
 "*Nourenbi*, falling at his feet, that thy slave's
 "beauties are too great to gaze on, though glow-
 "ing with a sense of royal *Adhim's* generous kind-
 "ness; shall not these watry eyes, which thou
 "hast blest, O sultan, reflect more pleasure on thy
 "soul, than all the brutal joys which force could
 "give thee: Yes, noble *Adhim*, continued she,
 "clasping his knees, thou art our father, and our
 "prince, and from thy bounties, as from the lofty
 "mountains, flow the streams of goodness on thy
 "lowly slaves."

The generous *Adhim*, overcome by the grati-
 tude of his slaves, dropped his arms on them, as
 they kneeled at his feet, and wept over them, and
 said to his viziars, with a sigh, "*Lemack*, I feel
 "more joy in this one action, than all my labours
 "past have ever given me, but I long to see the
 "reverend father of this beauteous virgin, from
 "whom such virtues are derived."

"Joy of thy slaves, and sovereign of hearts,
 "answered *Mirglip*, we are bound by every tie to
 "do as thou commandest, and the good *Fin-*
 "*cal*, when he hears how greatly *Adhim* has
 "condescended

"condescended to bless his slaves, will, doubtless,
"haste to fall prostrate before thy footstool."

"There is no need of that, answered *Adhim*,
"your father doubtless, wishes not again to enter
"the busy scene of life, and mix with anxious
"courtiers; and much instruction shall thy sul-
"tan lose, if *Fincal* regards me as the prince
"of *Persia*; for though the sovereign of a king-
"dom, I am not yet above the wise direction of
"a temperate sage, whose heart uncankered with
"the rust of gold, sends forth the purest streams
"of piety and truth: Yes, *Mirglip*, I am resolved
"in secret guise to tread those paths, where thou
"hast learned the first great wisdom to be good,
"that I may kindle at the glorious presence of,
"your animating sage, and treasure up such know-
"ledge as shall bless my people."

The astonished *Lemack* heard the resolutions of
Adhim with surprise, and feared, lest his sultan
should require his presence, at the mortifying lec-
tures of the good dervise of the groves; but his
grim countenance shone with joy, when *Adhim*,
taking him aside, declared his intentions of leav-
ing the reigns of government in his hands till his
return.

The subtle vizier hearing his resolutions, fell
at his sultan's feet, and besought him not to think
of hazarding his life alone amongst strangers; and
that if he was resolved to persist, at least he hoped,
that he would take him to the dervise, that he
might enjoy both the company of his prince and the
lessons of the sage.

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The unsuspicious sultan assured his viziar, that he should take all necessary precautions, but that *Lemack* must submit to hold the reins of government till his return; and in the mean time, he commanded his viziar to send for a *cadi*, and to make all preparations in the palace for the nuptials of *Mirglip* and *Nourenhi*.

The city of *Raglai*, and the inhabitants of the plane of *Orez*, were surpris'd at the sudden alteration in *Mirglip*'s favour, which was soon published about the palaces and cities; and every wish was, that *Adhim* would resume the power of administering justice to his people, and not leave his slaves in the hands of the viziar *Lemack*.

Adhim caused the nuptials of *Mirglip* and *Nourenhi* to be celebrated with all magnificence; and *Mirglip*, who had received so much from the hands of his prince, easily submitted to the pageantry of the court.

Two moons after the marriage of *Mirglip*, *Adhim* sent for his favourite, and reminded him of his promise; and told him, that he intended to pass for the son of a nobleman, who was desirous of enjoying the instructions of his father-in-law.

Mirglip and *Nourenhi* were rejoiced to hear, that *Adhim* intended to put his former resolution in execution; for they were both anxious to see the good dervise of the groves, and to acquaint him with the unexpected liberality of their prince; and the constraint of a court was disagreeable to both,

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as *Nourenbi* had too much virtue to give encouragement to every fop that endeavoured to entertain her, and *Mirglip* was too temperate to join in the pleasures or the scandal of the emirs around him.

The time of their departure shortly arrived, and the sultan and his two companions, *Mirglip* and *Nourenbi*, passed through the eastern gate of the citadel in palanquins, as part of the family of the old emir *Holam*, whom the sultan had intrusted with the secret of his departure.

For three days they travelled eastward, and on the fourth, they entered a plane, on the right of which stood a noble grove of cedars and palms.

"It is now time, said *Mirglip* (who was their guide) for us to send away these slaves back to *Raglai*, that none may know the recess which hides our father *Fincal* from the eye of power."

The slaves being dismissed, *Mirglip*, and his sultan, and the beauteous *Nourenbi*, walked forward into the grove, and the young *Persian*, by secret marks, led them about two miles into the center of the grove.

The walk under the cedars and palms, though irregular, was pleasant and easy; and the surface of the earth was covered either with moss or sand, which, as no sun could penetrate, was cool and refreshing to the feet of the travellers.

Having

Having reached the center of the grove, they beheld a small irregular lawn, through which ran a narrow clear stream; over this they passed, by the assistance of a rough bridge, made of unhewn timber, which brought them toward a plantation of laurels, plantanes, youthful cedars, and small flowering shrubs.

Through this delightful recess they trod in mazy paths, till they beheld a second lawn, smaller than the former, at the end of which appeared a neat and plain cottage, yet light and airy.

"Yonder, said *Mirglip*, O sultan, is the retreat of the happy *Fincal*; and now permit me for a time to forget the honour due unto my prince, and to look upon *Adhim*, the magnificent, as the pupil of the poor dervise of the groves."

"The pupil of virtue, O *Mirglip*, said the enraptured *Adhim*, is more glorious than the monarch of vice; and the soul of *Adhim* has more ardent longings in this little spot, than it has ever experienced on the towers of *Orez*."

To this the good *Mirglip* could make no reply, for he perceived the dervise coming forth from his cottage, and he ran and embraced the knees of his friend and his father.

"My good *Mirglip*, said *Fincal*, with a joyous smile, you have made the heart of a poor dervise flutter within him; a pleasing distress hangs on me, and the bright beams of goodness on thine eyes, revive my sinking soul."

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"Thou art indeed all goodness, said *Mirglip*,
"washing his trembling hand with tears; and so
"full of virtue and wisdom, that you seem to be-
"hold your own perfections in the meanest of your
"friends; if *Mirglip* has a thought that rises to-
"ward heaven, thou, with thy pious breath, hast
"blown it thither; from thee flows all the comfort
"I enjoy, to thee be all my praise."

"*Mirglip*, said the dervise gently, you have a
"courtly phrase, and would sooth my ears with
"prayers instead of praises; indeed, my good
"friend, I am neither *Alla*, nor his prophet, but
"a weak old man, who cannot, by his taste, dis-
"tinguish sweet from sour, and therefore you do
"play upon my weakness, as though I had for-
"gotten, that God were alone the giver of every
"blessing."

Mirglip blushed at the gentle reproof of the
good-natured dervise, and was ashamed of that
part of his salute, which love, rather than reason,
had dictated.

"It is enough, said *Fincal*; forgive me, *Mir-
glip*, you know I seldom chide, unless my
"God be slighted; in his cause, though weakness
"be our strength, yet must we ever arm, not to
"support his power, but to declare our own obe-
"dience; for all the host of *Persia* could not create
"a grain of sand to swell his seas, or in his fleeting
"clouds suspend one falling drop."

"Lost in attention, I could ever hang upon
"the honey of those lips; but thy fair daughter,
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“ the beauteous *Nourenhi*, said *Mirglip*, is at
 “ hand, and waits, with a young *Persian* nobleman,
 “ who pants to hear thy sweet instructive tongue.”

“ My daughter, saidst thou, kind *Persian*, my
 “ lost *Nourenhi* ! Is she with thee, on the plane ?
 “ O bring her to my arms, and thou shalt see me
 “ weaker still than ere thou yet hast known me.”

Mirglip was strongly affected at the passionate expressions of the tender dervise, and he feared he had been too precipitate in disclosing to him the return of his daughter ; but the fears of *Mirglip* were unjust, for the tenderness of the father, when *Mirglip* led his daughter to the dervise, did but increase his piety to *Alla*.

“ O righteous *Alla*, said the affectionate parent,
 “ as he embraced his daughter in his arms, blessed
 “ be thy name, for thy comforts have refreshed my
 “ soul ! nevertheless, teach me, O father of life,
 “ to love thee above all things !”

Adhim was not an idle spectator in this tender interview, for the piety of the dervise enlarged his soul, and he looked upward toward the heavens, and contemplated his own meanness, and the glories of *Alla*.

“ I see ! I see ! said the enraptured sultan, that
 “ neither riches, nor honour, nor power, nor
 “ might, nor beauty, nor dominion, can ennoble
 “ the soul of man, which then only is most glorious
 “ when it is most humble in itself, and most
 “ grateful to *Alla* !”

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The dervise, whose joy and pious sentiments at the recovery of his daughter, had for a few moments taken his thoughts from the stranger, was startled at his noble exclamation, and excusing himself to him, he said,

“ Pardon me, noble stranger, in that I have neglected to thank you for the honour you do this poor cottage by your presence ; but the calls of nature are strong, and she will strive to be obeyed : In our weakness is her strength, and happy are they who do not always blindly follow her undistinguishing impulse. Attempered by reason, and awed by religion, her lively sallies are the great springs of human actions ; and had we no passion, we should need no instruction.”

“ Alas, continued the sage, I forget that your natures, my children, (for so, O stranger, I esteem all who enter under this roof) are harassed and exhausted by the fatigues of your journey ; rest, I pray you, on these mossy seats, and I will set a few roots, and a bowl of water, drawn fresh from the stream, before you ; the poor dervise of the groves has nothing more to offer you ; but even these, perhaps, said he, setting them before his guests, may become more grateful to you, when you reflect, that they all are the bounties and blessings of *Alla* ; and that there is more wisdom discovered in the growth of a root, than is displayed in the most sumptuous entertainment of the Sultan of *Persia*.”

Adhim was pleased at the easy conversation of the good dervise, who on every subject, found an agreeable

agreeable method of mixing his instructions with his hospitality and good-humor.

After their frugal repast was finished, *Mirglip* told the dervise by what means he became possessed of his daughter; and that the sultan of *Persia* ordered the nuptials to be celebrated in his palace at *Orez*; and the good *Persian* was happy in the opportunity of displaying his generous sentiments before *Adhim*, who was unable to suppress the relation.

Fincal was so much enraptured with the description of *Adhim*, that he told the disguised monarch, he was sure the sultan must be like him; which so confounded *Adhim*, that he had discovered himself to one whose eyes had not been dimmed by study and age.

The fair *Nourenhi* then began her tale, from her separation from the good dervise, her father, to her meeting with *Mirglip*, in the palace of *Adhim*.

“ You may remember, sir, said she, we were
 “ walking at the extremity of the grove of palms
 “ and cedars, and sighing at the loss of my dear
 “ sister *Kaphira*, when the minions of the viziar
 “ *Lemack* arrived at the entrance of the wood,
 “ and seeing a female, pursued me through the
 “ groves: It was in vain that you called upon me
 “ to stop, I feared that even the eloquence of
 “ my father, would be disregarded by the mercilefs
 “ brutes who were sent by the proud viziar,
 “ to ransack the provinces of *Persia*, and there-
 “ fore

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“ fore I fled; and with reluctance returned when
“ two of them had overtaken me in the wood.
“ After we reached your presence, the distress of
“ my father hung more heavy on my imagination
“ than the evils I was likely to suffer; and even
“ *Mirglip* was forgotten, when I saw the trick-
“ ling tears steal softly down the cheeks and the
“ silver beard of my honored parent.

“ The officers of the viziar shewing their or-
“ ders, to seize on every female they thought
“ capable of pleasing their master, my father
“ found it in vain to resist, and therefore, only
“ begged leave to speak a few words in private,
“ to me, which *Nourenhi* never can forget.

“ My child, said he, we are the creatures of
“ *Alla*, and whatever the hand of power or op-
“ pression worketh, is by his permission; there-
“ fore bear with calmness and moderation the
“ afflictions of life, and in whatever station it
“ shall please the just one to place thee, let this
“ retirement of thy father be never reveled.

“ This was all I was suffered to hear; the of-
“ ficers surrounded me, and carried me shrieking
“ and crying across the plane, toward the city
“ of *Raglai*.

“ In a few days, we reached the viziar’s pa-
“ lace, and I found several hundred other virgins
“ in the same situation with myself; but they
“ rejoiced at their fortune, and what threw me
“ into the greatest distress, was to them the
“ highest enjoyment.

“ The viziar *Lemack* selected but a few of our
 “ number, among which, I unhappily, as I then
 “ thought, was placed in a foremost rank : But
 “ the gracious *Alla*, whose ways are unsearchable,
 “ made me happy by denying me what most I
 “ wished for ; and by sending me into the palace
 “ of the sultan, gave the virtuous *Mirglip* to my
 “ constant arms.”

“ And I, said the good *Fincal*, embracing his
 “ daughter, and the virtuous *Mirglip*, who arose
 “ to kneel before him, I will constantly beseech
 “ the father of all men, to sanctify and bless
 “ you ; nor shall ye my good children despise
 “ the blessing of your father, which *Alla* hath
 “ ever honored with peculiar efficacy.”

The good old man then entered warmly into
 the praises of the generous *Adhim*, and the dis-
 guised sultan was obliged to bear a disagreeable
 part in his own praises, till evening warned the
 happy family to retire to their respective couches.

Two slaves were all that *Fincal* employed in his
 household ; one had formerly preserved his master's
 life beside a dangerous precipice ; and he, the good
 dervise would say, claimed a constant return of ten-
 derness, while that life remained which he had
 preserved : The other, animated by the bright
 pattern of his master's virtues, preferred the enjoy-
 ment of the good dervise's presence, to the liberty
 he had frequently offered him.

These attended the disguised sultan and the
 happy *Mirglip* to their separate apartments, where
 nothing luxurious or inconvenient appeared.

Early

Early in the dawn of morn, when the birds of the grove began their natural hymns of praise for the returning bounties of the day, the dervise arose, and dressed in neat and artless simplicity, he entered a small mosque, which was built at one extremity of his cottage, and where *Mirglip*, knowing the custom of his father-in-law, had before brought *Adhim* and *Nourenhi*.

The dervise first saluted his guests with a pleasing cheerfulness; and then, putting on the robes of religion, he began the morning devotions of the faithful; mixing a lively sense of the mercies of *Alla*, with an humble dependance on his will, and diffusing the heart-felt joy which possessed his soul, into the minds of his attentive family.

As he had finished his devotions, the much-affected *Adhim* went toward him, and embracing him in his arms,

“ O holy dervise, said he, forgive my emotions, but I must thank thy good religious heart, for carrying me so near the heavens of my God! Could every *Persian* hear thee pray, the mosque would be the seat of pleasure, and *Adhim* our sultan, would leave the palaces of *Orez*, to live with thee in the temples of *Alla*.”

“ My good and noble pupil, said *Fincal*, gently squeezing his hand, I am pleased to find you animated by the holy truths of religion; but your transports incline me to believe, you have not heretofore thought so frequently on the subject; the voice of religion, my good friend,

" friend, is still and calm, is gentle and serene,
 " nor elevated by passion, nor depressed by des-
 " pair, but constant and uniform; the result of
 " reason, and the daughter of truth; born for
 " the world, and living for each other: Religion
 " aims not to hide us from mankind, but to teach
 " us the amiable lessons of social harmony, as
 " well as the humble expressions of religious hope;
 " each morn we rise, our duty first to God we
 " owe, and next to man; and to enter not the
 " mosque with prayer and thanksgiving, is an
 " unpardonable neglect; but to hide ourselves
 " always in it, from the useful duties of life,
 " would be to bury those talents, which *Alla* hath
 " given us to improve.

" I see you smile, continued the dervise, and
 " I guess your thoughts; sequestered in this plea-
 " sant valley from mankind, you look on *Fin-*
 " *cal* as a rebel to his own instructions: but
 " different stations best become the different stages
 " of our life: Once like yourselves, youth strung
 " my nerves, and health gave vigor to my arm,
 " my voice was heard among the people, and I
 " read continually the law of our prophet in the
 " mosques of *Ispahan*; till some of our reverend
 " fathers sent me forth with certain of the sons of
 " the emirs of the *Persian* court, to travel over
 " the kingdoms of the earth, and guide their
 " opening minds to useful knowledge; that, like
 " the industrious bee, gathering the honey of each
 " various clime, they might return laden with
 " the best riches of a nation, sound policy, and
 " experienced wisdom; nor blush I to declare,
 " O noble guest, that *Adhim* owes the wisest of
 " his

" his emirs to my fostering care, tho' little be
 " the praise to *Fincal* due, who but in gen-
 " tle whispers, guided those streams of virtue,
 " which appeared in the minds of the young no-
 " bles committed to his charge. These offices
 " discharged, a private duty led me to this bliss-
 " ful seat, the gift of one, who fondly glories in
 " the name of pupil. Here an aged parent, de-
 " pressed by years, though chearful and resigned,
 " called for the fond duties of a tender son;
 " and here my long-lost *Marinak* blessed my arms
 " with two fair beauteous daughters, whose minds,
 " like opening buds of fairest blossoms, I have
 " watched; and as each beauteous tint displayed
 " its charms, I with soft hand gave every leaf its
 " place and order, till my dear-loved *Kaphira*
 " strayed, I know not how, from her fond pa-
 " rent's hut, and since, no traces of her footsteps
 " can we find."

Here the good dervise paused; the dear remem-
 brance of his happy family, drew pious tears
 adown his reverend cheeks; but turning quickly
 toward his royal guest,

" Stranger, said he, these are not tears of
 " weakness, but of love, and these I glory in;
 " the heart which cannot feel the tender ties of
 " social harmony, is more or less than human;
 " to be above the calls of nature I boast not, to
 " be beneath them I scorn; as heaven gave me
 " appetites and passions, these shall I wish to
 " wear, and guide aright, nor aim at that vain
 " philosophy, which would give to feeble man the
 " unfeeling attributes of stone."

" But

" But reverend sage, said *Mirglip*, thou hast
 " taught thy guest but half thy virtues ; for know,
 " O noble stranger, there's not a family within
 " ten leagues of this plain cottage, but feels the
 " good effect of *Fincal's* presence ; the youth of
 " either sex he places under proper tutors and
 " directors, and makes the rising progeny of *Persia*
 " both loyal to their prince, and dutious to their
 " God. These streams indeed in secret flow,
 " and as the moon, by night, which tho' she
 " but reflects the vigorous rays of the oversha-
 " dowed sun, seems not to borrow, but to give
 " her light : So are the minds of all this sage's
 " neighbours cultivated, while few can see the
 " light which kindles up their virtues."

" Fie, *Mirglip*, said the good dervise, to de-
 " stroy the little merit of thy friend, by blazing
 " it abroad. What we give in secret, we give
 " as *Alla's* stewards ; and unknown ourselves, on
 " *Alla*, where alone 'tis due, the honor is re-
 " flected : But when our charities go forth, con-
 " fessed as our own meritorious service, we bid
 " mankind give praise to us, for what is not our
 " own."

" Nay, but said *Mirglip*, to speak before our
 " friend, is not to give our voice to publick
 " fame, though *Fincal's* virtues well deserve its
 " loudest blast ; but shall not this generous stranger
 " hear, how much the dervise of these groves ex-
 " emplifies the virtues which he teaches, when,
 " with a fond generous affection, he made the
 " life of his dear honored mother-smile in age,
 " and happy in affliction ; when the chief glories

" of

" of his youthful soul, were to please her that
 " gave him birth ; when, like the stork, he made
 " the nest of comfort for his parent, and bore her
 " into light and life on his industrious wings ;
 " then, pleased alone with all mankind, when
 " they were pleased with her. Or view him in
 " his friendship unreserved, and blessing all
 " around him, the virtuous smile light up where'er
 " he stepped, and peace and joy attending at his
 " side. Or see him condescending to the meanest
 " of mankind, diffusing comfort, and enlighten-
 " ing ignorance, pleased at each reflected ray of
 " knowledge which he shed, and healing what
 " the rage of poverty or vice had maimed.
 " Or view him in a stronger and a pious light,
 " his soul in transports rising to the throne of
 " grace, his body humble, prostrate, and sub-
 " missive ; no thought of his own merit inter-
 " vening, to damp religion with the cloak of sin."

" O my friend, said *Fincal*, interrupting
 " *Mirglip*, 'tis rude indeed to break upon thy
 " speech, and I have suffered while my pupil
 " praised me, because this noble stranger will
 " believe, O *Mirglip*, that midst the lessons of
 " the grove, the voice of flattery has not been
 " shunned ; adulation is intemperate love, or base
 " hypocrisy ; the last can ne'er be *Mirglip's* vice,
 " the first is his misfortune ; generous in his
 " soul, he over-rates the little favors which his
 " friend has shewn him, and seeking to make him
 " great, he makes him mean."

" Indeed, answered *Mirglip*, it grieves me, pi-
 " ous dervise, in aught to differ from thy amiable
 " senti-

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“ sentiments ; to nothing but his own perfections
 “ is *Fincal* blind, and rather had his modesty
 “ concele the brightest pattern of humanity,
 “ than that the world in whispers should declare
 “ from whence they caught the virtues of their
 “ heart.”

“ The world, said *Fincal*, gentle *Mirglip*,
 “ is unconfined by language or by seas ; and
 “ *Persia*, to this earth, appears but as a spot ;
 “ yet even in *Persia*, the dervise of the groves at
 “ present is unknown ; how weak then for the
 “ idle pigmy to stretch his slender neck the dis-
 “ tance of a grain of rice, and fancy all men
 “ must admire him.—But I stop, for much I
 “ fear, my words are but an exercise for further
 “ flattery : Let us walk, my friends, around the
 “ little spot, which I, with nature, jointly cul-
 “ tivate.”

The friendly company obeyed the voice of the dervise, and the good *Fincal* crossing the lawn, led them in the rising plantation before his cottage.

Here in the irregular walks, they beheld several seats, on which the dervise looked with a pleasing complacency, and seemed at sight of each, to smother in his mind some private thought.

“ Royal *Adhim*, said *Mirglip*, whispering the
 “ Sultan, we shall lose a great part of our plea-
 “ sure, in this short excursion, if you do not
 “ notice the silent transports of our friend.”

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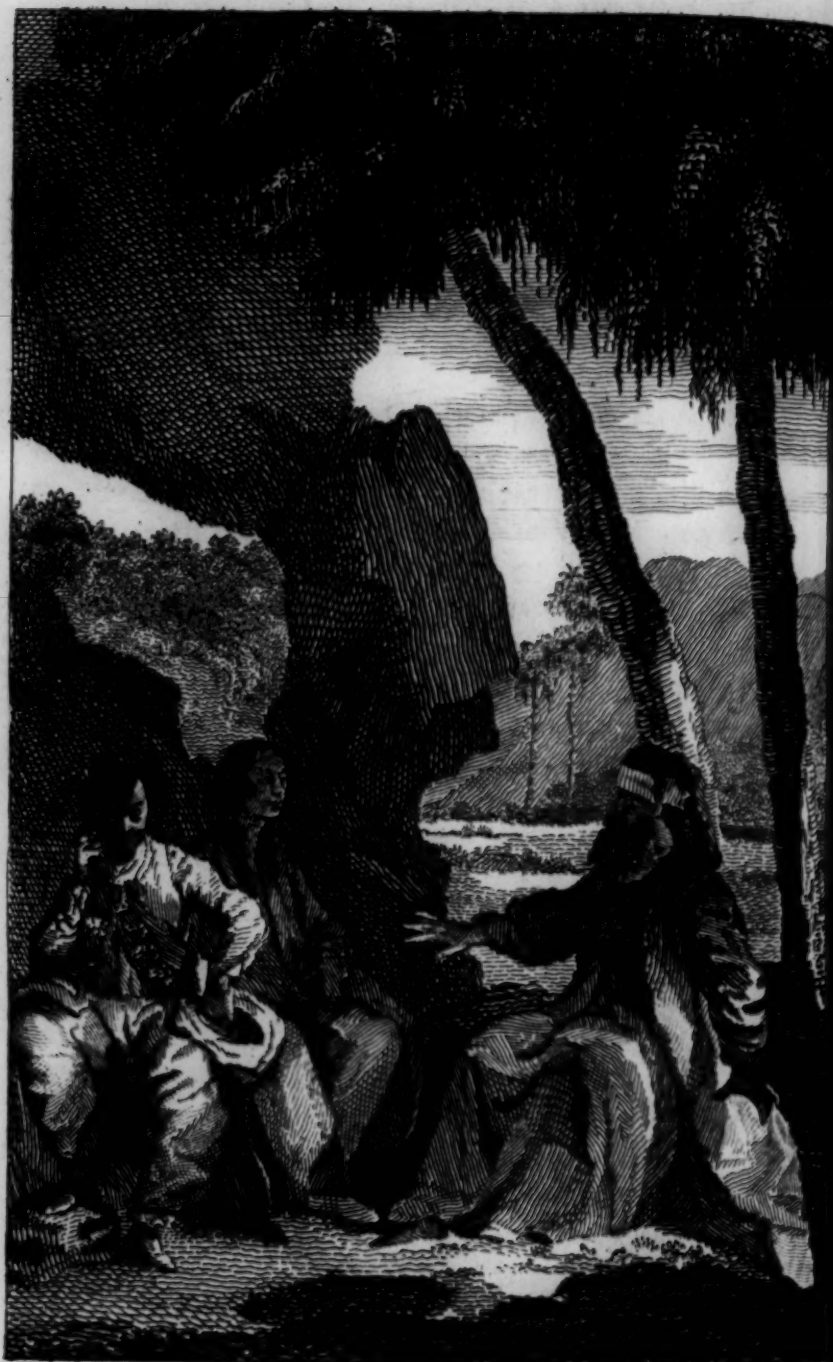
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A Walker delin. & Sculp.
 MIRGLIP and ADHIM hearing the Instructions of
 FINCAL. The Dervise of the Groves.

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Adhim, obeying the impulse of *Mirglip*, went toward the dervise, and said,

“Forgive me, generous dervise, if I a moment interrupt your pleasing meditations; but I see your countenance glow with peculiar pleasure at each seat we visit; sure some fond remembrance strikes you, and if it were just in us to ask it, that which gives such joy to *Fincal*’s virtuous soul, cannot but enliven the hearts of his obedient and attentive pupils.”

“These seats, said the good dervise of the groves, which first I raised to rest my wearied limbs, reflection dedicated to the memory of my virtuous friends, whose loved images alternately strike my fancy as I walk. Perhaps, to hear their different trials, and their constant victories o’er life’s uncertain passions may be no unpleasing entertainment; at least indulge my friendly zeal, which loves to shew deserved honors on religious actions.”

Thus spake the dervise, and seated his company beside him.

“The first memorial of friendship, said he, we have already passed, and tho’ dedicated to my chief affections, I shall not affront my second friend, whose idea here, by constant practice, fills my mind, to sound another’s praises in his little temple. This seat, O *Ellor*, was raised to thee: Sweet *Ellor*! gentle companion of my former years! with thee, I trained my early mind to piety and virtue, and polish-

“ed

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“ ed by thy inviting converse, life lost her rough
 “ ungrateful sting, and every change brought
 “ comfort to my mind.

“ This next sequestered seat, said the good
 “ dervise, walking onward, revives the memory
 “ of peaceful *Yeliab*, a name sacred to every so-
 “ cial virtue ; whose heart, untroubled by ambi-
 “ tion, yields only to the tender calls of nature
 “ and humanity ; nor tho’ secreted from the
 “ world, as is this bench from the sun’s fiery
 “ heat by the o’erspreading cedar, is *Yeliab* there-
 “ fore lost to publick duties ; the orphan claims,
 “ without a fee, his just assistance, nor claims
 “ in vain ; and the poor do bless him daily for
 “ benevolence unfought.”

The dervise then passed out of the rising plan-
 tation with his company, and led them beside the
 small stream, till they arrived opposite two little
 islands, which were planted with the overspread-
 ing *Larix* ; between which islands, a rock, covered
 with shells, lifted up its irregular head.

“ These islands once, said the good dervise,
 “ were barren and uncovered, but with assiduous
 “ care, I raised these waving heads upon them,
 “ and gave their naked surface the honors of
 “ the forest.”

“ Why dervise, interrupted *Adhim*, it would re-
 “ quire the mightiest engines to move these trees.”

“ Now, replied *Fincal*, it might, but thy ser-
 “ vant was content to raise their infant shoots
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" from the bursting seed, and every year hath
" blessed me with a new appearance ; improving
" hourly on my admiring fancy, I force not na-
" ture, gentle pupil, but I court her, and see her
" wide extended arms return my love."

The Sultan stood some time admiring the magnificent appearance of each island of *Larix*, and it damp'd his pride, to reflect that the plantations of the dervise were gaining new vigor from every returning sun, while his exhausted cedars were drooping their majestick heads in the planes of *Orez*.

They had now reached a third seat, which looked on the rock and the islands.

" Lively *Symac*, cried the dervise, somewhat
" elevated, here do we recollect thy bright and
" humorous converse, where sprightliness took
" hand with virtue, and laughter only pointed its
" keen raillery at impudence and vice: Nor laugh-
" ter bred intemperance, but was employed to
" elevate the soul, and not misguide the passions ;
" knowing that our wise all-seeing master gave
" us smiles to sweeten life, thou dost make good-
" ness chearful, and restore to slighted virtue the
" joys which sin hath long in vain usurped ; nor
" loaded with the grievous pains of sickness or
" affliction, sinks thy generous mind, but while
" torture wrecks thy face, thine eye still sparkles,
" and like the smothered flame, breaks forth, and
" conquers every weight above it.

" When life's amusing scenes are past, when
" anguish cometh, and the dark long day is
" leng-

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“lengthened out by bitterness of woe, even then
 “my *Symacian* enjoy in fancy what is past, and
 “in patience wait the future mercies of the boun-
 “teous *Alla*.”

“And here, continued the good dervise, be-
 “side him is the seat of *Eloc*, calm and affable;
 “a constant worshipper of *Alla* and his prophet;
 “one, whose mild instructions sink deep, whose
 “reason pleases, and whose speech informs: Un-
 “suspicious, easy, and resigned, he views the
 “stormy world with steady eye, nor studies to
 “avoid, by flight ungenerous, the casual ills of
 “life, nor fears to meet them.”

The good dervise then led his pupils forward
 toward the grove, where, mixed with opening
 spots and sheltered walks, he brought them on-
 ward to another seat.

“Friend of my bosom, here *Serahi* holds my
 “heart; our mutual esteem from early confidence
 “arose, and happy I beheld him favorite of for-
 “tune, till a sudden blast overset his prosperous
 “bark, and every former hope was lost. Then
 “most I loved him, rising from the furnace of
 “affliction with a noble mind, and leaving every
 “tie of nature and of friendship, to seek alone
 “his means of living in a distant clime; where
 “now, obedient to his prophet’s precepts, he
 “teaches those around him, not to trust the flat-
 “tering dreams of present life.”

Mirglip perceiving the sage had finished his en-
 comiums on *Serahi*, proceeded to the seat of *Nor-*
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loc, which was artfully hidden beneath the surrounding branches which rose above it.

"Concealed by studious labors from the world,
 "said *Fincal*, yet never from my mind, shall
 "Norloc's righteous image stray, whose open-
 "ing mind surmounted all the obstructions pe-
 "nury could cast upon it, and with eager and
 "industrious toil fathomed the depths of learning
 "and of science. But what, alas, avails thy
 "learned stores! Those whom thou hast taught,
 "shall rise above thee, and thou find no reward
 "on earth, that the just *Alla* may reward thy
 "patience more hereafter!"

THE CONTINUATION OF THE TALE OF MIRGLIP, THE PERSIAN; OR FINCAL, THE DERVISE OF THE GROVES.

"BUT if the seat of *Norloc*, said *Mirglip*, is concealed, yonder bench, however, is sufficiently exalted, which looks upon half the provinces of *Persia*, from the eminence of that steep and lofty rock."

"We will ascend the mountain, said the good dervise, and examine the prospects which lie before it, and when our minds are filled with the wide extended scenes in view, we will still increase our astonishment, by considering the extent of his learning, to whom the summit of that rock is justly dedicated."

A spiral path winding easily round the mountain; soon brought the dervise and his company to the seat of *Stebi*; from whence appeared on the left hand the *Caspian* sea, and before them, and on the right, lay extended the wide dominions of *Adhim* the magnificent.

"The view of this territory, said the disguised sultan, would fill me with surprise, did I not recollect the promise of the dervise, to lay open before me the wonderful acquisitions of his friends."

"The realms you see before you, said *Fincal*, contain a people, among whom the *Persian* language

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“language alone is used; but *Stebi*, the friend
 “of my bosom, is master of every various speech
 “which *Asia* knows; nay more, doth under-
 “stand the different language, both of ancient
 “and of modern *Europe*. But to him, language,
 “is only the handmaid of knowledge; fraught
 “with all the science of each various clime, with
 “all the wondrous truth philosophy can teach,
 “he climbs the heavens, and explores her spark-
 “ling stars; from orbs excentrick drawing useful
 “learning, and reading in the wide expanse, the
 “mighty work of him whose wisdom planned the
 “harmonious system of unnumbered worlds.”

“He then, said *Adhim*, is worthy of a monarch’s
 “notice, and fit to take his station on the towers
 “of *Orez*, where *Adhim* hath invited the learned
 “sages of his empire, to improve that useful study
 “of the heavenly bodies.”

“Alas, said the good dervise, what is merit,
 “when unassisted by a courtier’s smile?”

“True, answered *Adhim*, (who well understood
 “the artifices of courts) the officers of state esteem
 “each place their perquisite, and monarchy itself
 “must yield to them, and give his courtiers
 “friends those honors, which more justly, in his
 “private mind, he would confer on modest merit.”

Mirglip smiled at the observation of the dis-
 guised sultan, but he, willing to wave the dis-
 course, descended from the mountain, and looking
 forward, said to the good Dervise of the groves :

“ To whom is that seat dedicated, which I
 “ perceive is formed of rugged roots, and seems
 “ to offer but little comfort to those who will
 “ venture to seat themselves upon it ?”

“ This place, said *Finca*, walking up to it,
 “ myself did raise, in fond remembrance of *Smadac*
 “ *Smadac*’s zealous friendship and unhappy fate,
 “ that I might not enjoy an ungenerous ease,
 “ while my anxious thoughts did wander o’er his
 “ cruel fortunes. But why do I call them cruel,
 “ since the abstemious youth has but increased
 “ his virtues by forbearance. The trials and the
 “ conflicts of life are no misfortunes, when vic-
 “ tory succeeds ; and *Smadac*’s fame shall ever be
 “ remembered, who dared with filial piety en-
 “ counter love.”

“ And love so chaste and temperate, said *Mir-
 “ glip*, interrupting the good dervise, that might
 “ do honor to the breast of purity itself ; and
 “ which, nor vain my augury, our holy prophet
 “ shall ere long reward.”

“ It must then, answered the good dervise, first
 “ meet with parental blessings, for heaven seldom
 “ smiles, when parents frown : Sometimes indeed
 “ by fortune blinded, or by age misled, forgetful
 “ of their offspring’s real happiness, the parent
 “ urges his authority beyond the laws of God or
 “ man, commanding breach of oaths, or forced
 “ unnatural union. Then *Alla* must be first
 “ obeyed, for parents who derive their power
 “ from him, can plead no power to break his holy
 “ laws ; but oftener far, thoughtless affection
 “ springing

“springing from fancy or from chance, the pre-
 “sent good unfelt, the world untried, and dreams
 “of happiness which never shall be found, stir up
 “the children to engage in miserable alliance;
 “these to prevent with tender care by mildness
 “and affection, doth well become a parent’s
 “thought, whose riper judgment hath already
 “tried the various scenes of life; whose expect-
 “tations checked by the cold hopeless whispers
 “of experience, lead not to the air-built fancies
 “of a love-sick brain.

“Yet far from me be speech which aims disho-
 “nor on the nuptial vow, by soundest policy ap-
 “proved, by every wise man honored, and by
 “*Alla* sanctified; the lawless voice of wild disor-
 “der shall cast its scoffs in vain against connubial
 “truth, where friendship holds its purest empire
 “o’er the soul; where love triumphant reigns,
 “and from whose fruitful progeny spring all the
 “sweet endearing blessings of society, the harmo-
 “nies of nature.”

“But let us quit, said the good dervise, this
 “melancholy scene, and rest a-while in yonder
 “comfortable bower, with easy smiling *Rezaliph*;
 “who, were he here, would join his ready voice
 “to deck our matrimonial triumphs.”

“He is then, said the disguised *Adbim*, the
 “father of a family.”

“Yes, continued the good dervise, two smil-
 “ing boys hang on his knees, like clusters on
 X 3 “the

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“ the vine ; and *Rezaliph* is ever studious to im-
 “ plant his virtues on their infant minds.”

“ The man who trains his children in the paths
 “ of virtue, said *Adhim*, is the best subject that a
 “ monarch knows.”

“ And feels, said *Minglit*, the most exalted
 “ pleasures of the human heart ; nor when out-
 “ stretched upon the bed of death, can he be said
 “ to die, whose virtues multiplied through all his
 “ race, reflect his righteous image to succeeding
 “ worlds.”

The happy family of *Fincal* passed onward
 from the seat of *Rezaliph*, through a narrow
 path, shaded with the noblest trees of the grove,
 and advanced toward a small but beautiful lawn,
 round which were planted several lofty trees, un-
 der each of which the disguised sultan beheld the
 seats of friendship, and at the extremity of the
 lawn he perceived the cottage of the good dervise
 of the groves.

The sultan stood some time amazed, not con-
 sidering that his walk had been circular, and that
 he was again returned round to the lawn which
 he had left ; but he was satisfied of the deception,
 when he observed on one side of the lawn, the
 bench which they had first passed, without being
 acquainted with the virtues of him to whom it
 was dedicated.

“ I see, said the good dervise to him, that you
 “ are resolved I shall not forget my friend, whom
 “ I have

"I have placed under yonder spreading cedar of
 " *Lebanon*, first in my esteem, though last in the
 " order of our walk. But here is also one, under
 " this dark and majestic cork-tree, whom even
 " *Adhim*, our sultan, would rejoice to know. *Nael*
 " *Ecaf*, the friendly and the upright; in just
 " integrity of heart and steady virtue second to
 " none.

"Nor is *Talpar* the mild and affable to be for-
 " gotten: Nor the tender bounteous heart of *Gap-*
 " *jac*, ever smiling on his friend: Or the noble
 " spirit of *Eirruc*, indefatigable in his generous
 " attachments; these each doth *Fincal* acknow-
 " ledge as his friends, and holds their kindness as
 " *Alla's* choicest blessing; who gave us social vir-
 " tue, that in some degree we might experience
 " heaven's holiest attribute, unbounded love."

"The next seat, said *Mirglip*, passing onward,
 " is unworthy of our good dervise's notice."

"What, replied *Fincal* smiling, shall I for-
 " get my son-in-law, whom I have placed un-
 " der this shady and elegant tulip-tree? No:
 " Kind stranger, this tree is dedicated to the
 " memory of my dear *Mirglip*; and see how I have
 " suited the temple to the inhabitant; how open
 " and expanded are the leaves of this tree, like
 " the generous actions of him they are designed
 " to represent; how noble and erect, and yet how
 " pleasing; the stem, like the resolute virtues of
 " the affable *Mirglip*; and see, to mark him
 " more, how exactly are the leaves of this tree
 " indented."

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Adhim smiled at the chearful sallies of the good dervise, and walking forward toward an acacia — “To whom, said the disguised sultan, is this
“airy tree dedicated, and whom are we to recollect under its shade?”

“One, said *Fincal*, who is like that tree, both
“pleasing and agreeable while the sun-shine of life
“is upon him, but when the clouds arise, and the
“winds prevale, the acacia is not more torn and
“broken with the blast, than *Maroh* is by the
“violence of his passion; yet who is free from
“weakness, or released from error; who can
“through every scene of life, with action just, and
“manner blameless, support the perfect character
“of faultless man?”

“If such there be, continued the good dervise,
“going up to the wide spreading cedar, and bow-
“ing before the seat, here, O stranger, shall we
“find the picture: Yes, friend of my bosom,
“bright example whom I wish to copy, holy dervise of *Sumatra*! thou art he whom genius with
“her choicest stores hath not honored more, than
“virtue hath adorned with every godlike quality
“of mind; to thee I look, as to the spring and
“fountain of all the knowledge I enjoy; but chiefly hast thou taught my wondering soul the
“mighty depths of *Alla*’s law; raised and instructed
“my darkened sight, and o’er my wandering
“thoughts cast all the amiable light of heavenly
“love. But who can paint the various virtues of
“thy soul, or give thy full idea to the admiring
“world, as parent, husband, friend, as citizen of
“earth, as worshipper of *Alla*, or teacher of man-
“kind?”

“ kind? Though fraught with all the useful knowledge of the world, yet easy, gracious, and mild, you seem to learn from those, whom you, with sweet complacency instruct. Nor though by every good man loved, admired, and revered, can pride overwhelm thy modesty of thought!”

“ What, said *Adhim* starting, who is this of whom you speak in such fond raptures? By *Mirglip*’s fame I was first roused to love of virtue, and looked on him as the great pattern of superior excellence, but he still onward led me, and described the temperate lessons of his father *Fincal*, as the seed from whence his virtues sprung. And now, that I attended watch thy much instructive speech, thou again dost raise my fancy upward to the pious dervise of *Sumatra*’s rocks.”

“ And he, said the good dervise *Fincal*, were he here, would raise thy admiring passions higher still, and fix them on that God, whose worship he best knows, and best can teach mankind.”

Mirglip was alike struck with the astonishment of *Adhim*, and the friendship of the good dervise, and he every moment expected, that in the midst of his emotions, the disguised sultan would discover his quality to *Fincal*.

The sun now had nearly attained the summit of his course, when the dervise led his company from
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the cedar to his homely cottage, where, after a frugal meal, they retired to their repose.

The evening was spent, like the morning, in viewing the delightful prospects around the cottage of the dervise, and sometimes resting on the seats which he had placed in the different parts of the country for the reception of his guests.

But each seat supplied the good dervise with an opportunity of inculcating some moral or religious truth, or holding to the view of his pupils some eminent example of virtue or friendship: Sometimes firing their emulous souls with a description of public patriots, and then, at others, recommending the amiable patterns of private and domestick virtue; among the latter, none was more engaging than the character of the mild and blameless *Stevar*, to whose memory the good dervise had erected a seat among his departed friends.

“*Stevar*, said *Fincal*, though bred where virtue more is blasted by the rude attack of sin,
“than countenanced or cherished, yet, amidst
“the boisterous elements of wind and seas, preserved an heart untainted with his comrades
“vices; nor clime, nor custom, could pervert his
• “honest soul; nor specious argument, nor certain prospect of unbounded wealth, could shake
“his firm unalterable virtue.”

The remembrance of the tender *Stevar* drew tears of friendship from the dervise and his son-in-law, while *Adhim*, who never in his court had experienced the amiable effects of that social passion,

sion, gave thanks to *Alla*, who had kindly introduced him to those who were thus capable of elevating his nature, and giving him an higher relish of life, than the pompous luxuries of the court of *Persia* could teach him.

Several weeks passed thus agreeably, and the sultan was every day so much enamoured with the delightful recess of the good dervise, that he had little desire to return to his palace at *Orez*: However, the more he admired the lessons of virtue, the more he saw the necessity of putting her maxims in practice, where providence had placed him as a light to others; and he was about to disclose himself to the good dervise, and require his further counsel in the arduous affairs of publick justice, when an hasty messenger arrived in the grove where the family of *Fincal* was retired.

This messenger was no other than *Bereddan*, the son of the emir *Holam*, who in the garb of a poor peasant, had wandered from *Raglai* in search of his master.

“ Ah, said the sultan, starting, who art thou,
 “ O young man, why art thou cloathed in these
 “ mean garments? and why doth thy face betray
 “ so much anxiety of heart?”

“ Alas, answered *Bereddan*, once lord of all thy
 “ slaves, but now a traitor deemed in his own
 “ realms, flight only can preserve my royal master
 “ from the fury of his usurper *Lemack*, who hath
 “ bribed the tribes of *Xeri*, and the captains of
 “ thine

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" thine host, to call him sultan of *Persia*. The
 " cities of *Raglai* groan under the tyrannies of thy
 " viziari, while a chosen set of villains, the crea-
 " tures of *Lemack*, were four days past, command-
 " ed to seek thee in these groves, and bring thy
 " head a tribute to their proud usurper. One of
 " their number, repenting of his intended crime,
 " came hastily to me, and told me, ere an hour
 " was passed, the troops to which he belonged,
 " were ordered to surround my father's dwelling,
 " and having made him their guide to you, my
 " lord, they were to strike off his head, with the
 " head of my sultan, and bring them both to *Le-*
 " *mack's* court at *Orez*.

" Astonished at the vile command, I called a
 " peasant into my father's palace, and changing
 " garments with him, while *Holam* escaped in a
 " different disguise, I bid him make what use he
 " pleased of my more dangerous trappings, and
 " mounted on an *Arabian* courser, I rode both day
 " and night to save my royal master's life. The
 " fleet and noble beast bore me with what speed he
 " could, till I arrived within two leagues of this
 " habitation, where fainting through loss of
 " strength, I was constrained to leave him, and
 " have happily explored this deep recess, which,
 " with all its secrecy, can never long hide my
 " prince from *Lemack's* malice."

The astonishment of *Adbim* the sultan, was not
 greater at the recital of *Bereddan's* tale, than was
 the wonder of the good dervise, when he perceived
 that he had been entertaining the sultan of *Persia*
 in his humble cottage; he fell immediately at the
 feet

feet of *Adhim*, and besought his pardon for the boldness of his speech; but the generous sultan, seeing him on the earth, stooped to raise him up, and assured him he should ever hold him chief in his esteem.

A hollow noise, like the feet of horses hastening through the wood, increased the consternation of *Adhim* and his friends; and they all advised him to strike through the utmost unfrequented paths, and conceal himself in some remote part of the forest, till the rebel troops should be withdrawn from the groves and country which surrounded the good dervise *Fincal*.

“The love of life, said *Adhim*, is small inducement to my flight, which, were I unprepared to lose when fate shall take it, I were indeed unworthy of a crown, and most unfit to stand upon the tottering verge of power; but to desert my station, or yield to evil when virtue bids me draw the avenging steel of justice, this were baser flight than to avoid prevailing multitudes, and hide me for a time from superior malice; wherefore friends, adieu, and heaven grant my present flight bring future victory and peace to *Persia*.”

Thus spake the monarch, and hastened from the presence of his friends, while *Bereddan* and *Mirglip* were disputing which ought to follow their lord, and which remain with the good dervise of the groves. At length, *Bereddan* prevailed on *Mirglip* to remain with *Fincal* and his wife *Nourenhi*,

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Nourenhi, and the son of the emir endeavoured to follow the footsteps of his wandering lord.

Adhim flew swiftly through the walks of *Fincal* to the neighbouring woods, where penetrating into the thickest part of the forest, he wandered onward, but not without frequent alarms from the wild beasts that surrounded him.

At the close of evening he entered a deep valley, sheltered on all sides with noble and majestick cedars; and on the foot of a mountain found a small opening, which led him under its side.

Dubious of his course, he knew not whether he might safely enter the cavern or not, as it was probable, some beast of the forest did use it as its den.

In the midst of his doubt he heard a voice calling unto him,

“ *Adhim* ! Thou lord of *Persia* fear not ! ”

The voice from the cavern did rather increase the dread of *Adhim* than encourage him to enter, and he assayed to run from its mouth, when a small figure appeared at its entrance.

“ *Adhim*, said *Nadan*, fear not, I am *Nadan* the guardian of this forest, and the friend of virtue.”

“ Whate’er thou art, said *Adhim*, if thy heart is warm’d by virtue’s sacred flame, thou canst

“ not

“not deal inhospitably by a stranger, though by
 “thy speech, the wretched *Adhim* is no stranger
 “to thee.”

“*Adhim* indeed, said *Nadan*, is wretched, and
 “though deserving of compassion, yet not free
 “from error: Born for thy people’s happiness,
 “thy noble heart did much mistake its pleasures,
 “when it sought renown and comfort in the deep
 “dug quarry, or the mouldering turret; these
 “can no more ennoble man, than may the bar-
 “ren towery rock boast more utility than the fer-
 “tile vale: Be useful, and be great! From hence
 “alone can justice raise thy fame, and millions
 “bless thy fostering care; from hence alone can
 “spring the heart-felt pleasures of a noble mind;
 “which never, unless in blessing others, can be
 “blest itself. Survey the wide extended earth, its
 “steep form’d rocks, and mountains raised beyond
 “the clouds; yet these, tremendous to a human
 “eye, are to the globe, no more than insects on
 “the rind of yon majestick cedar; what then are
 “all the labors of thy puny race, unless some fu-
 “ture good to man do sanctify the builder’s toil?
 “What, but the weak effect of blind erroneous
 “pride, mistaking both the means and end of what
 “it aims to compass? Pride, indeed, directed to
 “its proper object, is noble; or rather, to form
 “my speech in fitter terms, I should call it emu-
 “lation, and the brave spirit of a god-like soul,
 “which stirs your race to every exercise of vir-
 “tue; which marks the life of him who wears it,
 “with distinguished honor, and gives mankind
 “that best of characters, a virtuous patriot. For
 “think not, sultan, that in the sequestered vale
 “alone,

" alone, dwells virtue, and her sweet companion
 " with extensive eye, mild, affable benevolence :
 " No, the first great gift we can bestow on others,
 " is a good example ; and he, who in his private
 " life doth combat every duty, and lives at vari-
 " ance with domestick virtue, shall vainly ape the
 " generous figure of his country's patriot ; for
 " what are the blessings of society, but those,
 " which in a lesser scale we meet at home, peace,
 " honor, faith, and love. Will he then, prince,
 " who gives up these within his house, cherish
 " and extend their influence abroad ? Or can the
 " man who rives a parent's heart, and curses those
 " whom first he's bound to bless, be ever deem'd
 " a friend sincere by those he knows not ? sooner
 " shall the stork, leaving its nest, regardless of
 " the calls its little offspring vainly utter to de-
 " mand its care, roam to some distant rock, and
 " nurse officiously the eagles brood : sooner shall
 " man stab man to feed the hungry lion's mouth,
 " and call his murder, charity.

" Then learn, the first advance to real fame is
 " private virtue ; which, though rooted in domes-
 " tick love, must yet extend its branches 'till it
 " reach the farthest boundaries of nature. Hence
 " springs temperance in your-self, to others justice.
 " Hence, the sweet calm of an approving con-
 " science, more valuable than the loud applause
 " of tumult or of multitudes.

" Nor yet, O prince, despise the voice of fame ;
 " which, though o'erbearing in its first career,
 " grows calm as it extends, and mellows into
 " truth ; 'tis noble to deserve applause, and he
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"who scorns the censure of mankind, is more the
 "slave of sullen pride, than conscious of desert :
 "The best may pity, when deluded men affront
 "the virtue which deserves their praise ; but fools
 "alone deride the publick clamors of misguided
 "subjects, whom it were better far by mildness to
 "convince, than by neglect enrage."

"Noble stranger, answered *Adhim*, I admire
 "thy gentle and deserved reproofs, and doubt not
 "but some superior being animates thy frame."

"I am indeed, said *Nadan*, of that celestial
 "race, which watches o'er the actions of man-
 "kind ; who may advise, but cannot force the
 "human will. But prince, awhile forget the base
 "pursuit of *Lemack* and his ruffians ; to night
 "within this cavern rest your wearied limbs, se-
 "cure from danger or surprize ; for this retreat is
 "impervious to all, but those who are the friends
 "of virtue."

Thus saying, the genius *Nadan* led the sultan
Adhim into his cavern, which, though narrow in
 its entrance, was within both beautiful and spa-
 cious.

Elegant spars and stones polished by nature,
 formed the inside of the cavern, which was enligh-
 tened by a magnificent diamond that hung in the
 middle, and which reflected its bright lustre on
 the stones around it.

Nadan set before his guest the fruits of the
 forest, and entertained him with his conversation,

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so that the sultan seemed still to be in the company of the good dervise of the groves.

“ My sultan, said *Nadan*, has been misled by
 “ his courtiers. *Alla*, O *Adbim*, gave thee the
 “ command of his faithful people, the inhabitants
 “ of *Persia*, and thou hast given thine inheritance
 “ to another, to one who was unworthy of the
 “ seat beneath thee, yet hast thou exalted him
 “ above thyself; he who seeth only through a
 “ favorite’s eye, shall soon have no other sight to
 “ guide his ignorant uninstructed will; the coun-
 “ sel of the wise and good is a prince’s best secu-
 “ rity; yet even the best counsellor shall not al-
 “ ways advise what is right, but in the multitude
 “ of sages is the truth. ’Tis not the sun, though
 “ glorious in his course; ’tis not the air, though
 “ sweet and salubrious; ’tis not the earth, though
 “ the great womb of nature; ’tis not the water,
 “ though refreshing and cooling; ’tis neither of
 “ these alone which giveth life and health to the
 “ corn, but all, in their several degrees, com-
 “ bine to form the blade, and fill the bursting
 “ seed.”

“ But, continued the *Genius*, those limbs un-
 “ used to toil, require repose; and see, *Adbim*,
 “ at the extremity of my cavern are the sofas of
 “ rest.”

The sultan obeyed the *Genius*, although his mind was desirous of still further converse, and extended his wearied limbs upon the sofas of *Nadan*.

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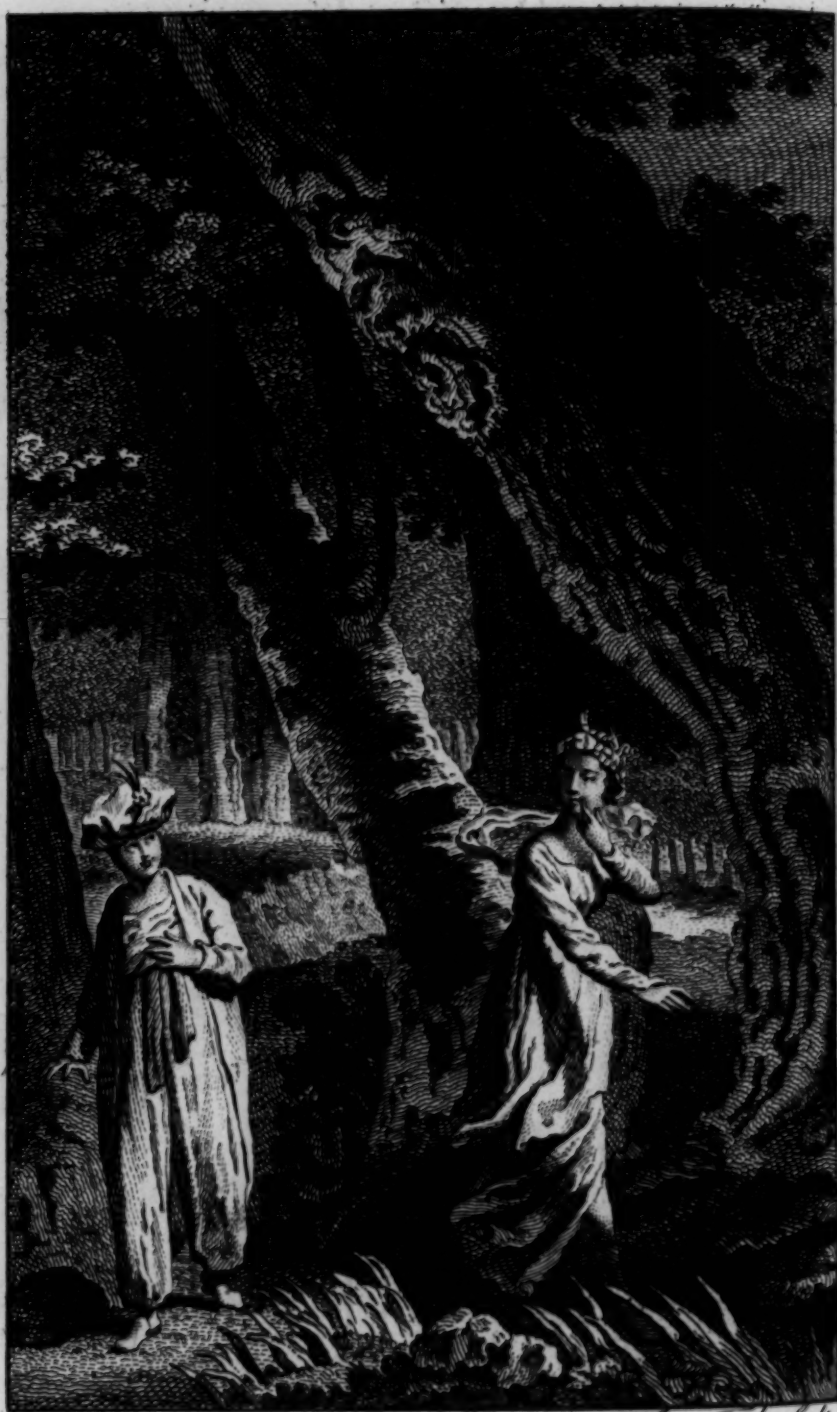
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ADHIM and KAPHIRA in the Forest of GORVOU.

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The sun, which at the first approach of day, cast its bright beams into the cavern of *Nadan*, awakened the sultan, and he sprang upward, revived by the wholesome entertainment of the *Genius*, and searched for him in the cavern, that he might thank his benefactor.

But *Adhim*, having in vain sought for the friendly *Genius*, issued out of the cavern, and began his course toward the city of *Raglia*, directing his steps by the sun.

The sultan travelled all day, and at night he ascended a broad spreading palm, and rested on his boughs.

Adhim continued his journey two days more; subsisting on wild fruits; and at noon he rested under the shade of the trees of the forest, and at night slept upon the wide extended branches.

On the fourth day as he finished his repast, and was about to compose himself on a bed of leaves, he heard a rustling among the trees, and starting up, he perceived a female walking in the solitary paths of the wood.

The sight of the female stirred up the passions of *Adhim*, but his heart beat with double violence, when he perceived the form of the beautiful fair one, was as the form of *Nourenhi*, the wife of *Mirglip*.

“ Ah ! said the panting sultan, dost thou wander, O elegant *Nourenhi*, among these secreted
Y 2 “ paths ?

" paths? Dost thou seek me in the forest? Dost
 " thou force me to thy irresistible charms? Then
 " justice sleep, and passion lead the way; nature
 " is frail, and thou with a new blaze of beauty
 " dost call me forth to love.

" Yet hold, O trembling *Adhim*, stop thy for-
 " ward limbs, while virtue yet commands them,
 " nor yield thy body up a prey to violence and
 " base ingratitude; thy pleasure will be fleeting
 " like the passing clouds, and mixed with passion,
 " cruelty, and horror; then shame, with all her
 " stings and dark remorse succeeds; thy friend
 " distressed, thyself abandoned, and life's fair
 " blossom nipped by canker'd thoughts, and con-
 " science keen remonstrance: But how to move
 " from such a scene of beauty! These sluggish
 " limbs rebel, and every passion urges to posses-
 " sion: Ah! *Adhim*, thou art but half converted
 " by the dervise good example, or *Nadan's* firmer
 " speech; to thee the base usurper *Lemack* is a
 " saint, and thou dost seek to turn thy *Mirglip's*
 " only subject from her loyalty."

As passion and honour thus took alternate pos-
 session of the breast of *Adhim*, he observed the fair
 one marked his advance, but seemed not fearful
 of his approach.

This rekindled the fires of his heart, and he
 ran, and fell at the feet of the lovely female.

" O *Nourenhi*, said the admiring *Adhim*, fly
 " from the base *Adhim*, who, forgetful of him-
 " self, of *Mirglip*, and the good dervise, doth
 " with

“with his nobleness of heart had never given
 “thee from his longing arms. Ah! did I call it
 “nobleness, to yield to the slave *Mirglip* such
 “grace and elegance of form, as nature made to
 “bless a sovereign’s love! No, by my soul, ’twas
 “basely done, to sacrifice thy beauties to the cold
 “dull dictates of that phantom Justice, which,
 “when rigidly exerted, doth rather turn to injury
 “than blessing.

“Ah, continued the sultan, pausing, see,
 “*Nadan! Fincal*, calls! See, *Mirglip* bares
 “his bleeding breast, and warns me to desist!
 “And Oh! methinks the gracious *Alla* too looks
 “down upon me, and awed with terrors, and
 “with vengeful thunder, writes his perfect law
 “in vivid flashes on the clouds. I yield, I yield,
 “O holy spirits of my friends, and thou far holier
 “God, I yield. O frame not such tremendous
 “vengeance for a worm, but spare, and I obey!”

The beauteous female was astonished at the
 prostrate sultan, who having caught the hem of
 her garment, held it while he spake.

“Whate’er thou art, said she, O stranger,
 “(whom by thy speech and nobleness of soul, I
 “judge no despicable parent clames) fly swiftly
 “from this dangerous place, where dark invisible
 “spells surround thee, and where *Falri* holds his
 “uncontrolled reign. But if I judge aright, you
 “called yourself the royal *Adhim*, or fancy did be-
 “guile my credulous ear. Alas, sir, here too doth
 “vicious *Lemack* oft resort, and such sad scenes of
 “horrors have these eyes beheld, as makes me

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“tremble at your fate, should *Falri* or his friend
“discover where you wander.”

“Who then, said *Adhim* in amaze, art thou,
“O daughter of the earliest light; for as I gaze,
“new beauties break upon me, and you seem most
“fair, to make your friend most miserable? Art
“thou not *Nourenhi*, the wife of *Mirglip*, the
“daughter of the dervise of the groves?”

“I am, replied the fair one, daughter of the
“dervise of the groves, the sister of *Nourenhi*, the
“friend of *Mirglip*, the wretched, lost, unfortu-
“nate *Kaphira*!”

“Then, answered *Adhim*, O holy prophet I
“do thank thee, my friend is satisfied, and I am
“blessed. Yes, fair *Kaphira*, continued he, I am
“*Adhim*, once lord of *Persia*, but now thy hum-
“blest slave; and rather had I live with thee in
“this dark gloomy forest, than again ascend my
“throne, and leave thee to another.”

“Alas, sir, answered the lovely *Kaphira*, my
“deep concern lest *Falri* should approach, does
“make me hear you with an aching heart.”

“Sure, lovely maid, answered the Sultan, if
“thou canst escape his rage, *Adhim* has but little
“to fear from this vile forcerer.”

“Noble sir, replied *Kaphira*, my tale might
“seem too tedious, to gain the attention of a
“monarch’s ear; and at present we are unsafe,
“as much I fear some secret spies do watch your
“foot-

“ footsteps, for on every tree hangs some foul
 “ imps of *Falri*’s ready to execute his’ horid pur-
 “ pose.”

As the fair *Kaphira* spoke, *Adbim* looked around,
 and saw the bloated *Falri* approach, surrounded
 by satyrs and monsters of the forest, the sight of
 whom created both horror and disgust.

“ If, said the resolute sultan, drawing his sabre,
 “ I cannot conquer, yet to yield were base : where-
 “ fore, fear not, adorable *Kaphira*, for while this
 “ arm retains its wonted strength, nor *Falri*, nor
 “ his vile associates, shall approach to hurt thee.”

“ I would to heaven, O kind sir, answered *Ka-
 “ phira*, you were as well secured as I am : But
 “ see, the monsters stop, as if they saw you not,
 “ and seem to wind toward the left, and seek the
 “ cave of their beastly master.”

“ By my honor, said the Sultan, their base neg-
 “ lect bears harder on my pride, than would their
 “ utmost malice, had they dared my fury : What
 “ can this mean ? Is every feature then of royalty
 “ destroyed, that the fell ruffians knew not whom
 “ they fought ? Or feared the cowards to meet
 “ an angry and offended prince ?”

“ Majestick *Adbim*, answered *Kaphira* sweetly,
 “ thy form, alas, would instantly betray its noble
 “ master, did not some secret power defend thee.”

“ Perhaps, said the sultan, recollecting himself,
 “ I derive my safety from this curious ring, which
 “ on

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“ on the morning, when I waked on the sofas of
“ the *Genius Nadan*, I found upon my finger.”

“ Kind *Genius Nadan*, answered *Kaphira*, hast
“ thou too given thy just protection to this noble
“ prince? Yes, royal sir, continued the fair one
“ shewing him a ring like that he wore, these
• “ both I am assured are *Nadan*’s presents, and we
“ are safe alike from *Falri* and his charms.”

“ If such security attend us, answered the sul-
“ tan *Adhim*, permit me to ask by what strange
“ misfortune, were you brought into these con-
“ fines of the cave of *Falri*?”

“ Prince, answered the fair *Kaphira*, as I was
“ walking in the grove of my good father the
“ dervise *Fincal*, I observed a small golden ball
• “ before me in the path: Pleased with the shin-
“ ing novelty, I endeavoured to take it up;
“ but as I stooped, it rolled forward before me,
“ and I, eager to obtain it, followed it beyond
“ the limits of my father’s grove.

“ No sooner had I set my foot upon the plane,
“ which is the boundary of the grove, than I per-
“ ceived the ball to swell; startled at the sight,
“ I endeavoured to run back into the grove, but
“ either fear or magick, deprived me of motion,
“ and I was constrained to stand, and view the
“ further wonders before me.

“ The ball continued to swell for several mi-
“ nutes, till it hid the distant hills from my sight,
“ when bursting with a violent noise, it flew into
“ ten

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“ ten thousand pieces, and discovered a bloated,
“ ferret-eyed wretch, mounted upon a bristly
“ boar.

“ The wild intemperate love of novelty, said
“ the wretch to me, has ever been the ruin of your
“ sex : At first, allured by shining trifles, they pur-
“ sue in wantonness, and inattentive follow be-
“ yond the prudent limits of paternal care. While
“ *Kaphira* was contented with her father's grove,
“ *Falri* in vain attempted to molest her ; but now
“ fate has resigned thee to my arms, and thou shalt
“ bless my nuptial bed with many a monster like
“ myself.

“ I shrieked aloud at the voice of *Falri*, but in
“ vain ; the monster descending from his beast,
“ seized me round the waist, and putting me upon
“ the bristly boar, he seated himself behind me,
“ and we were borne away with such swiftness,
“ that I knew not how we went.

“ In a few hours we entered this forest, and
“ through winding paths were brought in view of
“ *Falri*'s filthy cave.

“ New horrors seized me at the sight of such
“ variety of filthiness, which were still increased,
“ when *Falri* bid me welcome to his native palace,
“ and told me, the marriage rites were needless,
“ as he doubted not his love would last, at least as
“ long as mine.

“ As we entered the cave of *Falri*, I was sur-
“ prised to see a little personage standing at the
“ upper

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“ upper end, and supposing it was some relation
 “ of the forcerer’s, I cast my eyes on the ground,
 “ and would not look upon him.”

“ Fair slave, said *Falri*, as we entered, to me,
 “ for I allow no higher character to your sex, than
 “ that of ministering to our pleasures, here you
 “ are secure, as by my magick power, I do for-
 “ bid your regrefs from this forest, unless *Falri*
 “ approve your flight.”

“ Thunderstruck at the words of *Falri*, and at
 “ his countenance, which shone with beastly lust,
 “ I sighed, and returned no answer to his impe-
 “ rious commands,”

“ Fair *Kaphira*, said the little personage, fear
 “ not, I am the *Genius Nadan*, and no relation of
 “ *Falri*’s as you suppose. I am here invisible to
 “ that beastly forcerer, neither can he hear the
 “ words of my mouth. I cannot, indeed, release
 “ you, because your own intemperate curiosity
 “ has misled you; but since you erred in innocence,
 “ I can baffle the design of *Falri*,”

“ Here, continued he, extending his hand,
 “ put on this ring, and you shall be invisible to
 “ *Falri* and his accursed friends, so long as you
 “ remain in this forest of the inchanter.”

“ I instantly took the ring from the gentle
 “ *Nadan* with thankful eyes, and fixing it on my
 “ finger, I perceived the countenance of *Falri* to
 “ change.”

“ Ah,

“ Ah, said he, art thou fled, proud child of
“ *Fincal*, then are my enchantments vain, and
“ the power which I worship is accursed.”

“ No, answered the genius *Nadan*, thou ac-
“ cursed slave, *Kaphira* is held in the forest of
“ *Falri* by the sorceries of thy art; but she shall,
“ if she please, be ever invisible to thee and thy
“ friends, so long as thou dost detain her in this
“ forest.”

“ The forcerer enraged, felt about the cavern,
“ hoping to secure me; but I easily eluded his
“ search, and walked out into the forest; where
“ I have supported myself till this time on the
“ wild fruits of the place, and have too fre-
“ quently been witness of the debaucheries and
“ immorality of its profane and wicked inha-
“ bitants.”

“ Beauteous *Kaphira*, said the Sultan *Adhim*, I
“ pity your misfortunes, nor am I able at present
“ to relieve them; you, doubtless, have heard
“ my unhappy fate from *Falri* and his crew; who,
“ as *Nadan* informed me, has ever been the friend
“ of *Lemack* my deceitful viziar; and if it suit you
“ to rest under this ancient palm, you shall be ac-
“ quainted with such particulars concerning *Nou-
“ renbi*, *Mirglip*, and *Fincal*, your honored father,
“ as will doubtless be pleasing to one so nearly
“ interested in their fortunes.”

The Sultan *Adhim* then informed his beauteous
friend of *Mirglip*'s fame, of *Nourenbi*'s captivity,
of the fortunate issue of her love, and of his secret
expe-

expedition to the groves of the good dervise: And having finished his relation, and asked the fair *Kaphira*'s permission to love her with undissembled affection, he set forward to the city of *Raglai* and the towers of *Orez*.

But the night advancing, he was obliged to rest again in the forest; which gave him an opportunity of recollecting that his ring might possibly be of no further service to protect him, when he was past the confines of the forest of *Falri*.

This reflection made him resolve to stain his face with some berries, to cut his beard like a *Calendar*, and to procure, in the suburbs of the city, a garment suitable to the profession which he had assumed.

As the disguised Sultan entered the city, he perceived a crowd, and mixing with the multitude, he saw at a distance the publick cryer.

" Friend, said he, to the by-stander, what doth this cryer offer to the publick ?"

" Ten thousand sequins, answered the man, to him who will bring the head of the traitor *Adhim*, to our lord the Sultan *Lemack*."

" Alas, answered the Sultan, when I last visited your city, *Adhim* was Sultan, how then is he become a traitor ?"

" It is well, replied the man, that a friend of *Adhim* hear you talk thus; half what you have said

“ said would have cost you your life, had any of
“ the emissaries of *Lemack* heard you.”

“ How then dare you confess, answered the
“ Sultan, that you are the friend of *Adhim*?”

“ I dare not, answered the man, hold farther
“ conversation with you here; but if you will
“ follow me, and submit to the terms which I
“ shall require, you shall hear more than you
“ imagine.”

The disguised Sultan rejoiced at the fortunate event, which brought him acquainted with one who seemed so ready to serve him though unknown, and hastened after the stranger through several streets and lanes.

At length the stranger stopped at a baker's shop.

“ Here, whispered he, friend of *Adhim*, thou
“ shalt have security and ease. Enter fearless,
“ and partake of such poor entertainment as I
“ have; while I unravel to you some mysteries,
“ which will surprise and rejoice you.”

The sultan entered with pleasure the house of the baker, who set before him some cakes and sherbet, and begged of him to eat freely, for his company was sufficient recompence for what he should consume.

Adhim, supposing he should shortly be able to reward the baker very amply for his services, eat heartily of what was set before him.

“ Our

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“ Our good sultan *Adhim*, said the baker, as
“ they sat together, had won the hearts of all his
“ subjects; and the whole city laments the tyrannies of *Lemack*.”

“ Was *Adhim* then, answered the disguised sultan, so much beloved ?”

“ You know but little of *Adhim* the magnificent, answered the other, to ask such a question.”

“ Yes, replied the sultan, I think I know him now ; though I confess I knew him but lately.”

“ And where then, replied the baker elated, where is our beloved sultan concealed ?”

“ I perceive, continued he, I am deceived in you, sir ; I thought to have communicated somewhat to you, but you are better able to inform me. Now by my faith, sir, you must bring me to our royal master, that I may honour him as I ought ; and doubtless, many will be found in the city, who will be happy in falling prostrate before him.”

“ Perhaps, said the disguised sultan, ere long we may be able to shew him to his injured subjects : But at present, I do long to know what numbers espouse his cause, and wish him again on the *Persian* throne ?”

“ It is enough, replied the baker, I will go and bring several with me, who are as much the friends of *Adhim* as myself. In the mean time,
“ kind

“ kind stranger, solace yourself here in my house ;
 “ and believe me, I am truly happy in meeting .
 “ with one of your way of thinking.”

The baker then hastened out of his house, and left the sultan, surprised at his free and voluntary offer, to support the cause of a prince, whom perhaps he had never seen.

“ I was wrong, said the sultan to himself, that
 “ I did not at once discover myself to this baker ;
 “ he frankly and openly assured me he was my
 “ friend ; why then is the spirited *Adbim* more
 “ close and mean than an illiterate and narrow
 “ bred peasant ? But I will, however, let the good
 “ man enjoy the first discovery ; I will take him
 “ apart from the friends he shall bring with him,
 “ and he shall have the honour of introducing his
 “ sovereign to his faithful subjects ; and if ever I
 “ again ascend the *Persian* throne, not *Mirglip*, nor
 “ *Fincal* shall enjoy a seat above this honest baker.”

It was almost night before the baker returned to his shop : The sultan saw him coming with a crowd at his heels ; and he blamed him in his heart, that he had thus imprudently subjected his friends to the suspicious eyes of the vassals of *Lemack*.

The baker entering his house, enquired for his friend, the stranger, whom he brought with him in the morning ; and *Adbim* hastened to meet him at the threshold.

“ There, my friends, said the baker, this is the
 “ man who was born to make a holiday in *Raglai* ;
 “ seize

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“seize him, continued he, O ye guards of *Lemack*,
 “and carry him before our sultan, as one who
 “dares prefer the slothful *Adhim* to *Lemack* the lord
 “of *Persia*.”

Adhim was thunderstruck at the perfidy of the baker, and the guards instantly seized on him, and having fettered him with heavy irons, dragged him toward the towers of *Orez*.

The crowd gathered as he passed along.
 “Whom have we here?” said they: “A friend,
 answered the guards, “of rebels and traitors, whom
 “to-morrow’s sun will, at its first appearance,
 “behold on the publick scaffold of execution.”

The guards having conducted *Adhim* to the palace, enquired for their sultan; but *Lemack*, who was solacing himself in the seraglio, ordered the prisoner to be cast that night into the dungeon at the foot of the rock, and the next morning to be brought before him.

The captive sultan entered the gloomy dungeon with firmness and intrepidity; and the guards having chained him to the wall, barred up the prison doors and retired.

“Monarch of *Asia*! Light of mankind! Terror
 “of the earth! Glory of the east! said *Adhim* to
 “himself, awake! Put on thy frowns and make
 “the nations shake; open thy mouth, and be thy
 “speech a law; nod, and let the inhabitants of
 “*Persia* fall prostrate at thy feet. Yet hush thou
 “man of might, sultan of *Persia* beware, lest some
 “base

“base peasant come, and with a feigned tale, de-
 “lude thy ready ears, and snatch the glories of thy
 “kingdom from thee! Oh, Prophet, said the en-
 “raged sultan, starting, ought but this I could
 “have borne; after having heard the wise dictates
 “of *Fincal*; after enjoying the instruction of
 “*Nadan*, the tutelary *Genius* of my kingdom;
 “after the reception of a magick ring which pre-
 “served me from the brutal force of the sorcerer
 “*Falri*, and having escaped the guards of *Lemack*;
 “after all this, to be cheated of every purpose by
 “the low cunning of a base-born peasant! O pro-
 “phet, either take from me the pride of nature,
 “and humble my conceits, or let me perish by some
 “glorious feat, worthy the station to which thou
 “once hadst raised me.—Yes, said he, pausing, I
 “will be cool; weak are these joints to work de-
 “liverance, and these limbs to gain my native
 “freedom! Here immured, within these walls I
 “once possessed, confined by dungeons which I
 “raised myself, and straitned by a chain I made for
 “others, I’ll learn the weakness and the pride of
 “man, and bear with equal temperance, the evils
 “and the smiles of life. For me the sun did rise,
 “said *Lemack*, but forgot to say, for me the dun-
 “geon gaped: The fool of fortune once, like the
 “green leaf growing on the topmost branch, I now
 “am cast by stormy winds beneath the traveller’s
 “foot: Once lord of *Persia*, now an iron-fettered
 “slave; yet even now possessed of greater liberty,
 “than all the ancient sultan’s of the east, whose
 “mouldering dust would little more than fill the
 “hollow turban. Peace then thou lively spirit,
 “which dost guide the trifling atoms of this mor-

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"tal being, the little that I am is *Alla's* gift, be he
"then lord and chief disposer of my paths."

With such thoughts did *Adhim* calm his hot, impetuous temper, waiting with coolness the return of the morning, which was to bring life to others, but death to him.

But ere the moon, which glimmered through the bars on the damp walls of the mould-fretted dungeon, was fallen from its midnight watch, the sultan heard the doors of the dungeon grate, and presently he beheld the reflection of a light on the winding passage, and could distinguish the fall of feet treading softly on the pavement. Fear for a moment possessed his breast, as he expected death was hastening to him before its appointed time; and his firm mind was scarcely recovered from the boding shock, when he saw a female enter the place where he lay, with a lamp burning in her hand.

The gloomy cavern, and the cold midnight air, had chilled the blood, and terrified the mind of the affrighted damsel, and she stood shivering before the sultan, unable to utter the motives of her visit.

The sultan not less alarmed, though less fearful than before, asked her on what errand she came through the horrors of the night?

"First, said the damsel kneeling, let me, O
"stranger, loose you from these ignominious
"chains."

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Upon which she took from her bosom the keys which unlocked the fetters, and released the sultan from his confinement.

“Gentle damsel, said *Adhim*, what means this unexpected kindness?”

“I am, answered she, the only daughter of *Colac*, the keeper of these dungeons, and I am called *Kufan*, because of the blackness of my eyes : But were my eyes like jet, and more brilliant than the diamond, yet never can they be fixed on a more lovely object, than on him who now stands before me.”

“What, said *Adhim*, O wretched *Kufan*, has none of thy father’s friends demanded thee, that thou comest at midnight among these damp walls to find thy paramour, and one, or I much mistake, whom thou hast never yet seen.”

“O foolish young man, said she, ’tis enough for you to know, that *Kufan* loves, and you are happy ; happy, indeed, when love’s the price of liberty.”

“Disgrace to your soft sex, said *Adhim*, starting from her, avaunt ! for rather had I bear my chains, than meet a monster who belies her nature.”

“Yet hear me, fool, said she, ere day break in upon us, and cut off all future hope.—I have the keys of every barred door which shuts you from mankind, and freedom waits without to

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"lead you into safety, if my love be first preferred."

"I would not wish to live, said *Adbim*, on such mean terms: No, *Kufan*, base minds alone can love for profit; but thou hast cast thy sex's decent virtues far away, as I have heard in *Europe's* colder clime, where some bold females walk abroad, usurping manly vice, and cast their nauseous wild embrace on every passer by."

"Then said *Kufan*, her eyes flashing with indignant malice, die, cold senseless wretch, and cheap thy sacrifice of life, which is already more than half extinct."

As *Kufan* uttered these words, the arched passages of the dungeon echoed with an uncommon noise.

The sultan *Adbim*, conscious of his situation, was vexed in his heart that he had suffered *Kufan* to unlock his fetters; and he doubted not but those who were entering, would suppose that he had consented to the damsel, who was thus manifestly aiding his escape.

In the midst of his anxiety and discontent, the vile *Lemack* entered the dungeon, supported by *Colac* the keeper, holding a bloody scymitar in his hand.

"Slave, said he to *Colac*, where is this rebel whom justice wakes to punish at this silent hour

" of

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“ of night ; other sultans leave the execution of
“ their orders to the meanest of mankind, but they
“ who hope to have them well performed, should
“ act the executioner themselves. Yes, ah ! conti-
“ nued *Lemack* starting, whom have we here ;
“ damned *Colac*, dost thou solace thus thy pri-
“ son guests, and makest a seraglio of my dun-
“ geon !”

Colac no less surprized at seeing his daughter with his prisoner than *Lemack*, was about to answer him, when the tyrant struck his scymitar into his heart, and fell with the murdered *Colac* on the ground.

Kufan screamed at the sight, for *Kufan* loved her dear parent with a noble fondness ; and though vicious in her mind, was yet tender and grateful to the father of her life,

Lemack struggled on the pavement to recover his feet, but the fumes of wine overpowered him, and in broken accents he stammered forth execrations on the author of his misfortune.

Adhim perceiving no one came to the assistance of *Lemack*, seized the scymitar which the tyrant had plunged into the breathless body of *Colac*, and was about to strike it into the heart of *Lemack* ; but seeing him breathless and extended, the sultan forbore : “ No, said he, thou art not fit to die, “ nor would it well become a noble spirit to finish “ that little of thee which vice hath spared.” Then seizing on *Kufan*, as she knelt before her expiring parent,

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“Damsel, said he, I admire your filial piety
 “and tenderness, but the time is big with strange
 “events, and will not yield her precedence even
 “to nature; wherefore rise, and help me to drag
 “this unweildy corps to yonder chains; and hear
 “me, damsel, be obedient, and I will pardon and
 • “reward thee; for know, O *Kufan*, it is *Adhim*
 “that directs your arm.”

Kufan astonished at the words of *Adhim*, fell at
 his feet, and was about to reply; but he obliged
 her to arise, and by degrees they pulled along the
 stupified body of *Lemack*, and secured him with
 fetters and chains; then taking off his royal vest-
 • ments, *Adhim* put them on himself, and command-
 ing the virgin to continue in the dungeon, with-
 out making any alarm, he passed through the arched
 passages, locking and barring the doors, and as-
 cended into the court of the palace with the bloody
 scymitar in his hand.

What *Adhim* expected, came to pass, none dared
 meet him, as they supposed it was the drunken,
 blood-thirsty tyrant; and he arrived at the seraglio
 • unmolested, where he beheld several females wel-
 tering in their blood.

“These, said he to himself, are the victims
 “of *Lemack*’s rage; but I must yet dissemble.”

The sultan then ascended the royal couch, and
 having covered himself, he stamped on the ground,
 • to call the eunuchs before him.

It

It was some time before any durst venture into the chamber, such dread had they of *Lemack's* drunken madness; but after a time, supposing him fallen asleep, the chief of the eunuchs entered the chamber.

“*Abelidah*, said *Adhim* to him, counterfeiting the voice of *Lemack*, call *Holam*, *Pherizar*, *Humlack*, *Eupordi*, and *Melan* before me.”

Abelidah, the chief of the eunuchs, was astonished at the commands of the sham *Lemack*, especially as three of those emirs whom he had mentioned, had fled as soon as *Lemack* was proclaimed sultan.

However, the prudent eunuch supposed remonstrances would be in vain, wherefore he sent for *Pherizar* and *Eupordi*, and acquainted them with the sultan's order.

Pherizar and *Eupordi* were thunderstruck at the command; and they doubted not, but the prisoner, who was betrayed by the baker, had discovered their secret attachment to their lawful prince.

Wherefore the good old emirs came trembling into the chamber, and fell prostrate before the royal couch.

“*Abelidah*, said *Adhim*, still counterfeiting the voice of *Lemack*, withdraw with thy fawning mutes and eunuchs.”

Abelidah obeyed, and left *Pherizar* and *Eupordi* alone with the sultan.

Adbim then rose from his couch, and discovered to his wondering friends their long lost sultan.

For some moments the emirs gazed in silent transports, and knew not how to give credit to their eyes; but recovering from their astonishment, they did obeisance to their royal sultan.

“*Pherizar*, said the sultan *Adbim*, it is not now
 “a time to unfold to you the miracle which brought
 “me here; We must be instant in seizing the
 “captains of the army, who first supported *Lemack*,
 “and the viziars of the court, who have basely
 “deserted me, to fawn upon a vile usurper. Give
 “me then, faithful emir, the names of these re-
 “bels, that we may, still counterfeiting *Lemack*,
 “send for them into the palace, and secure them
 “with those chains they meant to fix on us.”

Pherizar, in obedience to his sultan, gave in a list of the ringleaders of the rebellion, and *Abelidah* was called in, and sent to bring them singly before the counterfeit *Lemack*.

The viziars and captains, each expecting some further preferment, obeyed with great alacrity the royal summons, and as they entered, the emirs seized on them, and led each of them through a back way, into a separate place of security.

The first movers of the sedition being confined, *Adbim* discovered himself to *Abelidah* and his eunuchs, and commanded the trumpets to sound, and the criers to go forth, and proclaim the arrival of *Adbim*, the lawful sultan of *Persia*.

This

This was done so suddenly, that the soldiers who had lost their captains, knew not which way to move, but throwing down their arms, many ran out of the city, while others repaired with great submission to the outer gates of the palace.

Pherizar and *Euporai* went out to meet the penitents, and putting themselves at their head, they seized on all the strong places of the city, and sent around to the friends of *Adhim*, to repair under their standards.

The citizens in general rejoiced at the happy exchange, and those who were as wickedly inclined as the tyrant *Lemack*, were obliged to join the general voice, and cry, "Long live *Adhim* the magnificent, our lawful sultan!"

The imans who had been driven out of their mosques by the tyrannies of *Lemack*, entered them again with joy, and gave praise to *Alla*, for the return of their sultan.

Pherizar was now sent to the good dervise of the groves, requesting his attendance, with the excellent *Mirglip*.

When the faithful emir reached the grove, he found the mild *Fincal* weak and infirm, and with difficulty brought him forward in a palanquin towards the towers of *Orez*, so that the emir feared they should not reach *Raglai* by the tenth day, which was appointed for the trial of *Lemack*.

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As soon as *Pherizar* was gone forth, couriers were dispatched also, with all haste, to the different provinces, to order their respective governors to repair to court, and men well affected to *Adhim* were sent in their stead; and this was done so quickly, that the sultan had placed proper men all round his empire, before the news of his return was known,

These things being well executed, *Adhim* committed the keys of the dungeon to *Eupordi*, and informed him of *Lemack*'s situation, and the assistance he had received from *Kufan*, commanding him to leave *Lemack* fetter'd, and to bring *Kufan* before him.

The damsel, who had received no nourishment during her confinement, which lasted till the evening of the day following her midnight adventure, was weak, and faint with hunger and terror, and the presence of *Eupordi* added to her fright, so that she fell motionless at his feet.

Eupordi seeing *Kufan* fall, ordered his attendant guards to raise and support her; then going forward toward the usurper *Lemack*, who lay snoring on the ground, he caused double chains to be fastened on him.

Lemack awaked not till the chains were hung around him, when shaking his huge corpse, and grunting forth a groan, he essayed to rise, but found himself pinioned to the earth,

“ In

“ In what cursed region am I wandering, said
 “ he, rubbing his eyes? and who are these imps
 “ before me, who seem to personate the spirits of
 “ the damned? Surely death is passed, and hell
 “ awake! Ah! I shall eat no more! Nor taste
 “ again the luscious grape! I must exchange the
 “ soft carpet, for this damp, slippery cave; and
 “ for the lively female, these cold, adamantine
 “ chains! O *Alla*, never did I pray before, but
 “ give me life and luxury again, and I will wor-
 “ ship thee!

“ Gods! continued he, looking on the emir,
 “ is not that *Eupordi*? whom I meant, had life,
 “ dear precious life, been given me but a day, to
 “ have sacrificed for his cursed rebellion. Art thou
 “ too here, said he, cold canting emir, loyal slave!
 “ and could not *Adhim* and his virtues save thee!
 “ Then virtue was a farce as e’er I thought it, and
 “ he the wisest that made his paradise on earth.
 “ Come friend of priests, religious, good *Eupordi*,
 “ come learn to curse of me, and laugh at holy
 “ cheats, who have deprived thee of life’s blessing,
 “ and now do leave thee here, a prey to this dark
 “ grave.”

“ Blasphemous slave, answered *Eupordi*, thou
 “ art yet alive, if that be called life which thou pos-
 “ sessest; which is indeed but life’s slavery, a fear-
 “ ful vassalage to disordered appetite, and craving
 “ passions; to live like thee, the drudge of luxury,
 “ were a curse, and not a blessing, a grievous bur-
 “ then, and no gift to be desired; but haply life
 “ with thee is short, for now our royal master reigns
 “ again, and thou art *Adhim*’s prisoner.”

“ Prisoner!

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“ Prisoner ! said *Lemack* confounded, his countenance falling, and his limbs convulsed with fear ; righteous *Eupordi* ! Is then my royal master living, and returned to his long expecting subjects ? O let me haste to kiss that garment which enrobes him, and to lick the dust which bears the pride of *Persia* on its surface ; happy for me, my lord again vouchsafes to rule his wide domain. Poor weak old man ! the cares of state depressed my unpenetrating mind ; and every day convinced me, none but our royal master could sway with just impartial balance, the royal sceptre of the *Persian* throne.”

“ I now retort that canting phrase thou gavest me, said *Eupordi*, and from thy example judge, the vicious tyrant when deposed, becomes a slave most abject.”

“ Good *Eupordi*, replied *Lemack* in tears, hast thou no compassion on a fallen brother ? Did I then suffer thee to live for this ? O fly, kind emir, and at *Adbim*’s feet, beg mercy for thy friend.”

“ Whatever our royal master shall command, *Eupordi* must obey, said the emir ; but think not that he means in secret silence to deprive thee of thy life ; no, *Lemack*, just and noble in his soul, he has called the solemn divan, and means to judge thee for thy crimes. Ten days are yet appointed to assemble the viziers and emirs to the divan.”

“ Then

“Then am I lost indeed, poor wretched man,
“said *Lemack*, to meet the frowns of our offended
“nobles, who will rejoice to spurn the man they
“saw with envy, favourite of our sultan.”

“Speak not thus hastily, *Lemack*, said the emirs,
“of our *Persian* nobles, above the low conceits of
“envy or of malice, they will judge thee as their
“brother; and where doubt hesitates, there mercy
“shall prevail.”

Thus said *Eupordi*, and retired, commanding the
guards, who had in vain endeavoured to recover
Kufan, to lay her body beside her father *Colac*.

Adhim having heard the dismal tale of *Kufan*, or-
dered all funeral honours to be paid her and *Colac*,
and continued to their family the post which the
father enjoyed, commanding his treasurer moreover
to pay the widow a thousand sequins.

In the mean time *Falri*, surrounded by sorceries,
had rendered the forest of *Gornou* impervious to the
troops of *Adhim*, who, in the midst of his cares,
had not forgotten the beauteous *Kaphira*; baffled
by his enchantments, the monarch wished himself
to seek her in the forest, but he considered that his
life was his peoples, and that publick utility must
be preferred to private happiness.

Falri, knowing by his art the overthrow of *Le-
mack*, cursed the foolish drunkard in his mind; and
he had left him to himself, to perish by the hand
of *Adhim*, had not the success of the sultan been a
canker to his own breast.

Wherefore

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Wherefore he resolved, by some secret contrivance, to ruin the happiness of *Adhim*, and as *Nadan* protected the sultan from enchantment, *Falri* hoped to make his new-fangled virtues, as he called them, the sources of his misery.

The following night he stood before *Lemack* in the dungeon, but the dispirited wretch could scarcely speak to his adviser *Falri*; and when he found the enchanter was not able to release him, he wept like an infant.

“Wretched *Lemack*, said *Falri*, craft shall prevail, where force may not; did I not sacrifice *Mirglip* to calumny, then fear not but *Adhim* shall be snared by the deceits of *Falri*.”

Thus said the forcerer, and disclosed to *Lemack* the foul purpose of his heart; but *Lemack*, to whom revenge was of little value, when his life was forfeit, answered the forcerer only with his groans.

On the tenth day arrived the faithful emir *Pherisar*, with *Fincal* the dervise of the groves, and the temperate *Mirglip*; but the good dervise, fatigued with his journey, was unable to attend his royal master; and when *Mirglip* came into the presence of *Adhim*, the sultan having welcomed him to *Orez*, ordered him to watch his father's health, and excused every kind of attendance on himself.

The Sultan then entered the divan, and being seated on his throne, with his surrounding viziers
and

and emirs, he commanded the rebel *Lemack* to be led forth from the dungeon.

The unweildy *Lemack* moved slowly through the ranks of guards, who were placed on each side to secure him, and his chains rattled on his limbs, as he heaved his distempered sides with heavy sighs.

An horrid gloom o'ercast his brow, and fear and dismay trembled on his eye-lids; foul tears ran trickling down his furrowed cheeks, and his jaw, falling from its worn-out socket, rested on his protuberant paunch.

As he came into the presence of *Adbim*, he fell at the foot of the throne, and groaned for mercy, vowing everlasting fidelity to his lord, and penitence for the crimes he had committed against *Adbim* and his subjects.

The royal *Adbim*, though enraged at his hypocrisies, was nevertheless moved at his abject viziar; and in the nobleness of his heart, he would have forgiven his crimes, had he not called the solemn divan to judgment.

The rebellion of *Lemack* was too glaring to admit of any palliation, and *Adbim* found that none of the viziars chose to speak in his behalf.

"My subjects and my safeguard, said the royal
 "*Adbim*, fear not to speak in behalf of this poor
 "prisoner, for I swear on my sceptre, the man
 "who pleads best for *Lemack*, shall have thanks
 "from me."

The

The divan still continuing silent :

“ Then, said *Adhim*, I will speak, and ask ye,
 “ nobles, whether this *Lemack* be guilty of death,
 “ who usurped not our authority, since it was de-
 “ legated to him? and if he abused it, mine was
 “ the fault, not his.”

“ Just, and generous fovereign, answered *Phe-*
 “ *rizar*, more lovely to the guilty than to those
 “ who have never offended, you have called me
 “ here to speak the just sentiments of my heart,
 “ and therefore, I conceive *Lemack* had been ac-
 “ quitted by your voice, had he not publickly of-
 “ fered a reward for the life of his prince.”

The divan rang with applause at the words of *Pherizar*, for *Lemack* was so abhorred by the people, who knew more of his wretchedness than the generous *Adhim*, that the mildest of them thought his death was absolutely necessary to the general peace.

Adhim, overcome by the reasonings of his counsellors, yielded up *Lemack* to their will; and the wretched viziar sunk to the ground, while he heard on every side the sentence of his death pronounced.

The royal *Adhim* having determined the fate of *Lemack*, commanded him to be detained in the divan, during the trial of several innocent persons, who in the usurpation of the viziar had met with no redress.

The

The nobles in the divan were amazed to see, with what candor and perspicuity the sultan decided; divesting himself of every prejudice, and not permitting royalty on the one hand, nor popularity on the other, to bias his judgment, or influence his decrees.

Lemack beheld these transactions with a different eye. The justice of *Adhim* struck the sharpest stings in his conscience; he saw with contempt, virtue triumph, and vice abased; he saw private advantage yielding to publick justice, and the law triumphant over partiality and affection.

And now the different parties were retreating, every one satisfied with the equity of their sultan; and the publick crier gave notice, that the causes were all determined, when a young man from the extremity of the divan, called out, and desired to be heard.

The assembly were so much charmed with the address of their sultan, who seldom before had attended the divan, but left the management of justice to *Lemack*, (except where humour or caprice led him to be particular) that they were pleased to find there was yet another cause to be tried; wherefore, making room for the young man, they let him pass toward the foot of the throne.

The young man led in his hand a veiled virgin, and falling prostrate at the footstool of *Adhim*:

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“Pattern of every human excellence, just law-giver of *Persia*, said the young man, I beseech thy patience to hear me a few words.

“I am, O sultan of *Persia*, the son of a noble emir of thy court, and being smitten with the beauties of this fair damsel, I asked her consent to marry me, provided I could prevale with her father to receive me for a son-in-law. The damsel consented to the terms I proposed, and I went in search of her father, who yielded to my entreaties : And now, O sultan, that I have done all that was required of me, the damsel refuses to go before the cadì, and take me for her husband.”

“Damsel, said the Sultan, to the virgin who stood veiled before him, has this young man spoke the truth, or has he deceived thee into a promise ?”

The damsel held down her head, her hands fixed on each other, and answered nothing.

“If, continued the sultan, you make no answer, virgin, I must conceive you guilty, and enforce the promise which you seem now so unwilling to fulfil.”

The damsel still continued silent, yet her breast heaved with sighs, and her knees shook with fear.

“The modest distress of the virgin, said *Adhim*, will not suffer her to speak, and her fear arises from female delicacy. Lead her forth, young man,

“ man, continued the sultan, and let the cadi ratify your vows.”

As the sultan spake these words, the beauteous virgin fainted in the arms of the young man, and the attendants of *Adbim* hastening to unveil her, and give her air, discovered to the astonished sultan the features of the long-lost *Kaphira*.

Adbim hastened from his throne, and was about to assist in recovering her, when checked himself, and stopping :

“ Hold, said he, aloud, to himself, sultan of Persia, forbear, for by *Fincal*’s consent, by *Kaphira*’s silence, and by thy own decree, she is the wife of another.”

The sultan *Adbim* spake this, with a firmness and resolution which astonished every hearer, tho’ they were ignorant of the cause ; and as he left off speaking, he ascended the throne, commanding the eunuch to spare no pains, in succouring the beauteous *Kaphira*.

In the mean time he dispatched *Abelidah*, the chief of the eunuchs, to request the presence of *Mirglip* in the divan, and as the good young man entered, “ *Mirglip*, said he, behold thy sister “ *Kaphira* !”

Mirglip, elated at the words of the sultan, ran towards his sister, who was then reviving from her faintness ; and taking her from the arms of the young man, he embraced his sister *Kaphira*.

Kaphira looked on him with a look of tenderness, and with a deep sigh said, "From whence comest thou, O *Mirglip* my brother!"

After a tender interview between *Mirglip* and *Kaphira*, the sultan asked *Mirglip*, "Whether he knew the young man who attended his sister?"

"Author of all my joys, answered *Mirglip*, I remember well the face of this noble youth, and am surprised that my sultan recollects not the features of *Bereddan*, the son of *Holam*, who came to inform you, at the dervise's, of the rebellion of *Lemack*."

"Just *Alla*, said *Adhim*, starting, I am indeed blind, not to acknowledge the friendly offices of *Bereddan*, to whose faithful services I owe my crown and life."

"*Bereddan*, continued the sultan, lead away the beautiful *Kaphira*, I ask no more; doubtless you have the permission of *Fincal*, and to suspect your faith were cruelty and injustice."

"Indeed, replied *Mirglip*, he has; ten days since, the young nobleman returned to us in the groves of my father, and told us, he had in vain followed the steps of *Adhim* his sultan; but that journeying through the forest of *Goruou*, he had espied the fair *Kaphira* a prisoner to enchantment; and engaged, if my father would reward his love, to release her from the tyrannies of *Falri*."

"The

“ The good old dervise willingly consented, and
 “ *Bereddan* flew from the groves in search of *Kaphira*;
 “ his success we knew not, but seeing him
 “ here with *Kaphira*, we doubt not but he hath
 “ well deserved the love of our sister.”

The fair *Kaphira* looked in amaze on *Mirglip* as
 he spoke, and clasping her hands and lifting them
 to heaven, “ O *Alla*, said she, defend me !”

The sultan, who would not trust his eyes to-
 ward her, fearing their well known influence, was,
 however, somewhat confounded at the preference
 which *Kaphira* had payed to *Bereddan*, after the
 sweet converse he had enjoyed with her in the forest;
 but he concluded, that gratitude, and her father’s
 promise, had bound her to *Bereddan*, and he resol-
 ved to sustain the mighty shock with firmness and
 intrepidity.

But the resolutions of *Adbim* were vain ; love,
 mighty love, possessed his frame ; and though his
 mind resolved to suffer, yet his body sunk a prey to
 his contending passions.

The emirs seeing their sultan fall, crowded ea-
 gerly to release him ; and *Kaphira* shrieked aloud
 at his fate, and had *Bereddan* suffered her, she would
 have ran the first to support her lord.

By degrees the sultan recovered, and turning
 toward *Bereddan*, “ Cruel emir, said he, forbear,
 “ far hence lead thy rich prize ; and thou, O pro-
 “ phet, learn me to forget myself and her.”

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The forcerer *Falri*, who had personated *Bereddan*, to deceive the good dervise and destroy the peace of *Adhim*, exalted in his success, and led away the unwilling fair one through the divan, blessing *Adhim* aloud for his disinterested justice.

The crowd saw with rage, the sham young emir hastening away; and had not the noble virtue of *Adhim* awed their minds, they had sacrificed the false *Bereddan* to their resentment,

As *Bereddan* passed along, the abject *Lemack* rose from the earth, whither he had cast himself after his condemnation, and turning to *Adhim*,

“ Disposer of my being, and just judge of *Persia*,
 “ said he, swear to forgive thy slave his iniquities,
 “ and I will unravel to thee such a scene of forcery,
 “ as shall release *Kaphira* from him, who now bears
 “ her away.”

“ Speak then, viziar, said *Adhim* hastily, and
 “ relieve my doubts, and I swear to reward thee
 “ with thy life.”

“ Seize on the sham *Bereddan* instantly, “ replied *Lemack*.

The words of *Lemack* were needless, for the crowd in the divan had seized him the moment *Lemack* began to speak.

The forcerer *Falri* perceiving, that his false friend *Lemack* was about to betray him, began to mutter his enchantments, but he found a superior power

power with-held him, and the spirits who had served him, remained deaf to his secret incantations.

Instantly the *Genius Nadan* appeared in the divan, and turning to *Adbim*,

“ Prince, said she, fear not, for *Lemack* having given up *Falri*, his sorceries will no longer protect him.”

“ Speak then, O *Lemack*, said the sultan to him and discover to thy prince, by what artifice has *Falri* prevailed on the beauteous *Kaphira* to listen to him !”

“ First, answered *Lemack*, let these bonds be taken from me, which ill become the friend of *Adbim*, and the man who alone could restore *Kaphira* to his arms.”

The spectators were enraged at the insolent change, and saw again with fear the deadly spark of malice issue from his eye, and his brows knit with furlly importance.

“ Release him, guards, continued *Adbim*, but watch well his malicious cunning, lest some of my subjects curse the hour of his freedom. But hear me, wretched *Lemack*, said the sultan, take heed that truth, a long neglected guest, come from thy lips.”

“ On truth, said *Lemack*, hangs my just reward ; then hear me sultan : By thy arts o’erthrown, and

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“ bound in yonder dungeon, this *Falri*, by his
 “ enchantment contrived to see me, and told me,
 “ by what artifice he meant to ruin *Adhim*’s peace.

“ First like thyself, arrayed with *Adhim*’s visage
 “ and with *Adhim*’s form, he wandered round his
 “ own domains, seeking *Kaphira*, whom, by her
 “ ring concealed, he sought in vain, till the artless
 “ virgin, supposing he was *Adhim*, discovered her-
 “ self to him. By easy, smooth, and flattering
 “ discourse, he soon prevailed upon her to yield
 “ herself to him, and brought her in disguise beyond
 “ the power of *Nadan*. Then personating *Bereddan*,
 “ whom he had caught wandering in search of his
 “ royal master, and confined in his beastly cave,
 “ he went to *Fincal*’s happy groves, and with a
 “ well told tale, allured the unsuspecting dervise
 “ to promise him his daughter.

“ His plan thus happily succeeding, he entered
 “ the cottage, where before he had left *Kaphira*,
 “ and now, no longer *Adhim*, but the sham *Bered-*
 “ *dan*, he claims her vow of marriage; she, af-
 “ frightened, declares her innocence; and *Falri*,
 “ under a pretence of justice, brings her to the so-
 “ lemn divan, hoping to blast the pleasures of my
 “ sultan, and to make his just resolves the occasion
 “ of his future torment; a feat indeed well wor-
 “ thy of his malice, but of little comfort to poor
 “ *Lemack*’s heart, who, bound by ignominious
 “ chains, was left to perish like a cast-off garment.
 “ Indeed he promised fair, bid me not doubt, and
 “ preached up faith to one who never yet would
 “ credit heaven; told me I should again enjoy the
 “ *Persian* empire, and fed me with an empty tale,
 “ thinking

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“ thinking I would not help myself, when fit occasion served.

“ Yes, false deceiver, continued *Lemack*, shaking his hand at *Falri*, with all thy cunning hast thou yet to learn, a wise and cautious man will never suffer to oblige his friend. Born for myself alone, I move not at another's beck, unless I see my own advantage move where I do.”

“ Base, wretched *Lemack*, said *Adhim* sternly, blast not the face of justice with thy odious speech nor triumph in the life which ingratitude has obtained thee. From self alone, and not from publick virtue, rises the informer's tale; a curse to those who trust him, and the scorn even of those his meanness benefits: Go then, vile wretch detested by thy friends, despised by all mankind, with lasting infamy be branded, till sick of life, and weary of your vileness, you curse the ungenerous means which lengthened out your shame.”

As *Adhim* spake, *Lemack* looked pale with rage, and struck with just confusion, answered not, but limping forth, he left the divan, knowing not where to turn, or hide his head from the just fury of the multitude, who followed at his heels with hisses and imprecations.

In the mean time, the sultan proceeded to pass judgment on the forcerer *Falri*, but here the *Genius Nadan* interposed.

“ *Falri*,

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“ *Falri*, O sultan, said *Nadan*, though now
 “ confined by my charms, is nevertheless not sub-
 “ ject to a mortal’s power ; for he must ever live,
 “ while foul excess and bloated luxury controul
 “ mankind : However, prince, thus far thy sen-
 “ tence shall extend, to drive him from thy king-
 “ dom and the *Persian* empire.”

“ If such my doom, said *Falri*, release me, *Ge-*
 “ *nius*, and I will fly far hence away, to some *Eu-*
 “ *ropean* clime, where art and science shall but
 “ live for me, and commerce raise her swelling
 “ sails, to bring varieties to feast my dainty pa-
 “ late.”

Thus spake the forcerer, and changed into his
 natural form ; he spread his foul black pinions to
 the air, then waving them aloft,

“ *Persia*, said he, farewell ; high pampered by
 “ fair *Albion*’s luxuries, I’ll soon forget thy simple,
 “ uninviting diet !”

“ And now, said the *Genius Nadan*, leading
 “ *Kaphira* toward *Adhim*, receive, O prince, the
 “ just reward of all thy toils, and haste to bless
 “ the lingering sight of the good dervise with his
 “ daughter ; and remember, that every joy you
 “ feel with fair *Kaphira*, was honest *Mirglip*’s
 “ gift.”

Nadan having finished his tale, bowed before the
 throne of the sage *Iracagem*, and that faithful in-
 structor arose, and returned his salute.

“ Bounteous

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“ Bounteous *Nadan*, said the sage *Iracagem*, we
“ are indebted to you for much instruction, who
“ have blended the doctrines of temperance, with
“ the exercise of justice; and taught our listening
“ pupils, the love of virtuous friendship, and the
“ sweet rewards which rise from generous and from
“ noble actions. Nor have we more to teach, nor
“ they more to hear. Hark, friendly *Genii*, the
“ charm is broken! Our mansion totters on its
“ mouldering base! The fleeting scene rolls far
“ away, and all the visionary dream dissolves!”

“ Kind reader! The *Genii* are no more, and
“ *Horam* but the phantom of my mind, speaks not
“ again; fiction himself, and fiction all he seemed
“ to write; nor useless shall his life be deemed by
“ those, who blush at worse than pagan vices in
“ enlightened climes.

“ In friendly guise these sheets were written to
“ lead thee unto virtue; and the proud, gaudy
“ trappings of the *East*, with all its wild roman-
“ tick monsters, have risen far above their usual
“ sphere, to serve the cause of moral truth. But
“ then perchance you’ll ask, what shall that truth
“ avail, now all the beauteous wildness is no more,
“ which was the spring and mover of this pagan
“ virtue? The *Genii* all are fled, who watched
“ attendant the virtuous mind, and crown’d it
“ with success; and the reward ceasing, the in-
“ centive to noble actions ceases with it.

“ If then, you will yet spare me a few moments,
“ and listen to me, I trust you shall not long la-
“ ment the loss of *Horam*; and his friendly *Genii*;
“ for

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“ for were the foundations of morality laid only in
 “ phantom and imagination, persuasion would be
 “ so fruitless, that every moral writer, dissatisfied
 “ with his ill success, might justly cast his works
 “ into the flames.

“ Prepare then for a scene more worthy of your
 “ sight than human fancy could conceive, a scene
 “ tremendous ! wonderful ! and great ! full of
 “ mercy and of truth, where heaven itself inclines
 “ to earth, and God becomes an offering for man-
 “ kind !

“ Behold the moral veil rent in twain, and from
 “ thick clouds of darkness, the sun of righteous-
 “ ness arise ! Behold death nailed on the cross, and
 “ mercy springing from the grave ! Redemption
 “ brought to man by an heavenly being, far super-
 “ rior to angels or ministering spirits ; and the voice
 “ of God declared to us by his son, whom he hath
 “ appointed heir of all things ; by whom also he
 “ made the worlds ; who being the brightness of
 “ his glory, and the express image of his person,
 “ and upholding all things by the word of his power
 “ when he had by himself purged our sins *on the*
 “ *Cross*, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty
 “ on high ; being made so much better than the
 “ angels, as he hath by inheritance, obtained a
 “ more excellent name than they.

“ We then may make an happy exchange from
 “ pagan blindness to Christian verities, and look
 “ upon ourselves as creatures dignified with hea-
 “ ven’s peculiar grace. For us cometh the won-
 “ derful counsellor, the mighty God, the prince
 “ of

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" of peace; travelling from *Edom* in the greatness
 " of his strength, mighty to save, the Lord our
 " Father, our Redeemer; whose name is from e-
 " verlasting, whose arm brought salvation unto his
 " people, and his righteousness it sustained him;
 " who put on righteousness as a breast-plate, and
 " an helmet of salvation upon his head; the gar-
 " ments of vengeance for clothing, and was clad
 " with zeal as a cloak; who preached good tid-
 " ings unto the meek, who came to bind up the
 " broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the cap-
 " tive, and the opening of the prison to them that
 " are bound; our sun shall no more go down, nei-
 " ther shall our moon withdraw itself, for the
 " Lord is our everlasting light, and God our
 " glory.

" Fear not then worm of *Jacob*, and ye men of
 " *Israel*; fear not ye who are come to the bright-
 " ness of his rising; fear not ye who are the ends
 " of the world, for your hearts shall be enlarged,
 " and ye shall see the salvation of the Lord; for ye
 " have an advocate with the father, who is above
 " all, even *Jesus Christ*, the righteous Son of God.

" To have God for our friend, is more noble
 " and satisfactory than the mediation of departed
 " souls or ministering spirits. To have heaven for
 " our comforter, and the Holy Spirit for our guide
 " and director, is far superior to the assistance of
 " *Genii* or any intermediate being.

" The meanest Christian is far above the most
 " exalted heathen; though clothed in poverty,
 " he who sanctifieth upholds him, and he who
 " just-

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“justifieth hath been sacrificed for him. He is
 “greater than kings, and mightier than the prin-
 “ces of the earth, for he is the temple of God, and
 “the spirit of the Lord dwelleth in him.

“How greatly then are we beloved of God, and
 “the children of mercy, through the light of that
 “bounteous religion, which is the gift of an all-
 “powerful father, of an all-merciful mediator, and
 “of an all-sanctifying spirit. What new worlds
 “of bliss do these sacred truths open to our dim,
 “faded sight? What scenes of endless glory do they
 “unfold before the faithful eyes of those who seek
 “the Christian law of truth? Thrones, not tot-
 “tering, but triumphant and everlasting! Powers,
 “principalities, and dominions, not gained by
 “conquest and the sword, but the sweet reward
 “of duteous faith and love! Myriads of angels
 “singing their heart-felt hosannas of praise and
 “thanksgiving, and conquering armies of martyrs,
 “who have subdued the world by patience, long-
 “suffering, and faith unshaken! All these, and
 “glories unspeakable inconceivable, blessings
 “unbounded and everlasting, shall be the portion
 “of the pious and faithful Christian, when even
 “the earth itself shall pass away as a scroll before
 “the wind, and moulder into atoms like a moth
 “fretted garment!

“In that awful moment, how glorious shall the
 “faithful appear, when the omnipotent saviour,
 “clothed with a vesture, dipped in his own meri-
 “torious blood, and having on his thigh a name
 “written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF
 “LORDS! shall say unto them, Come ye blessed of
 “my

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“ my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for
“ you from the foundation of the world ; enter
“ into the eternal joy of your Lord, and become
“ the *Sons and Daughters of the Lord Almighty !*

F I N I S.



THE TABLES OF THE GENIUS

“ my Father, in the Kingdom prepared for
“ you from the foundation of the world: enter
“ into the eternal Kingdom, and become
“ the Son and Daughter of the Almighty.”



FINIS



